# LYME REGIS
## A RETROSPECT

C. WANKLYN

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*Reprinted from*

**Pulman's Weekly News,**

*March 11th, 1930.*

# JUDGE JEFFREYS AT LYME

## ENTERTAINED BY A 'TORY" MAYOR.

### A DOUBTFUL POINT CLEARED.

How research alters many phases of history is shown by an article in the current issue of Somerset and Dorset Notes and Queries, by Mr. Cyril Wanklyn, of Lyme Regis In his "Retrospect of Lyme Regis" Mr. Wanklyn found himself unable to find evidence that Jeffreys ever visited Lyme. How a recent discovery proves that he did is told in the article from which the following is taken:—

"So many legends cluster round the name of Jeffreys that the discreet reader accepts only what is supported by the best documentary evidence. Many of these legends in connection with Jeffreys and Lyme are recorded on page 102 of Robert's first book on Lyme, written when he was 19. They must be taken for what they are worth. But a lately found paper in Lyme's Town Hall, not only makes it certain that Jeffreys did come to Lyme, but that he was entertained there by Mayor Gregory Alford and the Corporation. The paper in question contains rough notes by some accountant, the tenour of which is to justify a surcharge on Alford for certain items of expenditure included in the accounts of his Mayoralty of 1684/5. The actual result arrived at cannot be determined from these rough notes, but they contain one sentence as to which there can be no doubt whatever. That sentence is as follows:—'Overcharged the treat to my Ld. Ch. Justice and the other judges when all bills are paid. . . . £25.' This is followed by 'more due to I.B. for a gammon, wine and sturgeon at the feast."

### RHENISH AND STURGEON.

Further research in a huge chest containing Mayor's accounts from the late 16th to the early 19th century, and vouchers connected therewith, has revealed the following account rendered to Alford on September 19th, 1685, viz.:—

| | £ | s. | d. |
|---|---|---|---|
| 3 Gallons of Canary wine at 6/6 ...... | | 19 | 6 |
| 3 halfe barrills of powder for the Towne at 25/- per halfe barrill ... | 3 | 15 | 0 |
| to one anckor of Rhenish wine ...... | 1 | 10 | 0 |
| ½ an anckor of right Rhenish ......... | 1 | 1 | 0 |
| ½ a cage of sturgeon ........................ | | 12 | 0 |

The "cage of sturgeon" is a keg of sturgeon, which, of course, was salted.

The powder was wanted for firing off the town guns. Gregory Alford was very fond of noise.

### THE EXECUTION.

The Assize at Dorchester finished "about" September 12th, a Saturday, and it has been suggested to me by Sir Edward Parry, the latest author of a history of the Bloody Assize, that Jeffreys, with one or two of his colleagues (there were five judges on the Commission) may have started for Exeter in advance of the others on Friday, the 11th, and stopped at Lyme to arrange about the execution of the 12 men who were hanged there on the following day. This would have enabled Jeffreys and his colleagues to have got out of Lyme before the Saturday executions. Had any of them been present, this fact would certainly have been recorded, Jeffreys was due to open the Assize at Exeter on Monday, September 14th. He arrived at Exeter on the previous day. Where the Judges stopped and slept, between Dorchester and Exeter, has always been a matter of uncertainty, but the place was not Lyme. It is curious that three authors at three periods all mention the story of Jeffreys having stopped at some gentleman's house between Dorchester and Exeter, and that, while he was there, an affray occurred in which pistols were fired off.

### OTHER VISITS.

It may be noted that Judges on their way from Dorchester to Exeter frequently looked in on Lyme in the latter half of the 17th century. Their visits were visits of pleasure, not of business, and small sums for entertaining them occur from time to time in the town accounts. These visits took place either in April or July, from which it may be inferred that there were then two gaol deliveries annually at Dorchester. viz., in spring and in summer. Records at Dorchester and in the Public Record Office, London, are silent on this point. Alford's own main and unchallenged account contains an item of £15 for "a treat to the Judges" but whether this was part of Jeffreys' treat or a separate treat for the spring Judges is impossible to say.

Gregory Alford was that *rara avis* at Lyme in the 17th century, viz. a tory Mayor. But he was the nominee of Government not the elect of his fellow-citizens. He was a pro Stuart enragé and a very jingo. Profuse in expenditure where the King (or Judges, as deputies of the King) was concerned, it is the most natural event in the world that the accounts of his Mayoralty should have had to undergo this happy scrutiny.

H. Hughes
1934

# LYME REGIS.

*To*

A. B. W.

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Lyme Regis, from Charmouth Dorset

Drawn & Engraved by Willm. Daniell

Published by W. Daniell, Ruſsell Place, Fitzroy Square, London. Nov 20.1823.

# LYME REGIS

## A RETROSPECT.

BY

C. WANKLYN.

*With Plans, Portraits, and Illustrations.*
*Second Edition.*
*Revised and Enlarged.*

LONDON:
HATCHARDS, 187 PICCADILLY, W. 1.
1927.

*LYMAE*

‘QUIDQUID AGUNT HOMINES NOSTRI EST FARRAGO LIBELLI.’

---

‘I SHOULD VERY MUCH LIKE TO SEE LYME AGAIN,’ SAID ANNE. ‘THERE IS REAL BEAUTY AT LYME: ALTOGETHER MY IMPRESSIONS OF THE PLACE ARE VERY AGREEABLE.’

## ERRATA.

p. ix. l. 13, ~~omit ‘argent~~.’
p. ix. l. 14, for ‘gardent’ read ‘guardant.’
p. ~~144~~, l. 10, for ‘1858’ read ‘1658.’
p. 152, l. 8, for ‘procedings’ read ‘proceedings.’
p. 248, l. 17, for ‘rememered’ read ‘remembered.’
p. 281. l. 14, after ‘244’ add ‘258.

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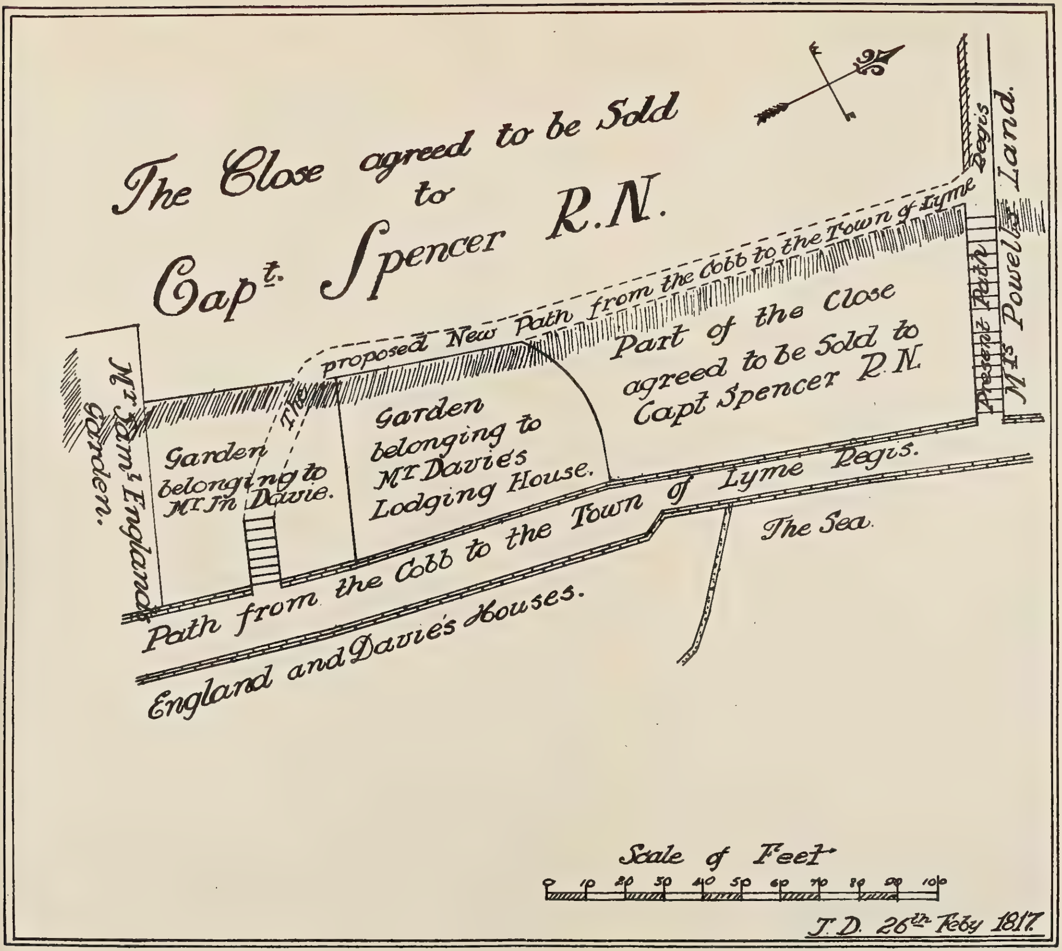
The Close agreed to be Sold to Capt. Spencer R.N.
The proposed New Path from the Cobb to the Town of Lyme Regis
Part of the Close agreed to be Sold to Capt Spencer R.N.
Garden belonging to Mr Davie's Lodging House.
Garden belonging to Mr Jn Davie.
Mr Saml England's Garden.
Present Path
Mrs Powell's Land.
Path from the Cobb to the Town of Lyme Regis.
England and Davie's Houses.
The Sea.
Scale of Feet
0 10 20 30 40 50 60 70 80 90 100
T.D. 26th Feby 1817.

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*THE FOLLOWING NOTES ON THE ILLUSTRATIONS SHOULD BE READ WITH THE NARRATIVE, OF WHICH THEY FORM AN ESSENTIAL PART.*

# NOTES ON THE ILLUSTRATIONS.

### *Frontispiece.*

THE frontispiece is a reproduction of the aquatint of Lyme Regis by William Daniell, R.A. This aquatint first appeared in Daniell's well-known *Voyage round Great Britain*, published in 1814. The Charmouth end of the lane, which once ran along the edge of the cliffs for the whole distance between Lyme and Charmouth, is here shown.

### *Page 4.*

THIS view of the Bay of Lyme Regis is taken from the 1823 edition of Roberts' *History of Lyme Regis, Dorset.* Only a few copies of the first issue of this book have the coloured plates. The artist was Thomas Mann Baynes (1794–1854), a well-known water-colourist, whose work was hung at the Royal Academy in his time.

### *Page 16.*

THE Borough Arms of Lyme Regis are, in heraldic language, 'two bars argent wavy azure, on a chief gules, a lion passant gardent or,' to which description some authorities add 'within a bordure engrailed.' These Arms, however, are no more than 'reputed.' They have never been authorised by any grant from the College of Arms.

### *Page 16.*

THE Corporation Seal of Lyme Regis belongs to the thirteenth century. The one-masted ship is a trading vessel and not a ship of war. On one side of the mast are the arms of England; on the other those of Castile, indicating Eleanor, queen of Edward I. At the bow is shown the Crucifixion with the figures of the Virgin and St. John. At the stern is St. Michael, patron saint of Lyme Regis, beating down the dragon. The Cross of St. George is on St. Michael's shield and on the flag at the masthead. The sun, moon, and a star seem to indicate distant voyages. The seal is surrounded by the words 'Sigillum Commune de Lim.' The earliest extant impression of the seal is dated 1398 and is attached to a document in the British Museum. This document is a deed of sale of some property in Lyme by one John Browne who obtained permission to use the seal of Lyme Regis in addition to his own, because his own was 'unknown to most people.' An analogous lease of 1425 is in the Town Hall.

# NOTES ON THE ILLUSTRATIONS.

## *Page 18.*

THIS portrait of Prince Maurice of the Rhine is by Gerard Honthorst and belonged to the collection of the Earl of Craven, at Coombe Abbey, near Coventry. It is here reproduced with the consent of Mons. H. Floury, 4 Rue de Condé, Paris, owner of the copyright.

## *Page 20.*

THIS reputed, and probably authentic, portrait of Blake is taken from the picture at Wadham College, Oxford, and is here reproduced by permission of the Warden and Fellows of that College. Blake was a graduate of Wadham, and is said to have been refused a fellowship at Merton in 1619 because of his stumpy figure. Sir Henry Savile, the celebrated Warden of Merton in Blake's time, insisted that one among the qualifications for a fellowship at his college should be a certain standard of height. This standard Blake did not reach.

## *Page 26.*

THIS key-plan shows the relative positions of the towns, important houses, &c., in the country round Lyme Regis, which are mentioned in the course of the narrative.

## *Page 27.*

THIS photograph is enlarged from a negative taken about thirty-five years ago by Mr. Walter Hardy of Lyme Regis. Whether it is the old Manor House of Colway or not is open to question in view of what Roberts says both in 1823 and in 1834, viz., 'The house is gone to decay—some of the ruins are at the back of the present farm-house.' Rowland Brown, too, writing in 1858 (?) speaks of 'the ruined and deserted manorial residence, called Colway House.' Now this building is not a ruin. Moreover, though too good for an Elizabethan farm-house, it is hardly good enough for an Elizabethan Manor House. Can it have been built by the Henley family for a Dower House? The house which occupies the same site at present was built about five years ago.

## *Page 44.*

THIS exquisite portrait of Charles II. is contained in and surrounded by the initial 'C' of the Charter granted to Lyme Regis by that monarch in September, 1672, and is here reproduced by permission of the Mayor and Corporation. This Charter is the one referred to on p. 59 as cancelled in October, 1684.

## *Page 45.*

THIS portrait of the Duke of Monmouth is from a painting by Sir Peter Lely in the National Portrait Gallery.

## NOTES ON THE ILLUSTRATIONS

### *Page 48.*

THIS portrait of the Duke of Monmouth is from a painting by John Riley in the National Portrait Gallery.

### *Page 60.*

THIS picture of the Cobb, as it was in Monmouth's day, is taken from the 1724 edition of Stukeley's *Itinerarium Curiosum.* The original plate is subscribed 'Lyme, 21 Aug. 1723,' and a footnote explains the letters 'A,' 'B,' and 'C,' as follows: 'A—Where the Duke of Monmouth landed, B—Portland, C—The Peer' (*sic*).

### *Page 71.*

THIS is the letter written by Monmouth on July 9th, 1685, from Ringwood, to Catherine of Braganza, Queen of Charles II. Catherine interceded for Monmouth with James II., but in vain.

### *Page 72.*

THIS is the portrait of the Duke of Monmouth on what a catalogue of the National Portrait Gallery calls his 'death-bed.' It was done by Sir Godfrey Kneller and is stated to have been found behind a panel of an old farmhouse in Kent.

### *Page 75.*

THIS portrait of William Hewling with other 'martyrs' is the frontispiece to the fifth edition of the *Western Martyrology*, published in 1705. William's brother, Benjamin, was executed at Taunton. Jeffreys was especially zealous for the execution of both brothers.

### *Page 87.*

THIS picture of hand-looms is taken from the series of Hogarth prints entitled 'Industry and Idleness' and published in 1742.

### *Page 91.*

THIS is the earliest known picture of Lyme Cobb. It is taken from a map among the Cottonian MSS. in the British Museum. A description of this map in the Public Record Office gives the date of it as 1539. The map, which shows the English coast-line from the Needles to Lyme Cobb, is highly coloured, picturesque, and to some extent imaginative, as all old maps were. Every headland is crowned with an enormous iron beacon or cresset and the brazier at the top of each is flaming at full blast. Swans are swimming about Abbotsbury; deer are running over Purbeck. Vessels, some of enormous size, are seen out at sea. On this portion of the map are written 'Charmouthe ii myllys from Lyme,' 'Lyme,' and 'The Cobbe of Lyme.' The original map is 4 ft. 11 ins. long by

1 ft. 9 ins. broad. This reproduction of the extreme west end of it represents, after allowing for the reduced scale, one-sixth of the original in length and one-half in breadth. The date of the map is five years after the beginning of the Reformation in England and may have been prepared at a time when Henry VIII. feared an invasion of England by the Catholic Powers of Europe at the instigation of the Pope. It should be noted as curious that 'Bournemouth' occurs as a locality in the map, possibly the first mention of this place. Roberts seems to attribute the date of the map to 1587.

### *Page 94.*

THIS picture of the Cobb is taken from the 1823 edition of Roberts' *History of Lyme Regis, Dorset.* Only a few copies of the first issue of this book had the coloured plates. For some account of the artist, Thomas Mann Baynes, see the note under Page 4 above (p. ix).

### *Page 95.*

THIS picture of the Cobb was published in 1825 by Carter Galpin of Charmouth. On the extreme right will be seen a vessel on the stocks in the shipbuilding yard. The figure in the foreground with her face to the sea and a geological hammer in her hand is probably intended for Mary Anning. Carter Galpin was a well-known local draughtsman and printseller of the time. He is said to have been self-taught and became the drawing-master of the district.

### *Page 97.*

THIS photograph of shipping in the Cobb about the middle of the nineteenth century is taken from an original belonging to Mr. Walter Hardy of Lyme Regis.

### *Page 99.*

THIS photograph of the Cliff above the Cobb, taken about seventy years ago, shows the comparatively treeless condition of the Cliff at that time, though houses had been there for fifty years and more. It also shows in the foreground the tram-line of 1853 by which limestone used to be brought for shipment to vessels in the Cobb.

### *Page 101.*

THIS view of Gun Cliff was drawn in 1832 by Charles Marshall (1806-1890), a well-known theatrical scene-painter as well as landscape artist. The original from which this illustration is taken belongs to Mrs. Purvis of Whitsbury, Lyme Regis.

### *Page 102.*

THIS picture of the George Inn, Lyme Regis, is taken from Roberts' *Life of the Duke of Monmouth*, published in 1844.

## NOTES ON THE ILLUSTRATIONS.

### *Page 103.*

THIS extremely interesting Dunster print of 1844 shows the centre of the town as it appeared just before the fire of that year. From the bow-window of the old Three Cups, Anne Elliot and her friends saw Walter Elliot's curricle brought round from the inn-yard to drive him up Broad Street on his way to Bath. The entrance to the inn-yard was between the Three Cups and the Customs House. The coach opposite the old Market Place and Customs House, as well as the excessive narrowness of Bridge Street at that time, must be noticed. The small horse-drawn sledge for carrying barrels of beer is frequently seen in prints of the period and its progress must have been a substantial addition to the noise of the streets. The gas-lamp shows that Lyme already enjoyed the latest illuminant and had done so in fact since 1834. The site of the old gas-works is shown on the East Cliff in the plan of 1841. The group of elegants in front of the Assembly Rooms attracts attention.

### *Page 104.*

THIS realistic drawing of the fire at Lyme Regis on May 11th, 1844, is reproduced from the *Illustrated London News* for May 18th, 1844, with the permission of the Proprietors of that Journal.

### *Page 115.*

THIS is the first of a series of three prints of Lyme Regis published there in 1819. Each print bears on the bottom left-hand corner the words 'from an original sketch by an amateur, Sept. 8th, 1819,' and on the bottom right-hand corner the words 'Cruikshank fecit.' The 'amateur' was Captain Frederick Marryat, R.N. (1792 1848), author of those priceless stories of the sea and of the British Navy which many of us once cherished and still remember. Marryat was much given to caricature, but his drawings were always amateurish, as all these prints abundantly show. Cruikshank etched Marryat's drawings for him and probably touched them up as well. At any rate the figures in these three prints are all very Cruikshankian. In this particular print the sea-front of the Assembly Rooms is shown and the corner of Bell Cliff, with the figure of a man leaning over the railing above. The trees belong to part of the gardens at the backs of the houses at the bottom of Broad Street, to one or some of which the name 'Liberty Square' was once given. For some particulars of Captain Marryat's connection with these prints I am indebted to Mr. A. M. Cohn, author of the Catalogue Raisonné of Cruikshank's drawings.

### *Page 119.*

THIS plan of the sea-front of Lyme Regis is the property of the Borough Council and is here reproduced by permission of the Mayor and Corporation. The plan is undated, but the date can be inferred, because the South-East wall of the Cobb was rebuilt by James Hamilton of Weymouth, a contractor in Portland Stone, in 1795, and Miss Eleanor Coade was the owner of 'Bunter's Castle,' now Belmont, from 1784. At the same time and for many years after, Henry Dinham Chard controlled the ship-building yard. The plan, therefore, belongs to the end of the eighteenth century and shows the sea-front as it would have been at the time of Jane Austen's visit to Lyme Regis in 1804. It will be noted that Pound Street is called St. Michael Street, a name which it retained till after 1860. The plan is of great interest, but the drawing of it is very rough and elementary.

### *Page 120.*

THIS plan shows the failure of the first attempt to convert the 'Summer's foot-path from the town' into an embanked walk. The date of the plan (which is the property of the Borough Council and is here reproduced by permission) is 1813 and the date of the attempted embankment was 1811. The deep indentation between the words 'Town of Lyme' and the word 'Beach' is the Buddle Mouth. There seems to have been some sort of bridge over the Cobb Causeway in 1813 at the point where it touches land, possibly to allow for the flow of the tide. This plan shows the sea-front of Lyme as it was at the time when *Persuasion* was written, but whether Jane Austen was aware of the changes since her visit in 1804 cannot be ascertained. The foot-path forming the West boundary of Cliff House was diverted to its present position round Jane Austen's lodgings in 1817.

### *Page 121.*

THIS second print of the Cruikshank-Marryat series shows the end of the Walk at Lyme Regis, so far as it went in 1819, *i.e.*, to what is now No. 8 Marine Parade. Some portion of 'Liberty Square' is again shown as well as the ship-building yard and a very imperfect Cobb.

### *Page 122.*

THIS drawing of the sea-front of the Assembly Rooms is signed 'Reed' and dated 1814. It is interesting for the fact that it shows what is perhaps the Alcove, before it became a cottage, and the railing over the Walk at the corner of Bell Cliff. The drawing is reproduced with the permission of Mrs. Gill, owner of the 'Lawn,' Lyme Regis, to whom the original belongs.

### *Page 123.*

THIS is Dunster's well-known print of the Walk in a later stage of development. It is undated, but may be referred to the 1830-40 period. 'Liberty Square' is still shown, but the Alcove has become a cottage.

# NOTES ON THE ILLUSTRATIONS.

## *Page 125.*

THIS picture of the wreck of the *Unity* off Charmouth was drawn by Carter Galpin of that town (see note at p. xii under Page 95 above) and was evidently done in the 'new process of drawing in black lead' which he advertised, and for which he received the silver medal of the Society of Arts in 1826. The *Unity* was driven out of Lyme Cobb on the day of the great storm of 1824. The crew, lashed to the shrouds, were saved. Captain C. C. Benett, R.N., of Lyme Regis, whose name figures on the Plan of 1841, organized the rescue party and received from George IV. the Gold Medal of the National Institution for the Preservation of Life from Shipwreck. Out of this Institution the R.N.L.I. started in the following year. The *Unity* was refitted at the Lyme ship-yard and relaunched in 1825. The illustration is taken by permission from an original belonging to Mrs. Purvis of Whitsbury, Lyme Regis. Mrs. Purvis is the great-grand-daughter of Captain Benett.

## *Page 135.*

THIS view of Lyme Regis is dated 1796. It was drawn by 'J. Nixon, Esq.,' and engraved by John Walker, who published it in his *Monthly Cabinet of Picturesque Prints.* It was also utilised by W. G. Maton in his *Guide to all the Watering and Sea-Side Bathing Places,* a work which had a great vogue and was first published in 1803. Nixon (1760?-1818) was a clever amateur artist who exhibited at the Royal Academy.

## *Page 140.*

THIS is the third of the Cruikshank-Marryat prints. The print speaks for itself in tones that are sufficiently loud, and yet nothing in the least like it can ever have happened at Lyme either in 1819 or in any other year. The joint authors had probably visited Lyme together on a rather dull Sunday and gave rein to their imaginations. Burke's 'Treatise on the Sublime and Beautiful' is travestied for the title. Topographically the print may possibly settle the position of the Ladies' Bathing machines at Lyme in days before bathing had become 'promiscuous.'

## *Page 141.*

THIS is Dunster's well-known print of Lyme Regis about 1840-50. The original was done by John Drayton, junior, probably the son of the John Drayton referred to in the narrative.

## *Page 164.*

THIS portrait of William Pinney, who defeated the Tory representative of the Fane family as well as another Reformer, at the General Election for 1832, is taken from the original in the Town Hall of Lyme Regis. Except for one gap from 1842 to 1852, Pinney continued to represent Lyme Regis in the House of Commons against all comers until he retired from Parliament in 1865.

## NOTES ON THE ILLUSTRATIONS.

### *Page 170.*

THIS photograph (by Messrs. Emery Walker, Ltd.) of the tapestry in Lyme Regis Church is here reproduced by permission of the Vicar (Rev. W. N. Willson) and the Churchwardens. Authorities differ as to the subject of it; some holding that it represents the marriage of Henry VII. with Elizabeth of York in 1486; others that it represents the marriage of Arthur (d. 1502), eldest son of Henry VII., and Katharine of Aragon in 1501.

### *Page 172.*

THE print of the interior of Lyme Regis Church here reproduced is from an original in the possession of the Vicar (Rev. W. N. Willson) and the Churchwardens. Its date is uncertain but it was probably published between 1828 and 1833. The artist, H. B. Farnall, lived at one of the Burley villas of the Plan of 1841, the house in fact which became the vicarage seventy years later, as it is at present. Farnall has other titles to local fame which are noted in the narrative. Laud introduced altar rails for the Communion Table in the English Church. Those in this print have the appearance of some definitely attributed to him.

### *Page 173.*

THIS silhouette of the Rev. F. P. Hodges, D.C.L., Vicar of Lyme Regis from 1833 to 1880, is here reproduced from an original in the possession of the Vicar (Rev. W. N. Willson, M.A.) and the Churchwardens. It represents Dr. Hodges preaching in his black gown from the Jacobean pulpit, and, to judge from the base on which the pulpit rests, would seem to have been taken before the removal of the pulpit from the position which it occupied in the print facing page 172.

### *Page 174.*

THIS photograph shows the interior of Lyme Regis Church looking East, as it was in the main during 1833-1885. In the latter year the organ was moved from the Western Gallery to its present position. At the same time the more open pews of to-day were adopted. The East window of stained glass, the gift of Dr. Hodges in 1833, is here shown at its full length. The painting across the barrel of the chancel roof was added about 1850. The pulpit was moved to its present position in 1897.

### *Page 186.*

THIS portrait of Sir George Somers is from the original belonging to Miss Bellamy of Plymouth, by whose permission it is here reproduced. The artist was Van Somer (1576-1621), who was born at Antwerp, but died in London. He did much work in England in the reign of James I.

# NOTES ON THE ILLUSTRATIONS.

## *Page 196.*

THIS portrait of Dr. John Case forms the frontispiece of that Astrologer-Physician's *Angelical Guide* which was published in 1697.

## *Page 200.*

THE original of this portrait of Thomas Coram is by Hogarth and belongs to the Foundling Hospital.

## *Page 204.*

THIS document in the handwriting of Henry Fielding, the novelist, and signed by him, was found recently among the archives of Lyme Regis. It is written on a half-sheet of notepaper and dated the day after the proceedings against him before the Mayor at the Town Hall in 1725. There are the remains of a wafer at each corner, from which fact it would seem as though the document had been stuck up in some prominent position in the town by Fielding himself. It was Fielding's last shot at the Tucker family. It will be noticed that the name is not spelt as Fielding himself spelt it later on and as it is generally spelt to-day, but like the name of the Denbigh family.

## *Page 217.*

THIS portrait of Mary Russell Mitford is from the painting by John Lucas in the National Portrait Gallery.

## *Page 218.*

THIS illustration shows the Great House as it was about 1800. The spread eagles over the gate-posts have disappeared and could recently have been seen in the window of a neighbouring shop. Owing to its central porch, the house is often called in old rate-books The Tower House. It was in this porch that William Pitt is said to have played at marbles. Now in the *Farington Diary* there is a record of the fact that Pitt on one occasion did undoubtedly play at marbles, because in a fit of bad temper he 'drove through the game of the other boys with a large taw marble.' But Pitt on that occasion was only seven. When at Lyme Regis he was on the point of going up to Cambridge. Possibly he was preparing at Lyme Regis for the legendary breach of the statutes of Cambridge University by playing marbles on the steps of the Senate House.

## *Page 222.*

THIS portrait of Jane Austen is taken from the well-known painting by Zoffany, and is here reproduced by permission of Admiral Sir Ernest Rice, K.C.B. It was painted about 1790.

# NOTES ON THE ILLUSTRATIONS.

## *Page 230.*

This portrait of Mary Anning is taken from the painting by Mr. B. J. M. Donne, of whom some particulars will be found on p. 233. The painting belongs to the Geological Society of London, Burlington House, Piccadilly, W., and is here reproduced by permission of that Society. The portrait was commissioned by the donors of the window to Mary Anning's memory in Lyme Regis Church.

## *Page 235.*

This portrait by Whistler, entitled 'The Master Smith of Lyme Regis,' is reproduced from the original in the Museum of Fine Arts, Boston, U.S.A., where it has been since 1896.

## *Page 236.*

This portrait by Whistler, entitled 'The Little Rose of Lyme Regis,' is reproduced from the original in the Museum of Fine Arts, Boston, U.S.A , where it has been since 1896.

## *Page 238.*

This (with slight omissions) is the cartoon of Benjamin Disraeli by 'Alfred Croquis' (Daniel Maclise, R.A.) and was published within a very few years of the future Premier's visit to Lyme Regis in June, 1828, at the age of twenty-three.

## *Page 246.*

This undated and unsigned water-colour is unique as giving the only known picture of the old Shambles of Lyme Regis that used to be at the bottom of Broad Street. When the Shambles were burnt down in 1844, the inhabitants of Lyme petitioned with one voice that they might not be restored. Their prayer was heard. The picture represents Broad Street on some fair day, probably at the beginning of the nineteenth century. The old bell of 1647 that was over the clock tower of the Shambles was saved and is now in the Museum. The clock underneath it was made at Beaminster, and first put up in 1709. It was destroyed by the fire. The original of this picture belongs to Mrs. Gill, owner of the 'Lawn,' Lyme Regis, and is here reproduced with her permission.

## *Page 247.*

This is a very early photograph of the Lion Hotel (not yet Royal), and may be dated about 1850. It was the first photograph to show the frontage of the hotel on to Broad Street. Previously to the fire of 1844, the Hotel was at the back of Broad Street and the approach to it was by a passage or alley which still exists (see No. 8 on Plan of 1841). After the fire the owners of the private houses above the New Inn and in front of the Lion sold their property to the Lion Hotel. It was after this that the frontage of the Lion first appeared in Broad Street. An open watercourse to supply the houses on the right, down what was once known as Corn Hill, will be noticed. The closing in of all the open watercourses of the town first began to be considered in the autumn of 1850.

### *Page 249.*

THIS is a photograph of the Norman Arch forming portion of the support to the Eastern approach of the Buddle Bridge. The arch is situated in the cellar of an adjoining house.

### *Page 257.*

THIS is Turner's picture of Lyme Regis taken from the Charmouth side. The engraving of which this is a reproduction was done by W. B. Cooke and first published by John Murray of Albemarle Street on November 1st, 1914.

### *Page 258.*

THIS photograph shows the projected conversion of Lyme Cobb into a Harbour of Refuge for fishing-boats in 1874. The original plan is the property of the Borough Council, by whose permission this reproduction has been made.

### *Page 262.*

THE original of this plan of Lyme Regis in 1841 is the property of Mr. Walter Hardy of that town. A counterpart of the same plan is in the British Museum.

# LYME REGIS.

## I.

## INTRODUCTORY.

LYME REGIS is in Dorset, not Devon. Dorset is not to be robbed of its prize, even by those whose geography is weak. Devon, with its double seaboard, can boast of watering-places enough and to spare. Dorset has few such luxuries, and Lyme Regis is the most interesting of all.

A comparison of the respective beauties of rival seaside towns is a ticklish subject. Lyme Regis, indeed, has such beauties, and some (perhaps partial) folk say that they are above the average. Monmouth, for one, 'thought it wondrous pretty.' But he was there only for the inside of five days and had a personal interest, too, in speaking well of the place, so that what he says is, perhaps, not evidence. The question of beauty, however, can be put aside, because the town has never arrogated to itself the titles which others sometimes claim. Such headlines as 'The Queen of —— Watering Places,' 'The Belle of the —— Coast,' 'The Leading Health Resort of the —— Counties' leave Lyme Regis quite unruffled. The town has no use for boasts.

Lyme Regis has a historic past, more than one strong link with English literature, and no wooden pier. That last fact is of itself sufficient to lift it above the generality of watering-places. The coasts of these islands are to-day thickly studded with 'seaside resorts' either already made or in the making. Most of them either have, or aspire to have, the usual modern and repellent wooden pier, with its hideous bandstands, penny-in-the-slot machines, side-shows, and pavilions. Instead of these commonplace exerescences with their tawdry outgrowth, Lyme Regis has a picturesque and romantic harbour of solid stone, a harbour from which a fugitive monarch might have left these shores, and near which a would-be usurper landed when he tried to seize the Crown. The town, too, in size and general appearance is still not very different from what it was three or four hundred years ago, but it is not unprogressive where progress is required. It has, of course, good houses and modern comforts, and in recent years has received the additional blessings of a Railway Station, the Electric Light (thanks to a certain thrice-repeated Mayoralty of 1921–24), Golf Links, a Tennis and Croquet Ground, a Sailing Club, and a Cinema. But here Lyme Regis stays its hand. It will have no wooden pier. After all, there is only one Cobb.

The history of Lyme Regis is the history of a town which was of importance—relatively of great importance—in the middle ages and up to the beginning of the eighteenth century. Then for various causes, the least important of which was the failure of the Monmouth rebellion, it fell from its high estate to the lowest depths of poverty and depression. But towards the end of the eighteenth century it began once more to raise its head. It has never looked back, and has now regained its cheerfulness of old time. The raw material of Lyme Regis once was wool. Its raw material now is visitors. The latter take the place of the cloth which the town manufactured and exported years ago, or of the wines, tobacco, and other foreign products which came in. Lyme Regis still flourishes. The staple commodity alone has changed.

Any town like Lyme Regis, which was an important harbour at least as early as the reign of Edward I. (1272-1307), and remained an important harbour up to the middle of the eighteenth century—say a period of 450 years—necessarily touches English history at many points. Thus, for some years before the Spanish Armada, ships of Lyme were already busy in the joyous game of 'singeing the King of Spain's beard,' and the Spanish Ambassador had frequently complained of Lyme in 1581. Three vessels, paid for by a levy of ship-money on the district, were ordered to be out of Lyme by April 25th in the Armada year (1588) and to join Sir Francis Drake at Plymouth. In April, too, Sir John Norris and others came down to Lyme in order to place the town and district in a state of military defence against the then expected invasion of England. When, therefore, the Armada actually arrived, three Lyme vessels shared in the long running fight up-channel from Plymouth to Portland on July 21st, which was clearly seen from the town, and that too without telescopes, which were not yet in use. This fight was the first of the series of encounters that the Spaniards had with British seamanship and the British climate. Two months after the fleets had passed Lyme, the Spaniards had still failed to make any landing here except as wrecks. Moreover, they had lost 100 out of their 130 ships, together with thousands of lives either at sea or on the west coasts of Scotland and Ireland, and the survivors were only too glad to get back to Spain. Persistent rumours of a second Armada kept England on the alert for many years after 1588, and any sighting of Spanish vessels from Lyme was, during Elizabeth's reign at any rate, always reported to London. Even so late as 1601 orders were sent down from the Privy Council to Lyme 'to sett foorth a barque or other meete vessel for the discovery of the Spanish fleet.' But the Spaniards never came again.

Again, in the Dutch War of 1672, when Charles II., in return for a large sum of money from France, had agreed to desert Holland in her extremity and back Louis XIV., an indecisive engagement between squadrons of the two fleets was witnessed from Lyme Regis. But these are mere incidents in the history of Lyme such as might have occurred in those times in the view of any seaport, and affected the fortunes of the town neither more nor less than they affected the fortunes of the entire kingdom. There are, however, two occasions on which Lyme Regis stands out more prominently in our history. The first occasion was when the town was besieged by the Royalists in 1644, and the second was when it welcomed Monmouth in his attempt to seize the Crown in 1685. Both these events will be dealt with in greater detail. For a proper understanding of them the close connection between Lyme Regis and what is known as Dissent must be explained.

LYME REGIS BAY

[illegible]

## II.

## LYME REGIS AND DISSENT.

Lyme Regis was Puritan through and through. The thread of Puritanism was woven into the very texture of its history, and the town remained Puritan so long as the name had any distinctive meaning in our language. This is not the same as to say that all the inhabitants of Lyme Regis were hatched forth from the days of the Reformation as full-fledged Dissenters in the modern sense of the word. At first they were only Dissenters in the sense in which members of all Protestant communities were Dissenters, that is, from the Church of Rome. For instance, in the 'spacious times of Queen Elizabeth,' the parish church of Lyme Regis would have been the church of all who went to any place of worship. It was not till later on that Independents, Baptists, and Quakers were separate religious communities there. Puritanism was not a religion nor were the Puritans a religious sect. Puritanism was a system of life and conduct. Milton, the typical Puritan, would have taken Orders in the Church had not 'tyranny pervaded it.' Wesley, the Puritan of the next century, was in Holy Orders when he started the movement to which he gave his name, and it was not till after Wesley's death in 1791 that the Wesleyans became an organized religious community apart from the Established Church. Dissent meant originally only dissent from the tenets of the Church of Rome. The first and greatest of all Dissenters in England was no member of any small sect in a seaport town: it was Henry VIII. himself.

Henry VIII., as we know, dissented from the old religion, not so much because he was in love with the principles of the Reformation as because he was in love with Anne Boleyn. For, as Gray says,

> 'The Gospel light first dawned from Bullen's eyes.'

Catherine of Aragon was Henry's wife, and Catherine of Aragon he wanted to put away. The Pope refused to let him do so. Henry, therefore, defied the Pope and made himself Supreme Head of the Church in England. Another Pope a few years before had given Henry the title of 'Defender of the Faith.' But, alas for the instability of things human! Leo's favourite now became Clement's outcast. Clement hurled anathemas at him, but, as was the case with another

> 'terrible curse,
> Nobody seemed one penny the worse.'

Henry went on his way unchecked, divorced Catherine, married Anne, cut off her head in three years, and took four other women to wife in succession after her. In thus breaking with Rome, Henry showed himself to be the greatest of all Protestant Dissenters.

Similarly in Queen Mary's reign and in the eyes of Queen Mary herself, Cranmer, the Archbishop of Canterbury, was a Dissenter. Twenty years had elapsed since the Anne Boleyn affair and the wheel was turning back in the direction of the old religion. Cranmer, of course, as Henry VIII.'s Archbishop of Canterbury, had rejected the supremacy of the Pope and denied the truth of Roman Catholic doctrines. In the stress of degradation from office under Mary, and with a worse fate hanging over him, he admitted he had been wrong. Finally, when actually at the stake, he repudiated these admissions, and first thrust into the flames the hand that had signed the recantation. 'He seemed to repel the force of the fire, and to overlook the torture by strength of thought.' In Mary's eyes Cranmer was a Dissenter; but to the pleasure of burning a heretic, Mary must have had the added pleasure of burning the man who divorced her mother, declared herself illegitimate, tried to exclude her from the throne, and crowned her mother's rival, Anne Boleyn.

Seventy years later the Laudian persecution, in the time of Charles I., was an effort to sever the English Church from the Reformed Churches of the Continent and to bring its doctrine and practice nearer to those of Rome. In the days of Laud most English clergymen were Puritan in tone and feeling, as was also a majority of the whole nation. Against these clergymen the Act of Uniformity, a frequent instrument of persecution, was enforced, and the Court of High Commission (a sort of ecclesiastical Star Chamber, nominated by the King) was set in motion. By these means Laud deprived many Puritan ministers of their livings. In the eyes of Laud these men were Dissenters. Later on still, in the first and ultra-loyal Parliament of Charles II. (the 'Pensioner' Parliament, which lasted seventeen years), the 1562 Act of Uniformity was once more converted into an Act of Exclusion rather than an Act of Comprehension. Usages repugnant to Puritan ideas were insisted on. Two thousand vicars and rectors (one-fifth of all the beneficed clergy) left their homes, and thus were forced to become Dissenters by Act of Parliament.

In those days no political or religious party could be moderate in a moment of triumph, and sometimes we show the same fault now. Thus the Act of Uniformity, which came into force on St. Bartholomew's Day, 1662, was the heavy revenge taken for a similar uprooting of the Caroline clergy seventeen years before.

Compulsion begets resistance and the two Vicars of Lyme Regis, whose tenure of office coincides with the era of Puritan ascendancy in the Church of England, illustrate by their experiences the religious or politico-religious history of the time. These two vicars are the Rev. John Geare, instituted in 1608, and the Rev. Ames Short, instituted in 1650. Geare, an M.A. of Queen's College, Oxford, had been the Schoolmaster at Wimborne in 1597 and at Sherborne in 1600 before coming to Lyme. He was the epitome of the Puritanic influences of the early seventeenth century. He became at Lyme Regis the centre of the growing strength of the Parliamentary as opposed to the Court Party. It is true that his preaching licence was withdrawn very soon after his appointment and that he was once summoned to appear before the Court of High Commission in London, but it is equally true that he drew over to his side some important members of the Borough Corporation (one of whom, Robert Hassard, an ex-mayor, was expelled for some years from that body for backing Geare) and that he succeeded in securing the suppression of a celebrated annual festivity, know as the Cobb Ale. This Cobb Ale had flourished unchecked for two hundred and fifty years before its final disappearance some time after 1610. As an institution it meant a considerable amount of coarse hilarity and some perhaps not unpardonable intoxication, according to the rough manners of that time, but it combined these characteristics with the collection of funds to assist in the upkeep of the Cobb. Barring the unseemly accessories, a Church Bazaar or Whist

Drive, or what is now called a 'Carnival,' might be held to-day for equally good and pious purposes. But it was exactly these accessories that stank in the nostrils of Geare and his followers. The amusements of the people, when deeply rooted, can only be changed with difficulty, but Geare succeeded where many might have failed. He started a crusade against this Cobb Ale and he must have had some force of public opinion behind him, because shortly afterwards the institution came to an end. Geare, though still unlicensed as a preacher, remained Vicar of Lyme Regis, but his pastorate must have been an uneasy one. He was always being reported to London and one such incident deserves record as showing the candour of Laud. A certain man, knowing Laud's hostility to Geare, wrote to the Archbishop in 1639, asserting that he was a creditor of Geare and that he could not get his money. The alleged creditor described Geare as a 'puritanical professor or rather an atheistical practitioner of vicious life, a factious and turbulent spirit,' and much more of the same sort. Laud, however, refused the rôle of debt-collector which this correspondent would have thrust upon him and curtly endorsed the letter as follows 'This seems to me to be rather an invective than a petition. This annotation should be placed to Laud's credit and all the more so because in 1639 Geare's cause was gaining strength daily throughout the land while that of Laud was on the wane.

So much for the case of Geare. His successor, Short, had still more varied fortunes. Between the end of Geare's ministry and the induction of Short, the siege of Lyme Regis occurred, and there may have been an interregnum in the vicariate. Whether this was so or not, Short took office in 1650, the living at that time being in the gift of the Ellesdon family. Short, who always signed his name Ames and not Amos, may have been connected with the family of the Ames who blocked the Pinhay right of way two hundred years later. He was a Devon man who graduated from Exeter College, Oxford, and was ordained by the seventh Classical Presbytery at London in 1646. This presbyterian ordination, and his refusal in 1662 to undergo another and episcopal ordination after the Act of St. Bartholomew's Day, was his undoing. The first ten years of his ministry, however, must have been comparatively quiet. It was during these years that the Independents became the prevailing influence with the Government, just as Presbyterians had previously supplanted Episcopalians. In the wake of these Independents was a legion of other sects, representing a still wider area of religious disputation. What wonder therefore that, after Cromwell's death, moderate men of all parties should have turned to a restoration of the exiled Stuarts as a way out of public difficulties? Among these moderate men no one was more loyalist than the Vicar of Lyme Regis and he was undoubtedly sincere. Cromwell had favoured the Independents; Cromwell had been no friend to the views represented by Short; Cromwell in his life had not been an unmixed blessing from Short's point of view: Cromwell was dead, why not recall the King? If, however, Short could have foreseen the next two years, the Restoration Sermon which he preached in Lyme Regis Church on May 18th, 1660, might never have been delivered, or would have been very different in tone. Such sermons give their opportunity to the cynical. Short took for his text 1 Kings, i. 39, 40, which has reference to the anointing of King Solomon by Zadok the Priest. The preacher dwelt at great length on the legitimacy of Charles II's title. He was no 'spurious, mushroom, self-created Prince' (here of course was a hit at Oliver) and you might 'as well question the shining of the sun at noon as the lawfulness of his title.' We shall again enjoy, continues the Vicar, our ancient Government of Kings, Lords and Commons, and no longer have to fear 'a soul-destroying and damning universal toleration.' From the latter words it may be inferred that Short was as ready as any one else of his time or as the member of any other persuasion to persecute those who did not agree with him. But it is when Short enlarges on the private virtues of Charles II. that the lover of irony will begin to enjoy himself. Nothing had given greater satisfaction to the good people of Lyme Regis than a proclamation by the King against 'vicious, profane and debauched persons.' As a picture of Satan rebuking sin, this is perfect; and we need hardly be surprised that when the new liturgy of 1662 applied the words, 'our most religious' for the first time to the reigning monarch, ribald followers of the court of Charles II., who knew their King better than Short, should have been unable to hide their smiles. But the town and its Pastor took the proclamation at its face value and offered the King its congratulations in due form. Short deals at length with this incident in the character which he gives the newly returned monarch. Charles is a 'pious Prince' because, instead of listening to the blandishments of Papists at home or abroad, he had adhered strictly to the Protestant religion. 'The best of us in like circumstances would not have stood so firm.' Charles had not even relied too much on the support of the Royalist Party, but had waited for the general acquiescence of all in the invitation for his return. Charles is anxious for Church Reform with the consent of

Parliament so as 'to make up those church-destroying divisions that are crept in among us.'

We now know that Short's enthusiasm was misplaced, but the Mayor and Corporation, before whom the sermon was preached, had no more misgivings as to the future than the preacher himself, and the sermon was ordered to be printed, which was done, with the heading in large letters of 'God save the King.' Incidentally it may be remarked that the sermon contains about 12,000 words and would have occupied seven columns of one of the large London dailies. Such was the gargantuan appetite of our ancestors for pulpit oratory. And what was the sequel? A General Election took place early in 1661 and an enthusiastic Royalist majority was returned, a majority bent on 'getting some of its own back' and paying off old scores. This Parliament passed the Act of Uniformity which came into force on August 24th, 1662. Short was then urged by his friends at Lyme Regis to conform, but courageously refused to do so. He was deprived of his living, but many of his congregation no doubt left the Church with him, because he immediately organized an independent community in the town, whose Articles of Belief were promptly forwarded to London by Gregory Alford, the most indefatigable Tory and pro-Stuart in the Borough of Lyme Regis. But the victims of Alford's heresy-hunts often outran him because he boasted so openly of his intentions beforehand. For twenty years after this Short was constantly being reported to the Privy Council in London as a man 'who distilled poison into the hearts of the simple and weak,' and his meeting-house in George's Court ('the head conventicle of the country,') was more than once broken up.

It was in connection with some of the proceedings against Short, that Solomon Andrew, senior, a prominent and wealthy merchant and ex-mayor, was actually brought up to London and examined before the King in Council. This happened in 1669, during the Cabal Ministry. A warrant had been issued for Short's arrest, but Short, as usual, eluded his would-be captors, and the tipstaff sent down from London to carry out the warrant returned empty-handed. He brought, however, the following report, viz.: that when he had asked Solomon Andrew, a J.P., for his help, Andrew had said that Short would never have succeeded in escaping, if Sir Thomas Clifford himself had not let it get out that a warrant was being issued for Short's arrest. Now Clifford was a member of the Cabal Ministry, Treasurer of the King's Household, a concealed Romanist and a political intimate of the King. He was, therefore, 'scandalised' at this statement and Solomon was ordered to come to London. Solomon came, was reprimanded and made 'hearty submission.' He had only, he said, repeated what had been told him by some one else. He was, therefore, let off after paying the 'accustomary fees.' But the Mayor of Lyme was ordered to call a public meeting at which the record of the King's displeasure was read and Solomon Andrew formally withdrew his obnoxious statement.

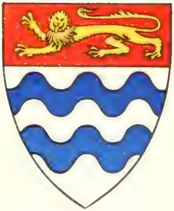
It may be inferred from this that, in spite of Gregory Alford and one or two others, leading citizens of Lyme secretly favoured Short. But the persecution still went on and in 1685 Short was at last lodged in Dorchester gaol. With the Revolution of 1688 his worst troubles, in common with those of other Dissenters, came to an end. Short died in 1697, at the age of eighty-one, and in losing him the Church of England no doubt lost, and the Dissenters gained, a useful minister. Out of these, and thousands of similar incidents at that time, sprang the cry for 're-union' of a few years ago, which is still faintly heard from time to time. The Congregational Chapel in Coombe Street is the lineal descendant of the place of worship established by Short from 1688, where he and his followers at last held their services in peace.

The English Church started with this ideal. It was 'to keep the mean between the two extremes, of too much stiffness in refusing and of too much easiness in admitting any variation from it.' But the Church was subject to many cross-currents and could not always steer an even course. Those that should have been protected by the Church were often the objects of her persecution. The fact is that, in the sixteenth and seventeenth centuries, questions of doctrine and questions of Church Government were not merely in a state of flux, they were in a state of violent agitation and that, too, among all classes. The Bible was the one book of the time. It was either read or heard read by all. Every Englishman was a controversialist. Whether he argued about Predestination or the sign of the cross in baptism, whether he discussed the wearing of a surplice ('that rag of popery') or the eating of a mince pie at Christmas, whether he debated the taking of the Holy Communion kneeling or sitting down, with his hat on or off, the armoury from which he drew his weapons of argument was always the same—the Bible. To add to this confusion, politics, creating as they always do an atmosphere through which men seldom see things clearly, were inextricably entangled with the religious question.

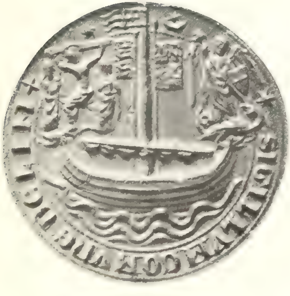
Out of this confusion two parties arose, to be known later as Cavaliers and Roundheads. By the one party, bishops were regarded as the instruments of the King and as savouring of absolute power. By the other party, the Presbyterian form of Church government was regarded as savouring of Republicanism, though, even before the Civil War, it seemed at one time that the Presbyterian system would prevail over the Episcopalian. 'No bishop, no King!' exclaimed James I., which shows that politics and religion had become hopelessly mixed together, and every minister who had principles and respected them was in a very difficult position. The Vicar of Bray of the song, who accommodated his religion to his interests through five successive reigns, was not wholly mythical. Fuller, in his *Worthies of England*, mentions one Simon Symonds, the Vicar of Bray, near Maidenhead, who changed his creed four times in the reigns of Henry VIII. and his successors. The governing principle of Symonds' life was to live and die Vicar of Bray, and he succeeded. There are Vicars of Bray, no doubt, in every movement. Probably there were many in the English Church between the reigns of Henry VIII. and William III. But Vicars of Bray are not the material out of which the best soldiers in any army are formed, and there were no Vicars of Bray in Lyme Regis. That town held out for the strictest principles of the Reformation.

England was passing through many changes, moral, religious and political, in the sixteenth and seventeenth centuries. Lyme Regis was deeply affected by these changes and on the moral and religious side three incidents, two of them trivial, one of them serious, show the character of its inhabitants. The first of the trivial incidents was in connection with the rental paid by Lyme Regis to the sovereign. The town in its earliest days had formed part of the manor of Glastonbury Abbey; and Lyme, so far as it had any existence then, *i.e.*, before the first Charter granted by Edward I. in 1284, was not seldom Netherlym-supra-mare, probably to distinguish it from Uplyme. This interest of Glastonbury had been acquired by Edward I., one of our more notable Plantagenet Kings, and it had been settled with other property to secure the dower of his Queen, Eleanor of Castile. Edward travelled frequently in the West, but only one visit by him to Lyme Regis is on record, and that record depends on the fact of two letters written by him from Lyme in May, 1297.

Now, as a Royal Manor, the town paid certain dues to the king and received a Charter in return. The town, however, found the upkeep of the Cobb a serious item in its current expenditure. A succession of sovereigns, therefore, had always remitted some portion of these payments back to the town on condition that the Cobb was kept in repair. The only sovereign who failed to refund these dues was Queen Mary, and she refused 'because the town was heretic.' The lesson of emancipation from Rome, which had been taught to Lyme Regis by Queen Mary's own father, had been more than learnt. The pupils had outstripped their teacher, and Lyme Regis was solid for the Reformation. That was the first incident. The second occurred in the reigns of James I. and Charles I. Strolling players in those days passed from town to town, giving their performances where they could. Certain of them on four different occasions between 1621 and 1633 came to Lyme Regis. Not only were these players refused admission to the town, they were even paid to go elsewhere! The third incident was of a more serious complexion. A certain Hugh Green, who also passed under the name of Ferdinand Brooks, was a Catholic



THE BOROUGH ARMS



CORPORATION SEAL.

missionary priest, who had been educated at Douai and who lived at Chideock. He was probably the inmate of some Catholic family like the Welds, and it may be noted that even to-day Hugh Green ranks among the 'Chideock martyrs' in Catholic circles. Now, in 1642, shortly before the opening of the Civil War, a proclamation was issued by Government ordering all Catholic priests to leave England on or before a certain day. Green either mistook the day or regarded the exact date as a matter of indifference. At any rate he arrived on the Cobb at Lyme to take ship for France, but got there two or three days late. He was at once arrested and sent to Dorchester gaol, where he was imprisoned for five months. He was then tried and ordered to be hanged on a hill near Dorchester. The sentence was carried out with a fiendish barbarity which strikes one as revolting even for those times. This was the third incident on what we may call the moral or religious side of the question.

On the political side there was, of course, the great question of ship-money after 1634. That a port like Lyme Regis should be assessed for the upkeep of the Royal Navy might have seemed not unreasonable, but when inland towns in Dorset as well as throughout the kingdom were taxed for the same purpose, the agitation against the impost was general. And here it may be remarked that the funds raised by ship-money undoubtedly improved the Royal Navy and that, as the Navy went over to the Parliament in the Civil War which ensued, those who had fought most strenuously against the tax, were the very persons who most profited by it. The king, in fact, in improving the navy, unwittingly forged a weapon which was used to defeat his own interests. Lyme Regis was condemned to pay in ship-money £40 a year, a considerable sum in those days, and an echo of what was felt upon the subject reached the Privy Council in London in October, 1637, in a report from Lyme on Richard Rose. Richard Rose was a merchant-adventurer, an ex-mayor of Lyme Regis, and later on, an M.P. for the town. On the ship-money question he was a sturdy radical, and his grave, though obliterated by a modern pavement, is crossed by many who pass up the church each Sunday. In the porch is the grave-stone of his wife, Elizabeth Rose, out of whose name the anagram 'Ohe, Blest Arise,' is formed in the proper style of the seventeenth century 'conceit.' Now Rose, on hearing that the Royal Navy was going forth to maintain his Majesty's title of 'King of the Narrow Seas' (*i.e.* the English Channel), exclaimed, 'What foolery is this, that the country in general should be thus much taxed with great sums to maintain the King's titles and honours? For my part, I am £10 the worse for it already.' Rose may have had an uneasy feeling that 'ship-money' would not be entirely devoted to ships, and his remark was both a shrewd and courageous one, but in 1637, the temper of the popular party was rising. Consequently, we find the report of this misdemeanour endorsed by the Clerk of the Council as follows: 'My Lords thought it not fit to question these words.'

As Queen Mary said, Lyme Regis was unswervingly 'heretic,' even ultra-fanatic, on the religious side. It had also become ultra-democratic on the political side, and such were the inhabitants of the town before which Prince Maurice of the Rhine and 6000 men sat down in April, 1644.

PRINCE MAURICE.

## III.

## THE SIEGE OF LYME.

THE defence of Lyme Regis against the Royalists was a heroic undertaking heroically carried through. The town may have had 3000 inhabitants. Perhaps with its small original garrison and the detachments in aid of the defence subsequently introduced by sea, the town at one time during the siege contained 4000 human beings. But this total of 4000 included children and the aged of both sexes whose fighting days were over. The town was without walls and totally undefended, except towards the sea, and was in a cup surrounded by hills. Well might Joshua Sprigge say of it in 1645 'it is wonderful to think, considering the situation of the place and the meanness of the works about it, that it should possibly hold out as it did against such a force as laid siege unto it.' Prince Maurice, too, had 6000 men with a train of artillery. The case of Lyme Regis seemed hopeless, and it was not without some show of reason that the Royalists spoke of the capture of the town as 'breakfast-work,' and declared that they would not dine until they had reduced it. Had not all Royalists taken the 'Cavaliers' Oath' that Plymouth, Lyme and Poole should be destroyed? Boasting such as this and on such occasions is, with all sanguine combatants, what the lawyers would call 'common form'; but, so far as taking the town went, the Royalists might have risen without breakfast and gone to bed without dinner during the whole eight weeks of the siege. They belonged to a Bible-reading generation and should have remembered the 11th verse of the 20th chapter of the 1st Book of Kings.

As so often happens in military matters, and as happened once more on a far greater scale in the Great German War, those who were the stronger on paper came off second-best in the end. Prince Maurice, nephew of Charles I., and brother of the better-known Prince Rupert, was less formidable than he seemed.

To begin with, his force was a composite one. In addition to the English Royalists there were many Irish and many foreigners on his side, and of the two the Irish were the more detested, not only as Roman Catholics but on account of the horrible massacres of the English in Ireland three years before. The defenders of the town, on the other hand, though numerically weaker, were desperately united in their purpose and fought as one. Again, as regards the commanders on either side, the advantage was with Lyme Regis, and readers of Pepys may remember a passage in the Diary (June 4th, 1664) in which the siege of Lyme and the quality of the courage displayed by Blake are discussed. Prince Maurice was now only in his twenty-fourth year and his health was not robust. At Exeter, six months before, he had been given over for dead of the 'new disease' (influenza), and though he survived for a few more years, to fight by land and sea, the slackness at times of his attack on Lyme may have been due to the lethargy of ill-health. Maurice was personally brave. His greatest faults were a want of organizing power and that he had no sense of discipline. The command on the side of the town was practically in the hands of Colonel Robert Blake, a Somerset man. Blake was in his forty-fifth year. He had recently distinguished himself

ROBERT BLAKE

at the siege of Bristol against both Rupert and Maurice, and was soon to hold Taunton for nearly a year in spite of the large Royalist forces brought against him. Later on, when already fifty, he became under Cromwell one of England's most famous admirals, a true Nelson of the seventeenth century in tactics and achievement. His career was still in front of him and nothing is more remarkable in that career than the persistence with which fortune seemed always to pit Blake against the Royal nephews and always to their undoing. From the siege of Bristol in 1643, till he broke up Rupert's experiment in piracy nine years later (during which Maurice was mysteriously lost at sea), Blake was constantly finding himself opposed by land or sea to Rupert or Maurice, or both of them together. Blake, then, in 1644 had still his reputation to make, but the military prestige of Prince Maurice had now reached its highest point and he never recovered from his failure at Lyme. He had not been unsuccessful so far in the Civil War, but Lyme Regis, 'believed inconsiderable,' was too tough a nut for him to crack.

Lastly, in comparing the chances of the attack with those of the defence, we come to the most important point of all. The Royalists were never able to do more than attack the back-door of Lyme—a weak back-door, it is true, but a back-door only. Lyme's front-door was the sea and the command of the sea was with the Parliament. At one time as many as thirty to forty vessels, too large for the Cobb, were anchored off Lyme during the siege, a fleet such as was never moored off the town before or since. By its means supplies of food and ammunition could be introduced into the town; by its means, at one time or another during the siege, from four to five hundred extra men were added to the defending garrison; by its means communication was kept up between Parliament and the town, whose emissaries on one occasion actually appeared before the bar of the House of Commons while the siege was in progress. The result of the siege of Lyme is a perfect example, on a minute scale, of 'the influence of sea-power on history.'

The roads leading to Lyme Regis must be considered before we come to a description of the siege. Roads, indeed, or rather the almost entire absence of roads to Lyme Regis before the middle of the eighteenth century, are a very important factor in the history of the town. Lyme's highway in 1644 was the sea, and having once reached the town by sea, you got out of it as best you could. There were then only two exits. The principal one was northwards by Coombe Street, Mill Green, and along the edge of the river to Colway Lane (? col = passage étroit). On arriving at the bridge in Colway Lane a traveller from Lyme might have turned his horse or himself to the left and have gone *via* Clappentail Lane and past Morgan's Grave (probably the burial-place of some suicide at the cross-roads of a later date) to Exeter, or *via* Haye Lane and either Rocombe or Harcombe to Axminster or Crewkerne. The road from Axminster to Lyme, which branches off to the right at Hunter's Lodge and passes along Yawl bottom, did not exist. Pound Street and Sidmouth Hill existed as narrow lanes, but there was no Cobb Road. Silver Street, if the derivation of *strata silvestris* may be allowed, was no more than a real woodland track. But we must come back to our traveller from Lyme.

If he had turned to the right at Horn Bridge in Colway Lane, he might have gone up the lane and then straight on by the old track (still partly in existence from Charmouth to the Golf Links) to Charmouth, or, soon after reaching Colway

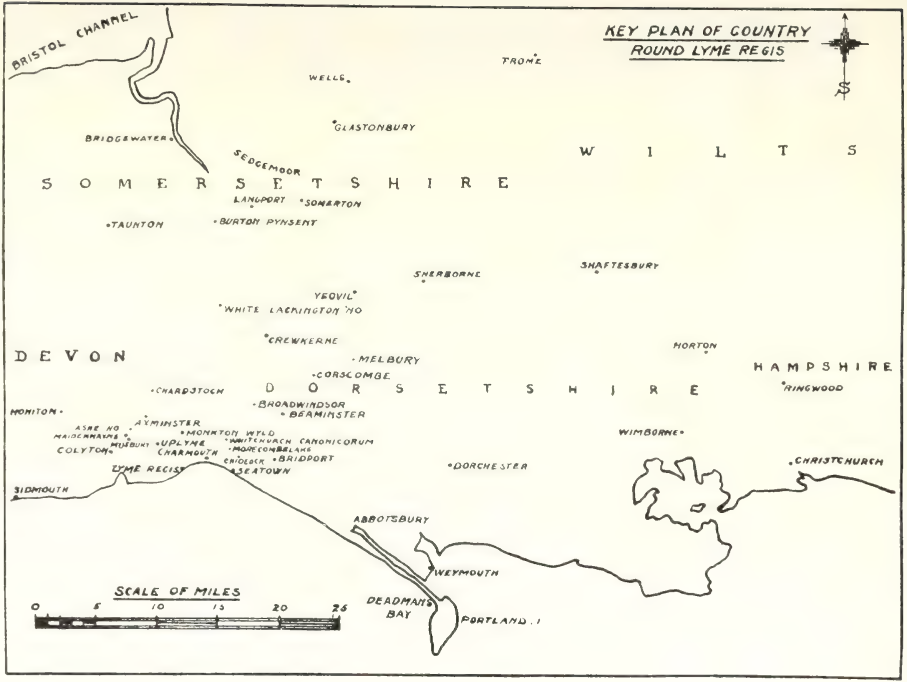
Gate, he might have kept to the left up Timber Hill (the Crewkerne Road of the plan of 1841) and then turned to the right at Penn Cross Roads. There was no tunnel, nor road leading through a tunnel, for nearly 200 years to come, and this old road from Penn Cross down Fern Hill is the one which Charles II. took to Charmouth in 1651, when, in his peregrinations after the Battle of Worcester, he was in search of a port from which to escape to the Continent. The 1825 road (disused since May 1924) to Charmouth through the 'Bellows' did not exist, nor did the road down Charmouth Hill into Lyme Regis past the Cemetery. Thus the principal way out of Lyme Regis was by Coombe Street to Colway Lane at Horn Bridge, near to which in ancient times stood a tavern and a fulling-mill. It was along this track by the riverside (for it can hardly be called a road) that Edward I. and all his train came into Lyme when that king visited the town in 1297. We can but faintly imagine to ourselves what the press must have been. The only other possible exit from the town (except by sea) was by a lane along the bottom of the cliffs to Charmouth which has long since disappeared into the sea. This lane was a very vulnerable point during the siege, and its Lyme Regis end can still be seen on the north side of the Tudbold Almshouses in Church Street. There were few, if any, houses on the slopes of the hills above the town, and the slopes themselves, except near the sea, were thickly wooded. Apart from the fact that, before the end of the seventeenth century, Silver Street had been made a practicable thoroughfare according to the standard of the time and linked up with Haye Lane and Clappentail Lane, these approaches to Lyme Regis in 1644 remained unchanged for over a hundred years. For this reason all goods into and out of the town on the landward side were carried in baskets (dorsers) on the backs of pack-horses. The George Inn always kept a quantity of such pack-horses for hire.

Lyme Regis was not unprepared for the coming of Prince Maurice. The Prince had passed it on his way to Exeter in August 1643, and summoned it to surrender. The summons was refused and Lyme's reply is worth recording. The town 'marvelled' that Maurice 'should expect to have whole towns given him in England, whereas they knew not so much as a thatched cottage that he was owner of here,' and added 'that he would do well to go and settle in his own country.' Lyme in the seventeenth century had a pretty wit, but wit was not everything and the warning of this summons was not lost on the inhabitants. They redoubled their efforts, the women aiding the men, to protect the town with earthworks. They also built four forts. These forts, of course, have nothing to do with the permanent forts on the sea-front, which remained in being till the nineteenth century The latter were three in number and situated at Gun Cliff, at Bell Cliff, and a short distance to the west of Bell Cliff, nearly opposite the house known as Sunnybank. The last-named fort was intended to command the entrance to the Cobb. Of the four temporary siege forts now being built, the first which calls for notice is the Western Fort. Its situation is uncertain, but if, as seems probable, it was erected near the point where Pound Road comes out into Silver Street, Pound Road and Woodmead Road would mark what was the line of the trenches defending the town, which extended from Holm Bush Fields on the one side to East Cliff Cottages on the other. The commander of this Western fort was Captain Marsh. Round it the fiercest fighting of the siege took place and in the first week Captain Marsh was killed. The other three forts were named after the officers commanding them.

Davey's Fort was by East Cliff Cottages and Newell's Fort still further to the East, along the lane to Charmouth. A third fort, also named after its commanding officer, was in Colway Meadow, to protect the centre of the line, and called Gaitch's Fort. All these officers belonged to Lyme Regis families and their names are spelt in many different ways in the records, but in those days each man spelt his own name (and other people's) exactly as he pleased. An additional fort, projected and even begun but never completed, was to have been in the 'Cleeves,' meaning the hollows along the Church Cliffs and to the east of the Church. This fort was no doubt intended to prevent any entry of the enemy into the town by way of the Church, but the resolute defence offered by Captain Davey's East Fort, 'the stay of all' on that side, saved the Church Cliffs from attack.

The enthusiasm of the women has already been mentioned, but they did not confine themselves to spade-work in the trenches. They 'manned' the trenches as well, loading muskets and sometimes even firing them. They wore men's hats with red cloaks, and in these they showed themselves on the works, leading the Royalists to believe that the defence of the town was stronger than was actually the case. Without this device, which gave the male combatants time to refresh themselves, it is difficult to see how the scanty garrison could have kept the lines adequately filled. There were newspapers, happily few in number and small in volume, in those days on both sides as there would be in ours. One of these, *Mercurius Aulicus*, the Court Journal, pokes fun at Lyme for having twenty-five puritanical preachers in the town. Their 'infusions' (*i.e.* exhortations) are jeered at, with the suggestion that the preachers would not be much good at fighting. But these men were no drones. They fought as well as talked. Nor were such talkers in those days out of place. The appetite of the people of that age for sermons and religious controversy was insatiable, and, though these preachers promised eternal salvation to those who fell in defence of the town, the stimulus was hardly necessary. A more urgent daily need of the people and garrison of Lyme Regis was the due performance of some one or other of their many forms of religious exercise. For these the Puritan ministers were required. Our ancestors of the seventeenth century were terribly in earnest over many observances, some important, others unimportant, the neglect of which would leave us cold in these more Laodicean times. Nor were these ancestors hypocrites. They suffered and they fought for their convictions. Hypocrisy came in later, when Puritanism had risen to the top, when Puritanism had begun to 'pay.' Then the affectation of Puritanism outdid Puritanism itself. Puritanism became a tyranny from which men shook themselves free only to fall into as bad a tyranny of another kind after the Restoration.

Maurice broke up his camp at Beaminster in April, 1644, owing to a serious fire in the town, caused by quarrels between the French and Cornish among his troops, and advanced straight on Lyme. His forces came in sight of the town on Saturday, April 20th, lined up along the ridge of hills above Uplyme, and greeted Lyme Regis with a shout. They were answered by another shout from the town. 'Perspective glasses,' meaning telescopes, which were then a new invention, were used on both sides, the Royalists studying the positions held by the defenders,


KEY PLAN OF COUNTRY
ROUND LYME REGIS
S
BRISTOL CHANNEL
FROME
WELLS
GLASTONBURY
BRIDGEWATER
SEDGEMOOR
WILTS
SOMERSETSHIRE
LANGPORT
SOMERTON
TAUNTON
BURTON PYNSENT
SHERBORNE
SHAFTESBURY
YEOVIL
WHITE LACKINGTON HO
CREWKERNE
MELBURY
HORTON
DEVON
CORSCOMBE
HAMPSHIRE
CHARDSTOCK
DORSETSHIRE
RINGWOOD
HONITON
BROADWINDSOR
BEAMINSTER
ASHE HO
AXMINSTER
MAIDENHAYNE
MONKTON WYLD
WHITCHURCH CANONICORUM
WIMBORNE
COLYTON
MUSBURY
UPLYME
MORECOMBELAKE
CHARMOUTH
CHIDEOCK
BRIDPORT
CHRISTCHURCH
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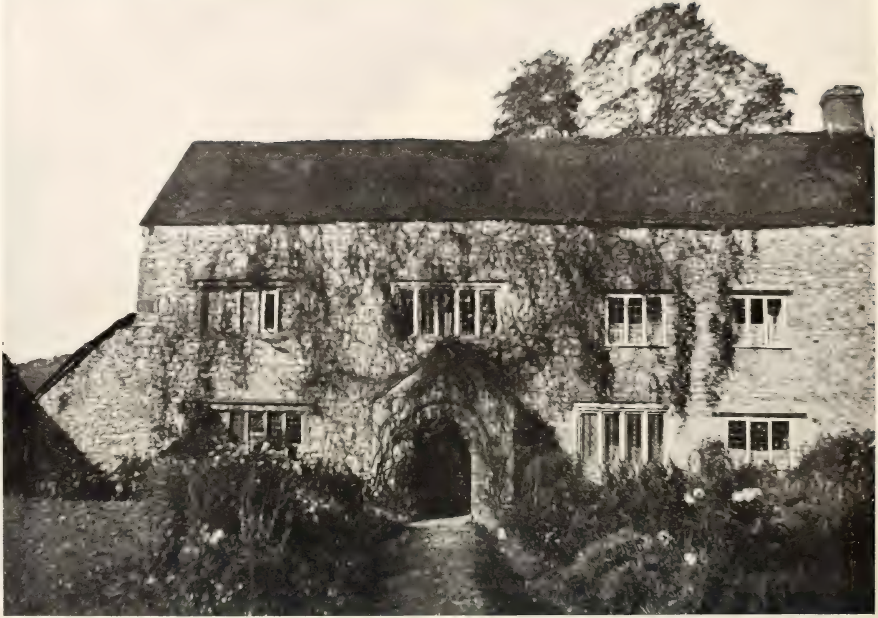


COLWAY MANOR HOUSE?

and the latter endeavouring to estimate the number of those coming to the attack. In the capture of Lyme Regis both Royalist honour and Royalist interest were concerned. The West of England was now practically in the King's hands. Poole and Lyme Regis in Dorset alone held out, and Lyme commanded a long stretch of coast westwards from Portland. Moreover the town was important for its trade and manufacture. The reduction of Lyme would have been a severe blow to the Parliament and an equally important success for the King. The war on the whole had not so far been unfavourable to Charles, and Prince Maurice must have felt, when he led his troops down into the valley, that his chance of scoring another success for his uncle was a favourable one. Maurice advanced on Colway House and Haye House (see inset of 1841 plan), from which he dislodged weak Parliamentary forces. These two places he chose for his headquarters. The siege of Lyme had begun.

A Diary of the Siege from the Parliamentary side is in existence. It was drawn up by Edward Drake, of Colyton, one of the garrison, and was discovered at White Lackington House, Ilminster, in 1786. This house, now a simple farm, was regarded by Authority in London as a notable centre of disaffection in the second half of the seventeenth century. Diaries of military operations are often dull reading, except to those who have actually fought or suffered. The latter alone can realise each incident, trivial or important. They alone can supply the light and shade required to appreciate the record at its proper value. To the ordinary reader such diaries are overburdened with the minor operations of the generality of days which must necessarily be carried out. The Diary of the Siege of Lyme

Regis is no exception to this rule from the general reader's point of view. To the historian the record is of great value. Operations began on April 21st upon the Western Fort, the roof of which was beaten in and the walls battered by cannon. The enemy never succeeded in capturing this fort, though Captain Marsh, its commander, was killed on April 26th. The Royalists were more successful at Newell's Fort in the extreme east, along Charmouth Lane, from which the garrison was expelled, but the other Eastern Fort, Captain Davey's, held out, like the Western Fort, to the end.

Desultory firing from hedges and ditches, the play of ordnance between the town and the Royalists, or *vice versâ*, and the shooting of 'fire-arrows' among the houses were continuous. But on Sunday, April 28th, the Royalists went further. 'They made an offer to storm the town, blew up their trumpets, beat their drums, and sounded an alarm.' It was then that the weak points in the force of Prince Maurice became apparent. Some of his infantry ('being forced men') could not, even when urged on by the Royalist cavalry from behind, be brought to face the fire from the town lines. Many on the King's side were killed before the retreat was sounded, and the affair ended without damage to the town. A few days later—on May 6th—the Royalists made another grand attack, setting their plans on this occasion with more care. They advanced in force under cover of a fog, and stormed the earthworks of the town at three places. A body of Royalists, in the violence of the first onset, even reached the centre of the town, but were cut off. This shows how close a thing the surprise would have been, if the defenders had not run quickly to their posts. The Royalists shouted out, 'Fall on, fall on; the town is ours, the town is ours;' to which the townsmen replied, 'Come on, you rogues, we are ready to receive you.' The strictest modern decorum could hardly be shocked at such words as these, but our demure Diarist adds at this point: 'Although I approve not of such language, yet I here insert it to show the courage of the soldiers.' Courage they certainly did show, because within less than an hour the enemy had been repulsed at all three points and fled, leaving behind them many scaling-ladders. In point of numbers the Royalists again lost heavily. Among those killed on this occasion was Colonel Francis Bluett, a fearless and resolute Royalist officer of the most 'malignant' type. He was also a martinet in discipline, and the fact that wounds were found in his back suggests a shot or two from some of the 'forced men' on his own side. On the following day, May 7th, there was a parley when the body of Colonel Bluett was handed across the lines. What occurred on this occasion must be related in the Diarist's own words. 'The dead corpse beshrouded and coffined by the townsmen was carried to the west end of the town (near Coram Tower?) by the townsmen and delivered over the line to the enemy. Lieutenant-Colonel Blake being there at the delivery demanded of them that came for the corpse whether they had any order or command to pay for the shroud or coffin. They answered 'no'. He replied nevertheless, "Take it, we are not so poor, but we can give it you," and so it was delivered to them.'

It was now clear to the Royalists that they would have to change their tactics. They began to realise that the defence of Lyme was really based on the sea, and started to organize an attack on the side of the town which stood towards the sea. By May 17th they had raised some breastworks on the heights above the Cobb, and planted sixteen pieces of ordnance there. The firing from their guns may to some extent have been checked by those of the battery protecting the entrance to the Cobb (see inset of 1841 plan), but the Royalists 'did some harm' to the shipping. Four days later the Royalists had raised another battery on the 'cliff next the Cobb,' which probably means the site of the old Bowling Green, where Southcliff was built in 1842. Thus the danger was getting nearer, and it is clear from a letter of Sir Edward Nicholas, Secretary of State to Charles I., that Maurice hoped by these tactics to be master of Lyme within a week. The erection of this battery was followed on May 22nd by one of the best pieces of work the Royalists did.

On May 22nd a barge full of provisions was unloading at the Cobb Gate. This is the eastern of the two approaches which lead from the bottom of Broad Street on to the beach or the Walk. Duties on all goods were formerly discharged there, and the iron supports of the old gate may still be seen. By cannon-fire from the cliffs the Royalists sank this barge, killed one man and wounded another. A more daring effort followed. There was then no causeway, as now, joining the Cobb to the mainland, and there were only a few scattered cottages at the Cobb end of the town, nothing, in fact, equivalent to the large block of houses at the bottom of the Cobb Road to-day. The causeway and the houses did not come till after the middle of the eighteenth century. In the Cobb itself lay a number of barges laden with ammunition and provisions, and other vessels as well. The Royalists, about fifty or sixty strong, rushed down the cliffs suddenly at seven o'clock in the evening and threw 'wild fire' and 'fire-balls' among all this shipping. A small party of twenty or thirty men, left in the Cobb to secure these craft, took to their boats and fled. Most of the barges and much of the shipping were burnt. The attack was only ended by a sudden sally from the town which took the Royalists in their rear. In the *mêlée* which ensued some were slain on both sides, among them Captain Pyne, 'who had command of the horse of the town, a very valiant man.' That the town should have required any force of cavalry seems strange, but it must be remembered that, for over a year before the commencement of the siege, operations directed against Royalist garrisons in the neighbourhood were constantly being engineered from Lyme Regis, and these operations were almost always under the command of Captain Pyne. The Diarist, while lamenting the loss of the barges, adds this: 'The loss of the ships was not so much to be lamented as the loss of Captain Pyne . . . for more ships might be had again, but such a man is rarely to be found.'

The Royalists had now begun to check, if not control, the main source of the town's resistance, and about this time it was considered that Lyme could not have held out for two days longer. All landings and unloadings from the sea had to be done by night, but the raid on the Cobb had been made too late in the siege to ensure the success of the King's forces. On May 23rd, the day after the raid, arrived Lord Warwick, Lord High Admiral of the Fleet under Parliament, with a squadron of eight vessels at Lyme Regis, which was already in serious want of victuals and ammunition. These ships brought new supplies of all sorts, including boots, an article of which the townsmen were in great need.

In this way the effect of the attack on the Cobb was countered, and time was getting on. On May 27th and 29th two final and determined efforts were made to carry the town by assault. On the morning of the 27th enemy batteries from the West began to play upon the East of the town, and those from the East upon the West of the town, 'by means the town situated as in a pit.' This continued till noon, when sealing-ladders were brought up near the West Fort, and a breach made in the earthworks. This breach was never entered: and the defenders kept casting up fresh earth with such vigour that 'they digged themselves into a hole,' an operation of recent and lamentable memory. Two other breaches at other points in the earthworks were made later, and at both points the enemy entered, but were repulsed. Again the weak character of the composite army of Prince Maurice is shown. The Diarist notes the frequent use of force by the Royalists to get their infantry to advance to the attack. So ended the first of the two last assaults.

May 28th was spent by the enemy in battering the West Fort with their cannon, and on the same day Lord Warwick landed 300 men from his fleet to aid the garrison. May 29th opened with another continuous play of Royalist guns, especially on the West Fort. A breach in the earthworks was made near this point, and this time the enemy entered six to eight abreast. There was then continuous close fighting for nearly eight hours, in which the men from the fleet did good service. Of one seaman, a boatswain named Edward Moizer, who held up the Colours till the staff was shot from his hand 'together with two or three of his fingers,' it is told that he then called out to one of his fellows standing by, and said, 'Here, take you the colours, while I go to the surgeons to be dressed.' In the end the Royalists were repulsed, and the attack failed. This was the last important incident of the siege, and it may be noted that Moizer was recommended for promotion later on for his gallantry on this occasion.

The usual siege operations, of course, were still carried on, and men or women in the town were occasionally killed or wounded. On a moonlight night seven or eight boats were fired at when landing at the Cobb Gate, but without doing any damage, and there were no sorties from or assaults on the town. The enemy chiefly directed their efforts to firing the town with fire-arrows, red-hot balls, and a device of red-hot iron bars with a hook at one end, which might hang on to a building and set it on fire. The houses were all thatched, and the danger might have been serious. At one time twenty or thirty houses in the West part of the town were set alight, but by uncovering some of the thatches and by pouring copious supplies of water on to the roofs of the houses nearest to the point of fire, the danger was met. It was now the 5th of June, and about this time the Royalists, according to our Diarist, began to think of employing a witch, so as to burn the houses in the town and sink the ships in the harbour 'by devilish art and practice.' But this employment of the Evil One, if he was so employed, was without effect. What was more important is that from now odd units of the Royalist forces began to come over to the side of the town. In fact, the end of the siege was not far off. Events were taking place elsewhere in England which wound up matters at Lyme Regis in less than ten days' time.

In these days Charles I. had been occupying very uneasily his headquarters at Oxford. He had one Parliamentary force under Lord Essex watching him at Islip, and another under Sir William Waller at Abingdon. If these two commanders had acted together they could have crushed Charles, and might have brought the war to an end. The strife and embitterment of the next few years would have been avoided, and possibly the trial and execution of Charles might never have taken place. But there were divided counsels. It was fated that the war should go on, but that Lyme Regis should be saved. Essex and Waller met to consider their course of action on June 6th, and it was then decided that Essex should march south-west to the relief of Lyme, the opinion of Essex himself being that the relief of Lyme was 'the most instant concernment next to fighting with the King's Army.' Charles had written to Maurice from Oxford on May 28th, telling him what was going on there, and that, if Lyme Regis could not be reduced, he was to leave the place and go on to Bristol. When, therefore, Maurice heard that Essex while on his way to Lyme with 13,000 men had received the surrender of Weymouth—a town garrisoned first by one party then by the other during the war—he waited no longer, but struck his camp early in the morning of June 16th, and brought the siege of Lyme to an end. Clarendon, the Royalist historian, remarks that Maurice retired 'with some loss of reputation for having been so long with such a force before so vile and untenable a place without reducing it.' There is something of the flavour of sour grapes in the word 'vile,' or it may be due to simple political rancour; but the word 'untenable' is the highest possible compliment to the townsmen of Lyme Regis. This, in fact, is the time from which the Royalists began to speak of Lyme Regis as 'unserviceable.' Commonwealth journals retorted by saying 'so are all things ever in their esteem when they cannot either get them or keep them.'

That the town should have been the scene of much rejoicing is small wonder, but these rejoicings spread wider. Lyme Regis had become 'as big in reputation as the greatest city in the kingdom.' Parliament voted the town its thanks as well as gratuities in money, taken, no doubt, from the estates of Lord Poulett and other local 'malignants.' Even the churches of London were ordered to offer up thanks for Lyme's success, and to make collections in aid of sufferers from the siege, a form of help which Lyme returned in kind twenty-two years later on, when she contributed £100 to the fund for the relief of sufferers from the Great Fire of London. At Lyme itself it was decreed that the anniversary of the town's deliverance from the 'Army of Sennacherib' should be kept as a day of public thanksgiving. June 16th was a Sunday, and the bells of the parish church would have rung merrily if they had not been already cast into cannon. But, to make up for their silence, the fearless and outspoken, if rather long-winded, Hugh Peters delivered two sermons, one in the forenoon and the other in the afternoon of that day. He preached from the fine old pulpit given to the Church in 1613 by Richard Harvey, 'mercer and marchant-adventurer,' as may be read thereon even unto this day. Peters had once taken Anglican orders, but his doctrines were distinctly unorthodox. He was half prophet, half buffoon, and the Boanerges par excellence of the Parliamentary army. He had come to Lyme Regis with Lord Warwick on May 23rd, as acting chaplain on board the *James*. One would like to have heard these sermons (or some portion of them) and seen the congregations; to have accompanied the townsfolk in their walk after the services round the Church Cliffs (which were of considerable extent in those days), and to have heard their various conversations. But, as this is impossible, we must be content with one final reflection on what followed elsewhere after the siege of Lyme.

It was soon clear that a huge mistake—and all apparently for the sake of Lyme Regis—was made when Essex left Waller to deal alone with Charles at Oxford. Charles, instead of being as one besieged, took the offensive. On June 29th he met Waller at Cropredy Bridge, near Banbury, defeated him, and drove him back on London. He then followed Prince Maurice into Devonshire and Cornwall, whither Essex had gone too, and gone to disaster. On September 2nd the army of Essex was surrounded in Cornwall, and the whole of his infantry surrendered. The cavalry broke through, and Essex himself escaped by sea to London. This is what the relief of Lyme cost the Parliament, and the presumption is that, relatively to the times, Lyme Regis was regarded as a place of great importance, and for obvious reasons. The West of England, especially the extreme West, was still very Royalist and continued so to the end. The relief of Lyme meant that its garrison was free to raid any Royalist forces in the district. It meant also that Cornwall and Devon were now completely blocked from any communication with the rest of England by a chain of towns from Lyme Regis to the Bristol Channel, most of which were in Parliamentary hands, and Royalist partisans went so far as to declare that the keeping or losing of the whole of the West country depended upon the keeping or losing of Lyme Regis. Events showed that they were wrong, but Lyme at any rate was safe. Except for one threat of another siege in the very month (June, 1645) in which Naseby was fought, Lyme Regis was not troubled any further during the Civil War. Naseby practically ended it. 'This is a very great victory,' said the despatch sent to Lyme. 'The King's army, in which he was in person, is wholly broken and destroyed. Let God have all the praise.' To contemporary observers, however, the end was still uncertain, and the earthworks round the town were not levelled by order of the Parliament till 1647. It was only in that year that Lyme began to resume its normal aspect.

Two contemporary authors of the first half of the seventeenth century must be noticed before the siege of Lyme is finally dismissed. The first of them is John Vicars. Vicars was an enthusiastic, if not frenzied, advocate of the Presbyterian system of Church government. The principal objects of his resentment were the Episcopalians on the one side and the Independents on the other. He was never a minister of the Church, but was at one time usher at Christ's Hospital. His weapons of attack were very bad verse or highly extravagant prose indifferently. With his verse we need not trouble ourselves, but his prose works include a record of the Civil War, published in four parts, from 1644 to 1646. Vicars revels in long titles, one of which is reprinted in Appendix I. as a curiosity, and those of his record of the Civil War show sufficiently on which side he wrote. The titles are 'Jehovah-Jireh,' 'God in the Mount, or England's Remembrancer,' 'God's Arke Overtopping the World's Waves,' and 'The Burning Bush not Consumed.' Each of these narratives has a sub-title, which is far too long to mention, and 'God's Arke' contains some interesting particulars of the siege of Lyme.

It is to Vicars that we owe the story of the woman (some weaver or thread-spinner) who had one of her hands shot off during the siege. This is an incident which shows more clearly than anything else, not merely the valour of the women but the tenacity of those, both men and women, who were holding Lyme against Prince Maurice. Vicars' account is this: 'A maid had had one of her hands cut off in the fight, and being asked what course she would take to live now she had lost one of her hands, "Truly (said she) I am glad with all my heart that I had a hand to loose for Jesus Christ, for whose cause I am as willing and ready to loose not merely my other hand but my life also." A sweet and most saint-like speech indeed.' Vicars also mentions, on the authority of one of Lord Warwick's letters, that against one of the Royalist attacks a woman fired off sixteen muskets. He says, too, that at the end of the siege there was scarce a house in the whole town not battered, and scarce a room into which shot had not been sent. Finally, he puts the number of people in Lyme at 4000, of which the garrison at its highest was 1000.

All the above we can readily believe, but, when Vicars comes to deal with the respective losses on either side, he seems to be more of a partisan than a chronicler. As a partisan, Vicars could speak of the force under Essex which relieved Lyme as 'God's Army,' because he probably thought of the troops under Prince Maurice as the army of Beelzebub; but the evidence of such a man on the comparative losses of Royalists and Parliamentarians must be received with caution. His statements, based to some extent on the evidence of eye-witnesses, are these: In the assault which took place after the landing of the men from Warwick's fleet, he says that 400 of the

Royalists were killed 'at least,' and only 'six or seven of the garrison killed or wounded at the most.' He also says that during the whole of the siege the enemy lost 'at least two or three thousand soldiers and the town but six score men.' This number of two or three thousand perhaps includes deserters who from among the Royalist mercenaries may have been many, while it is known that none went over to the enemy from the town. The Royalists themselves, in intercepted letters, bemoaned that 'that little hole, the town of Lime,' had destroyed 'more gentlemen and valiant soldiers than all the former sieges in the West.' Vicars, however, is probably exaggerating their casualties and minimising those of the town, because he himself says that there was hardly an undamaged house in Lyme or a man or woman in it that was unwounded. These statements are all that we have to go upon, and the facts are consequently incapable of verification.

The second contemporary author to be mentioned after Vicars is the Rev. James Strong. He was the son of a tailor of Chardstock, a village between Axminster and Chard, and, by the bounty of the Rector of that place, he was sent to Oxford. He remained at Oxford a year or two, entered the ministry, and became a preacher. He can hardly have been an amiable character, because later on, under Cromwell, he turned his benefactor, the Rector of Chardstock, out of that living and took possession of it himself. But before doing this he had already perpetrated in 1645 another crime by composing and publishing a poem. This poem he entitled 'Joaneridos,' which can only be interpreted as the 'Joan of Arc Epic.' The sub-title of the poem is 'Feminine Valour eminently discovered in the Western Women at the Siege of Lyme.'

Now, that the women of Lyme Regis deserved commemoration is certain. It is equally certain that they deserved some better memorial than the effusion of the Rev. James Strong. The 'epic,' happily, is not more than two hundred lines long, but it is hardly too much to say these are two hundred lines too many. The poem is in rhymed couplets, and the first few lines, which are as follows, may serve as a sample of the whole:—

'What former age did ever want a quill
Drench't with the dew of High Parnassus Hill
These Bastard gifts of Nature to record?
But ah! cannot our ill-taught times afford
One to give virtue juster praise? Ye Nine
Have ye no quicker fancy now than mine
To limne the praises of that weaker sex?'—etc.

Unfortunately, in spite of Strong's invocation to the Muses, the 'quicker fancy' that he prayed for was not forthcoming, and he never rose to be a poet in the whole two hundred lines. He was, however, almost a prophet, because, in describing the work of the women during the siege, he seems even to have foreseen female suffrage and other things. Says Strong:—

'To most 'tis known
The weaker vessels are the stronger grown,
The vine which on the pole still leans his arms
Must now heave up and save the pole from harms.'

Women have indeed 'heaved up,' and, except that they do not yet form part of our military and naval forces, the above prophecy has almost been fulfilled nearly 300 years after Strong made it; but, in spite of this, it is remarkable that the poem should have survived at all. As Johnson might have said, it has hardly enough wit to keep it sweet, hardly enough salt to preserve it from putrefaction. Vicars and Strong may fitly bring the Siege of Lyme Regis to an end, and, except for the following incident, we can pass on for forty years.

This incident concerns Charmouth more than Lyme, but it brings in the Ellesdons, a notable family of Lyme Regis and Charmouth in former times, and in the following manner. Charles II. in his tortuous wanderings *via* Boscobel and other places after the battle of Worcester on September 3rd, 1651, at length reached Charmouth about three weeks later. He was, of course, on the look-out for a vessel in which to escape to the Continent and for a place from which to sail. The day before he reached Charmouth, *i.e.* September 23rd, was spent by the King at a farm-house which occupies the corner of the turning leading to Monkton Wyld off the Axminster-Charmouth road. This farm, where there is now a memorial tablet, belonged to Ellesdons and is still called 'Elsdon's' on the modern ordnance map. An arrangement had already been concluded through Captain William Ellesdon, a supporter of Charles II. in Lyme Regis, whereby one Stephen Limbry, skipper of Lyme, was to bring his boat round to Charmouth on a certain night and carry Charles across to France, receiving £60 for the job. Charles duly came to Charmouth, but his friends waited in vain on Charmouth beach for Limbry. Now Limbry at home had asked for his sea-chest to be packed, and Mrs. Limbry (who had heard nothing of any cargo or of preparations for any voyage), became inquisitive, and when her husband weakly alluded to 'passengers' the game was up. Had not Mrs. Limbry seen posted in Lyme Regis a proclamation denouncing pains and penalties against all who assisted Charles or his followers to escape? At the first opportunity Limbry was safely locked up in his own room under the guard of his wife and daughters. Limbry's boat never got to Charmouth and Charles was compelled to continue his wanderings, eventually escaping from Shoreham on October 15th.

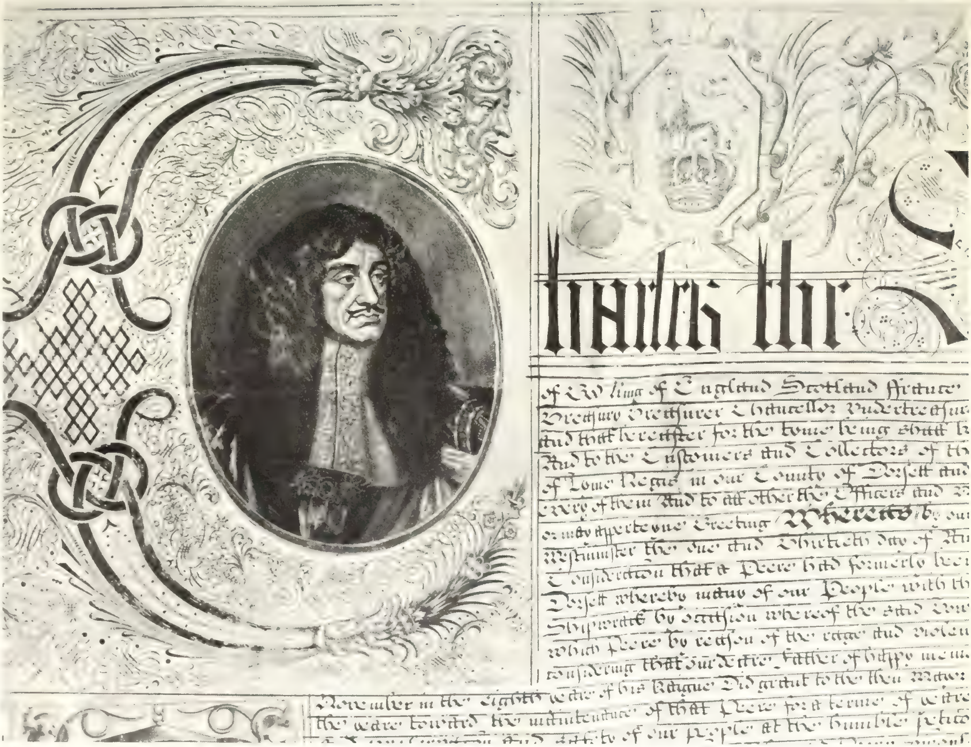
Captain William Ellesdon was a Royalist, but his loyalty was not entirely disinterested. Limbry certainly never received his £60, because he did not 'deliver the goods,' but Captain Ellesdon was determined not to go unrewarded. Soon after the Restoration in 1660 he asked for a pension of £400 a year from the Customs of Lyme Regis. Some one, however, pointed out that Ellesdon had really done nothing, so that no reward was given. The importunate Captain petitioned once more in 1662 for some recognition, asserting that this false information against him stuck 'like a dagger in his heart.' Between 1662 and 1672 he probably received something, for in March of the latter year he is found asking for more and got it. Anthony Thorold (mentioned below) acted for him in the position of King's Searcher at the Port of Lyme from June 23rd, 1674, in virtue of a pernicious system of public work done by deputy which lasted until well into the nineteenth century. Each of his two sons also at that time had an annuity of £50 from the King. Ellesdon's further request in 1672 is that these may be made payable for life and that each of his two daughters may have an annuity of £50 as well, to be charged on the Customs of Lyme, and all this after he had failed in his undertaking. Captain William Ellesdon, a true son of the horse-leech, was indeed well repaid for the amount of £38 6*s.* 8*d.* with which his estate was charged for 'malignancy' during the Civil War. After reading of his importunities (which began with the Restoration and were still going on twelve years later) one is bound to agree with Lord Halifax (1633–95), who said that the reason why Charles II. always walked so fast was to get away from the 'asking faces' which pursued him everywhere. We, too, will escape from Captain William's 'asking face' by moving on for thirty-five years to the next event where Lyme Regis figures once more prominently in English history.

## IV.

## THE ADVENTURE OF MONMOUTH.

Protestantism has had many queer champions in its time. One of the queerest was James, Duke of Monmouth. Monmouth was the eldest acknowledged representative of a large family, a family of one father and many mothers, the family of Charles the Second's illegitimate children. His mother was Lucy Walter, daughter of parents in good position at Roch Castle, near Haverfordwest, where her father was a well-known Welsh Royalist. Even before the girl met Charles she seems to have been living a very irregular life, at first with Robert, the brother of Algernon Sidney, and as early as 1644. Four years later Charles was still only Prince of Wales—a Prince with prospects the reverse of brilliant—and in exile at the Hague. Lucy Walter seems to have gone there at that time expressly for the purpose of captivating him. In this she succeeded, and the boy James was born on April 9th, 1649. Charles was then not quite nineteen, and Lucy about the same age.

The connection between Charles and Lucy Walter did not last very long. The lady was not exclusive in her affections, and there is more than a doubt whether Charles was really the father of the boy at all. Whatever else Charles may or may not have been, he certainly was not good-looking, as he himself readily admitted, and Monmouth was one of the handsomest men that ever lived. So also, as Evelyn remarked, was Robert



Charles the

of God King of England Scotland ffrance
Treasury Treasurer Chancellor Undertreasur
and that hereafter for the time being shall b
And to the Customers and Collectors of th
of Lyme Regis in our County of Dorsett and
every of them And to all other the Officers and
or may appertaine Greeting **Whereas** by our
Westminster the one and Thirtieth day of Ma
Consideration that a Peere had formerly bee
Dorsett whereby many of our People with th
Shipwracke by occasion whereof the said Tow
which Peere by reason of the rage and violen
considering that our Royall Father of happy mem
November in the eighth yeare of his Reigne Did grant to the then Mayor
the ware toward the mainteinance of that Peere for a terme of yeare
of our People at the humble petitio

CHARLES II ON A LYME CHARTER.

THE DUKE OF MONMOUTH.

Lely.

Sidney, Lucy's former admirer, and there the matter rests. Meanwhile the more influential and respectable Royalists were always at work to sever the connection. An attempt even seems to have been made to abduct the boy, but at last Charles' best friends bribed Lucy Walter with an annuity to return to England. This she did in 1656, only to be imprisoned as a Royalist spy, released shortly after, and expelled the country. She returned to the Continent and came to Paris. The irregularity of her life became more and more marked; she fell into the abyss, and died at Paris in 1658. She was beautiful but brainless, and Monmouth was very like her.

The boy was fathered off on to one of Charles' adherents and courtiers, whose name he took. He was consequently known as 'James Crofts' until his marriage in 1663, when he assumed his wife's name of Scott. The Restoration of course raised Charles and all his belongings from poverty to affluence. Charles acknowledged James Crofts as his son in 1663, when he created him Duke of Monmouth, and married him to the heiress, Anne Scott, Countess of Buccleuch. The reason given by Charles for marrying the boy so early in life (he was only fourteen) was that of keeping him out of evil courses. This hope, however, was not realised. Monmouth proved a faithless husband, and an ungrateful one as well. Anne Scott gave him her name, her hand and her fortune, and was always a faithful wife to him, and yet on the very scaffold Monmouth publicly declared his preference for Lady Henrietta Wentworth, his mistress. But who can be surprised that the precautions of Monmouth's reputed father in marrying him so early were unavailing? No man was more sensitive to the influences surrounding him than Monmouth. This granted, it can hardly be said that the atmosphere of the Court of Charles II. was such as to inspire any young man of weak character with respect for the marital virtues. Nor was Charles himself exactly a model of propriety. Monmouth only did what his contemporaries were doing. He may have shown a little less self-restraint than some and a little more want of feeling than others, but, except for this, he was in no way different from the rest of the people who figure in the Gramont Memoirs.

That Charles II. had a great and sincere affection for Monmouth is undoubted. Other honours besides his Dukedom were showered on him. By the time he was twenty-five he had become Captain-General of the King's Forces, a Privy Councillor, and—Chancellor of Cambridge University! Charles had a keen sense of humour, and he must have indulged it to the full in making the last of these appointments. That Monmouth could read, we presume; though he always declared that he never read the Declaration which Ferguson drew up for him at Lyme Regis. That Monmouth could write, we know; because some of his letters are in existence. The handwriting of these letters is not bad and the spelling no worse than one might expect it to be in those happy times, when spelling was more a matter of individual taste and fancy than of strict rule. All this can be made evident by referring to the letter reproduced opposite to page 71. That Monmouth should have been able to speak French was only natural. All courtiers spoke French, and some of Monmouth's early years had been spent in France. But here the catalogue of his literary accomplishments ends.

In fact, Monmouth may possibly be regarded, and that too without much exaggeration or injustice, as the worst-educated man of his class at that time in the King's dominions. It was not without reason that at a later date, when the schemes of others seemed to have been paving his way to the throne, he should himself have deplored his own lamentable ignorance. But to come back to Cambridge University—science and mathematics, the dead languages and theology, were the predominant if not exclusive objects of study at that seat of learning. Of science, even as understood at that time, Monmouth knew nothing; of mathematics, probably not even the first four rules of arithmetic. The dead languages to him were absolutely dead; while as for theology, the only connection which he had during his life with that branch of learning was to be chosen hereafter as the 'Protestant Champion.' No one, of course, expects the Chancellor of any University to be a proficient in all the subjects taught there. Such a man, even if he could be found, would probably be unsuited for the post, and perhaps one ought not to be too nice about such appointments in an age when two Dukes of Buckingham also were Chancellors. What is looked for in a Chancellor is culture, a love of knowledge, and at least a nodding acquaintance with some branch of learning. Monmouth had none of these qualifications, but his tenure of office was at any rate signalised by two radical reforms. These reforms were that the divines of Cambridge (1) had to shorten their periwigs and (2) were forbidden to read their sermons. It is Charles II. who really was responsible for fluttering the Cantab dovecotes in this manner. He was at Newmarket for the races in 1674, when Monmouth suggested that some Cambridge divines should be ordered there to preach before him. The preachers came, but the King 'was very much offended by the long periwigs which some of them wore, and at the reading of their sermons.

which all Cambridge men are guilty of, esteeming it affected to do otherwise.' The result was as stated above. Monmouth continued to be the titular head of Cambridge till 1682, when, owing to his association with the schemes and ambitions of Shaftesbury, he fell into disgrace with the King. Charles indulged his sardonic temperament to the full in making this appointment.

But Monmouth had now reached manhood, and was becoming the figure-head of more desperate enterprises and the tool of others in very dangerous games. The mere ceremonial occupation of the chief dignity at any University, however learned, was for him but a walking-gentleman's part. Monmouth, as always, was influenced by stronger minds, and the intrigues in which he became involved during the last seven years of Charles' reign were too much for his feeble intellect and very mediocre talents. The writer of the Gramont Memoirs hits off Monmouth's character to a nicety. 'So far as personal appearance went, nature never formed anything more perfect (la nature n'a peutêtre jamais rien formé de plus accompli), but in intelligence he was very deficient (mais son esprit ne disoit pas un petit mot en sa faveur). His opinions were not his own, but such as others filled him up with (il n'avait de sentimens que ce qu'on lui en inspiroit), and these others filled him with ideas that were wholly dangerous (ils prirent soin de ne lui en inspirer que de pernicieux).' If for 'others' you read 'Shaftesbury,' you have the key to everything that Monmouth did in the last few years of Charles the Second's life.

Lord Shaftesbury was Ashley, one of the A's of the much-hated Cabal Ministry (1667-73), the Ministry which involved us

THE DUKE OF MONMOUTH.

Riley.

in the war with Holland, while Charles II. was secretly receiving bribes from Louis XIV. of which, according to Burnet, 90,000 guineas were left at the King's death. As Sir Anthony Ashley Cooper and a Dorset magnate, he was a Royalist in 1643, but became a Parliamentarian in 1644, no doubt from the best of motives. Shaftesbury was then twenty-two years old and thus began 'ratting' very early in his career. 'Ratting' was a fine art among politicians in those days and Shaftesbury was a genius in its pursuit. Shaftesbury too, like Blake but unlike Charles himself, was short in stature, and the King, whose keen and cynical eyes saw through most men, united his minister's physical and moral characteristics in the appropriate nickname of 'Little Sincerity.' In November 1644 Shaftesbury had an *ex post facto* connection with the Siege of Lyme. Abbotsbury Castle then held a Royalist garrison and, the Siege of Lyme Regis being over, the town of Abbotsbury was reckoned as an 'ill neighbour to Lyme.' A Parliamentary force under Shaftesbury attacked the place and took it after a fierce struggle of six hours. Shaftesbury in this fight showed great bravery. He was also the ablest politician of his time, but it is neither possible nor necessary here to follow him through his many changes of front whether under Charles I., Cromwell, or Charles II. At one moment under Charles II. he suffered a period of imprisonment in the Tower. The result of his reflections during and after that event was the Habeas Corpus Act. This Act, which used to be always coupled with Trial by Jury in after-dinner speeches and toasted as the 'Palladium of our Liberties,' is still a vital force in English law. But the last years of Shaftesbury's restless and intriguing life were passed in endeavouring to secure toleration for Dissenters from the English Church, and to prevent the Roman Catholic James from succeeding to his brother's throne. To do this it was necessary to secure some substitute for James, round whose person the contest of words and, if necessary, of blows might be waged. This substitute was easily found in Monmouth. It was James, Duke of Monmouth ('King Monmouth,' as his adherents in the West of England called him) against James, Duke of York, and Monmouth became the 'Protestant Champion.' Once more religion and politics were walking hand in hand, the one merely debasing itself without uplifting the other.

It was by means of the well-known Exclusion Bill (the Bill which never became an Act) that Shaftesbury proceeded. The original object of the Bill was simply to exclude the Duke of York from the throne. During the controversy which raged round this measure from 1679 to 1682, more than one Whig parliament was dissolved in Charles' efforts to thwart it, and in April, 1681, just after the dissolution of the Parliament held by Charles at Oxford (because he was afraid of riots, if not Civil War, in London, if the Exclusion Bill was rejected once more by a Parliament held in the capital), a letter reached the King from Lyme Regis which must have deeply moved our Monarch's sense of humour. The writer of the letter was Gregory Alford, already spoken of as leader of the Tory party in Lyme, who becomes a prominent character in our story a few pages further on. Alford wrote that a rumour had reached him about his Majesty to the effect that 'a damned ambassador from the King of France had assured Charles II. of the payment of £800,000 if he would dissolve Parliament,' and Alford wanted peace to be restored to his mind by a denial of this 'defamatory slander.' Here let angels weep and cynics smile, because unfortunately the rumour was true. How Charles removed the unhappy Alford's misgivings is not known, but prorogation or dissolution was always the King's answer to parliamentary difficulties over the Exclusion Bill, and so long as he could draw a revenue from Louis XIV. without looking to Parliament for supplies, the answer was a sufficient one.

On the other hand, no modern demagogue or 'yellow' journalist could have surpassed the efforts made by Shaftesbury to rouse the feelings of the nation in Monmouth's favour. The idea of submission to a Roman Catholic King was as repugnant to Englishmen as ever. It was on this feeling that Shaftesbury worked with unscrupulous fervour. He made use of the infamous Popish Plot of Titus Oates. He disseminated as widely as possible the legend—it was a legend only—of Lucy Walter's marriage with Charles II. It was whispered everywhere that a certain Black Box contained the actual contract of marriage, and the Black Box swelled into a political argument of as great importance as did the Hidden Hand a few years ago, or Sidmouth's 'Green Bag' inquiry of the last century. Monmouth was encouraged to go on two quasi-royal progresses into the country, each progress being a kind of electoral tour, with a crown or the block at the end of it. The first progress was through the West of England, and the second in the Midlands. Suddenly Monmouth was arrested at Stafford. Matters were going too far. Charles was always willing to protect Monmouth up to a point. At one time he even seemed as a matter of policy and for his own peace to balance the claims of Monmouth against those of his own brother. But between protecting his reputed son—or manœuvring to secure his own position—and placing a bastard on the throne, there was a world of difference.

And so the Exclusion Bill never got beyond the House of Commons: but the country, in the heat engendered over it, had been brought to the verge of civil war. It must be remembered that the Prince—known later as the Old Pretender—was not yet born. He did not see the light till 1688, the actual year of James the Second's abdication. The more vehement Exclusionists had aimed not only at excluding James himself from the throne, but at excluding James' two daughters, Mary and Anne, as well. Charles felt that this was more than the country would stand, and Charles was right. Shaftesbury was arrested and brought up for trial on a charge of treason, but the Whig Grand Jury of Middlesex ignored the Bill against him, and he was released. The City of London was as Whig or Liberal in those days as it is Conservative in ours. Finally, lest worse should befall, Shaftesbury fled to Holland, where he died in 1683.

Monmouth's own arrest ended in nothing. He was required to furnish sureties for his future good behaviour, and that was all. In this the protecting hand of Charles II. may, as usual, be seen. Then came the Rye House Plot for the assassination of Charles and James as they were returning from Newmarket. Some of the Whig leaders may have been on the fringe of this business, but law and evidence were strained to bring others into it, and far better men than Monmouth were tried and executed. Monmouth again escaped, but cut a somewhat unworthy figure in the contrition he expressed both to Charles and James. He also revealed what he knew about the conspiracy, but a subpœna to give evidence at the trial of John Hampden the younger, on a charge of plotting an insurrection against the State, was more than he could face, and he, too, fled to Holland. While he was in exile, Charles II. died, and Monmouth, alone of Charles' children, was not present at the bedside. A year had elapsed between Monmouth's disappearance and the King's death. Letters and gifts had passed between Charles and Monmouth in that year, but Monmouth's name was never mentioned at the end.

During the ten years from 1678 to 1688, all Whigs who had any freedom of choice fled to Holland when in difficulties. Holland, too, was their 'spiritual home.' There lived Mary, elder daughter of James II., and her husband William, Prince of Orange. Mary was a strict Protestant; her husband, 'the deadly enemy of France and the Champion of the Reformation.' Charles and James, on the contrary, instead of fighting Louis XIV., took money from him, while, in point of religion, Charles, who may have been anything you like while alive, died a Catholic; James, of course, was an avowed and bigoted one. Monmouth arrived in Holland in 1684 a beaten man, and the death of Charles was a further blow to his prospects. At first he seemed really eager to abandon politics and public life, but he soon became the centre of a group of discontented refugees, and once more he listened to the voice of the charmer.

The charmers on this occasion were Lord Grey of Werk and Robert Ferguson, an equally needy and disreputable pair. Lord Grey had signalised himself by deserting his wife and running off with his sister-in-law after a public trial that was scandalous even in that scandalous time. He was deep in the Rye House Plot, and he and Ferguson escaped from England together. Ferguson's nickname was 'The Plotter,' and that sufficiently describes him. He was by birth a Scot, and took Orders. He held a living in

Kent under the Protectorate as a Presbyterian. He was ejected from that living, and became an Independent. He was a leading schemer in the Rye House Plot, and was outlawed. He was soon to become chaplain to Monmouth's army. After Monmouth's failure he escaped, how or where was never known, but he came over with William of Orange three years after. Later on he turned Jacobite, and, as a Jacobite, gave information against some of his own side. He was once committed to Newgate, but was bailed and never tried. The explanation of Ferguson's career probably is that, whenever he was ostensibly on any one side, he was almost always in the pay of the other side as well. Even in the present case he may for his own purposes have been urging Monmouth to the course which eventually brought that weak adventurer to the block.

Such were the people into whose hands Monmouth had now fallen. Lady Henrietta Wentworth, apparently eager to figure in a royal harem, aided and abetted the designs of these men, and pledged all her credit (which was ample) to make them a success. A 400-ton frigate of twenty-six guns, laden with arms and ammunition, was chartered by Monmouth, and to this frigate were attached three tenders. The joint expedition of the Earl of Argyle sailed for Scotland on May 2nd, 1685. Monmouth was to have followed in six days, but did not do so till May 24th.

By the time Monmouth actually started, Argyle's venture was already doomed to failure, and news of its actual collapse was heard at Frome a month later. Perhaps our adventurer had hoped to reach England once more on the top of Argyle's success. If this is so, he was disappointed; and the weather, which had been favourable so far for sailing, became adverse.

James II., who was much occupied in preparations for his coronation, had of course been for some time aware that a movement was on foot among the refugees in Holland, and it was thought at first that Monmouth had sailed with Argyle. Efforts were made at the last moment by the Dutch authorities to stop Monmouth's little squadron, but they only succeeded in arresting one of his tenders. Two tenders, therefore, of two hundred and one hundred tons respectively, accompanied the frigate, and Monmouth at last set sail, with eighty-two followers. Lord Grey and Ferguson, of course, were with him, but there are only two others of his adherents with whom we need concern ourselves. These two adherents were Andrew Fletcher of Saltoun, a Scot of high lineage, considerable experience and great abilities, and Thomas Dare, a merchant of Taunton. Incidentally, it may be mentioned that Dare was a Lyme Regis name as well, and the initials of William Dare, who was Mayor in 1491, 1500, and 1506, may still be seen with the Town Arms on the capital of the pillar in the nave of the church on the south side nearest the chancel screen. Another Thomas Dare was mayor in 1564.

Lyme Regis, as a West of England port, was no doubt fixed on by Monmouth for his landing, because of the success of his progress in the West of 1680. Owing to bad weather, his journey there from Holland was one of unusual length, but his vessels were sighted some little distance off Lyme at daybreak on Thursday, June 11th. the longest day of the year according to our seventeenth century calendar. Apart from vague rumours floating about in the West, Monmouth's coming was unexpected. While still four or five miles from Lyme, Monmouth landed Thomas Dare at Seatown. Dare was a strong Protestant, and prominent citizen of Taunton, one of the most sturdily rebellious towns throughout the Civil War. It was therefore thought advisable that Dare should be landed without delay to rally his friends around him and bring what aid he could, and as soon as he could, to the Duke at Lyme. Meanwhile the port officials of Lyme, who had seen Monmouth's squadron at daybreak, were wondering what it was, and what its arrival meant. The Port-Surveyor put off to visit the vessels, and, upon coming on board the frigate, found himself treated as a prisoner, but without incivility. All that Monmouth wished to learn was whether resistance to him was to be expected from the town. The Port-Surveyor told him that he would find nothing to oppose his landing. Monmouth, therefore, continued to beat up against the west wind towards the Cobb, still keeping the Port-Surveyor on board. Now Thursday was Club Day on the Bowling Green (see plan of 1841), when a mid-day dinner was always followed by games of bowls. The Port-Surveyor was a member of the Club, and his fellow-members waited for him in vain till one o'clock, when they dined and began their play. The cliff above the Cobb was then treeless. The bowling green, on the site of which Southcliff now stands, lay open to the bay with the mysterious vessels full in view. The game of bowls was frequently interrupted by surmises as to the origin and intentions of the oncoming squadron. As for the Port-Surveyor himself, he never got back to the town till eight o'clock, and by that time people had more absorbing business to occupy them than a game of bowls.

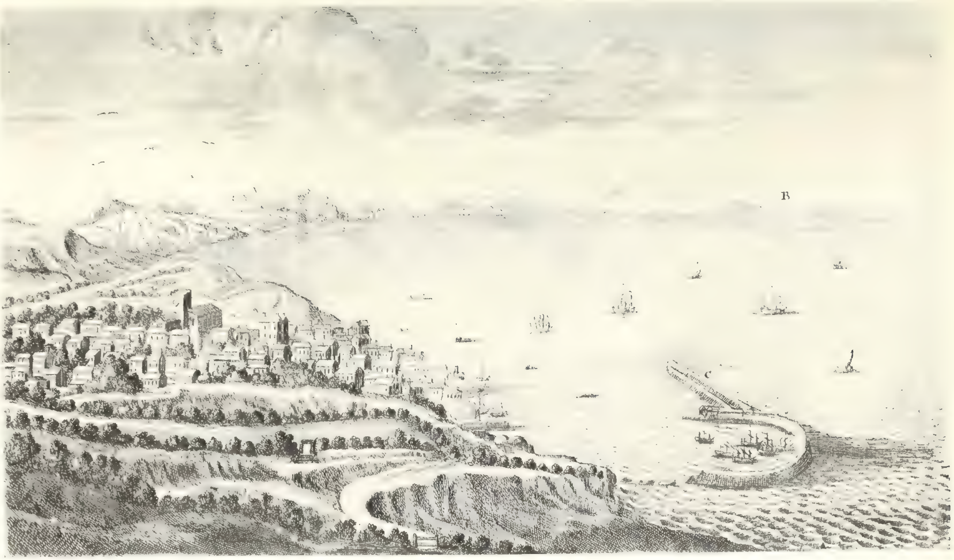
In the forty years that had elapsed since the siege, and in the twenty-five years since the Restoration, a great change, not in essentials, but in externals, had come over Lyme Regis. Opinion had been stifled, but not destroyed, with the usual result that, on the very first occasion when stifled opinion could express itself freely, it did so in a very outspoken manner. It is true that some of our old friends since 1644 had become 'malignants,' *i.e.*, perverts to the Stuart cause. Thus, Captain Davey of Davey's fort had come so much under the benign influences of the Merry Monarch, that he expressed 'his very great sense of and trouble for his error' in fighting against the Royalists at the siege. On the other hand, Colonel Thomas Ceeley, titular governor of Lyme during the siege, was rigid in his anti-Stuart politics. To him, at any rate, old age brought no change, and he with some others refused the oaths in 1662. Enough has already been said of the efforts of Government to suppress dissent, but there was another direction in which the people of the town found it no longer politic to express their feelings. For several years, from 1644, the fifteenth of June had been made a day of annual rejoicing at Lyme Regis. This was the date on which the siege was raised. But by 1667, the celebration of this anniversary had already become suspect to Authority. Information was even laid against some in that year for the crime of celebrating the day as one of festivity, but the actual charge could not be substantiated. The informer added, however, that he had known the day kept at Lyme Regis 'by some inconsiderable persons putting on their best clothes and eating roast meat'! Such diversions seem harmless enough, but the magistrates were not disposed to countenance them. All this was in the reign of Charles II., but, with the accession of his brother, Lyme Regis had become in externals a still more altered town.

When news came therefore from Chideock of the landing of Thomas Dare at Seatown, the Mayor and Corporation were on the alert at once, and began to be suspicious. The Mayor, Gregory Alford of Haye House, has already been referred to as an 'ultra-Royalist. He was the son of Richard Alford, a merchant of Lyme, who was five times Mayor. The father was rich and his politics were considered dubious at the time of the siege in 1644, for two reasons. In spite of his wealth he contributed but little to the Parliamentary cause. That was the first reason. The second was that his son Gregory was fighting in the Royalist ranks against the town. Richard Alford was put under arrest on these two counts, but, while being taken from Lyme Regis to Portsmouth in a Parliamentary vessel, was captured by a King's ship and released. Later on he does not seem to have suffered for the 'malignancy' imputed to him, and was once Mayor of Lyme Regis even under the Cromwellian régime. Gregory Alford, the son, was of more decided views. He served with Prince Maurice against the town, as Edward Drake in his Diary regretfully admits, and was ultimately fined for his 'delinquency.' After the Restoration, he distinguished himself as a frequent correspondent with the Privy Council in London about the misdeeds of Dissenters at Lyme Regis. Short, the ex-vicar, in particular, as minister of the 'head conventicle of all the country, standing in a high-walled (*i.e.* George's) Court' was the frequent victim of his zeal in the cause of Church and King. In 1685, when Monmouth came, Gregory Alford was once more to the fore in fighting the King's battles. In that year he was Mayor of Lyme Regis. The fact that so extreme a Tory should have been at the head of affairs in the town in 1685 need cause no surprise. In the troubles over the Exclusion Bill at the end of the reign of Charles II., the strength of Shaftesbury's agitation came chiefly from the towns. A general surrender, therefore, of all Town Charters had been called for by Government and fresh ones were granted. These new Charters, issued a few weeks before the death of Charles II., excluded all but supporters of the Crown from the Corporations or from any service under any Corporation, and an interesting note of the actual expenses of the journey taken in 1684 by the then Mayor, Robert Jones, of the Great House, to London with his political ally, Gregory Alford, for the purpose of surrendering the Charter of 1672, will be found in Appendix II. Thus the Mayor of Lyme Regis and all his colleagues were nominated by Government. Care, too, was taken that even subordinate officers should be such as were wholeheartedly devoted to the King and his brother, and orders were issued that the freemen of Lyme Regis should be chosen only from 'such persons as are comformable to the Government in Church and State and no other.' Consequently the entire Corporation of Lyme down to the meanest official supported James II.

News came from Chideock at ten o'clock of the landing of Thomas Dare that morning at Seatown. All that could be done for the moment, however, by the Mayor was to send out messengers northwards (the direction Dare had taken to get to Taunton), so as to warn justices of the peace that some mischief was afoot. The day was now wearing on, and a London news-letter arrived by the post at five o'clock in the afternoon with a report from Bevil Skelton, the British envoy in Holland, of the departure from the Texel of certain ships. All these ships, according to Skelton, were laden with arms, and the Duke of Monmouth was on board one of them. This despatch 'much increased the Mayor's jealousy' of the three vessels, so that his suspicions were fast becoming certainties. He and his colleagues thereupon went out on to the Church

Cliffs to watch the slow approach of the questionable craft. The Church Cliffs, or Cleeves, as already mentioned, were far more extensive than they are now, and formed the general promenade and view-point of the whole town. Backwards and forwards between these cliffs and a neighbouring tavern the Mayor and those with him wandered in an agony of doubt and perplexity for the next two or three hours.

One Samuel Dassell, a 'Deputy Searcher of Customs,' now comes prominently on the scene. It is to him that we owe the best account of the events of that eventful day in Lyme Regis. He surmised that 'the shipps meant ill and that the men on board might be rogues,' and then suggested that a gun should be fired to command the return of the Port-Surveyor and his boat. The suggestion was approved, but, as so often happens in England on such occasions, no powder could be found. This made the Mayor very uneasy, and he became still more uneasy when, a short time later, he saw from the cliffs not only that the Port-Surveyor's boat was coming back, but that it was accompanied by three other boats, all full of armed men. The town drums were ordered to beat an alarm, and then Dassell was sent off to search for powder in good earnest. In the street he met two merchants, and found that one of them had some powder on board of a vessel newly arrived from Barbados, and now in the Cobb. From this man Dassell obtained an order, and hurried off to the Cobb with it at once. As he was shifting the powder from the vessel on to his boat to carry it away, he saw coming round the western bend of the Cobb the four boats that the Mayor had already sighted from the Church Cliffs. Other boats, also filled with armed men, followed them. Dassell waited no longer in the Cobb, but hurried back by boat with



THE COBB.
1724

the three barrels of powder to Cobb Gate, already mentioned as one of the approaches on to the present Marine Parade at the bottom of Broad Street. It must be remembered that there was still no causeway between the western arm of the Cobb and the mainland, that there was no block of houses round the Cobb, nor any villas on the slopes above the Cobb. It must also be remembered that one hundred yards west of Cobb Gate was a fort, which was not dismantled till the nineteenth century. On this fort at that time five guns were mounted, in order to cover the entrance to the Cobb. There was no powder for these guns, but of this fact Monmouth could not have been aware. In spite, therefore, of what he had been told of an unopposed landing for himself and his followers, Monmouth thought it advisable to keep clear of the fort by coming round on the seaward side of the Cobb, and landing on the beach to the west of the Cobb itself.

The boats, therefore, grounded on this beach opposite a spot where the appropriately named Folly Inn (now no longer existing) was afterwards built. Once landed, Monmouth and his followers fell on their knees in a short act of devotion. He then drew his sword and with his party trooped into the town. Some came by Stile Lane past the Bowling Green and Quakers' Burial-ground (see No. 27 on 1841 plan) which was at the back of what is now Stile House and where there was once a ghost. Others came by a walk which then branched off to the right from Stile Lane and, after following the slope of the cliffs, came out into the town at the top of what is now known as Broad Street. Except along the beach there was no other way into the town from this side at that time. Monmouth was wearing a star upon his breast and, as his identity became known, the townsmen crowded round him shouting, 'A Monmouth! A Monmouth! The Protestant Religion!' Dassell, meanwhile had reached Cobb Gate by boat and there handed over his powder to two magistrates. He noticed that everything seemed in great confusion and at this moment caught sight of the Mayor riding out of the town by Coombe Street. He then turned to the left to go to his home in Broad Street. As he did so, he was faced by Monmouth's party coming down the hill and increasing in numbers every moment. Up till then Dassell had hoped that the mysterious frigate was one of the King's ships which had secured the Duke and was taking him prisoner to London.

Now Dassell was a faithful servant of the Corporation and King James, and congratulated the bystanders on the fact that the Duke had been taken. These words gave great offence, and Dassell had a rude awakening. It became clear in fact even to him that the man with the star on his breast and the centre of all this rout was no candidate for 'Cockmoil,' but an invader, and that the local tide was running strongly in his favour, 'the mobile increasing every moment for to kiss his hand.' Dassell next betook himself to the Church Cliffs, where recruiting on behalf of Monmouth had already started. Here he pursued his inquiries on all sides as to the intentions of Monmouth and his followers, but with such obvious want of interest in Monmouth's cause that he was rather brusquely answered, and might have met with still rougher treatment. A friend of Dassell, who was also an official of the Corporation, one Anthony Thorold, had been watching the course of events from among the crowd. Thorold is a man to whom all interested in the Lyme Regis of 250 years ago are much indebted. To his ordinary bare and official returns of ships arriving and departing he frequently added most interesting postscripts of Lyme news and gossip, postscripts which throw a flood of light on what was passing there. In the end he became a victim of Stuart ingratitude, because, in the year before William of Orange came here, he was dismissed from his position at Lyme Regis to make way for a papist. But to come back to our story : Dassell now joined Thorold and the two withdrew hastily together and went back to the town. Lyme Regis at this moment was clearly no place for loyal servants of King James. Besides, Dassell already had other plans in his head.

Meanwhile, the door of the Town Hall had been broken open, and when Monmouth reached the Market Place he called a halt. The Market Place was at the bottom of Broad Street, an open area with the Customs House above it (see No. 10 on plan). A flag was hoisted and Monmouth's Declaration was read. This was a most outrageous document. Its author was Ferguson, and it had been written at Amsterdam. When the final interview took place a month later between Monmouth and James II., the former asserted that he had never read the Declaration. Such is always the excuse of a weak man who wishes to evade responsibility. 'I did not know what I was signing' will not do even for matters of minor importance. It can hardly be accepted when the issue at stake is a throne. Whatever may be thought of the ability of James II. as a man of business, his temperament and disposition are lovely and pleasant in the eyes of no man ; but after all he did not burn down London in 1666 ; he did not murder Lord Essex, the Whig leader, in the Tower ; he did not poison his brother Charles in order to get the Crown. Of all these and of other enormities he was accused in the Declaration, and it is small wonder that, when the last moment came, James should have left Monmouth to his well-deserved fate.

The Declaration read, a move was made to the fields on the Church Cliffs. Here, where during a great part of the day the Mayor had been watching Monmouth's squadron, another standard was set up and recruiting had become very brisk. But, though this Thursday was the longest day of the year (June 11th by the old but June 21st by the present standard) it was now getting late. Monmouth went to the George Inn for the night, but at such a moment even the huge old George Inn must have been overcrowded. He, therefore, divided his week-end at Lyme between that inn (see No. 20 on plan) and the house since known as Monmouth House, in what was then called 'the street leading from the Church to the Town Mills' and now is Monmouth Street. The Duke must have been satisfied with the experiences of his first day. The general population of Lyme seemed to have decided in his favour. Certain inhabitants of the town, however, were working against the invaders elsewhere.

The Mayor of Lyme rode straight to Honiton, and from there at about midnight wrote direct to the King an account of the occurrences of the day. He then went on to Exeter, where he found that the Militia were being called together by the Duke of Albemarle, Lord-Lieutenant of the County and son of that George Monk whose measures had led directly to the Restoration of Charles II. twenty-five years before. So much for the Mayor; but the redoubtable Dassell and his companion Thorold resolved on a more heroic course. They decided to ride to London and see King James himself. They first went to their homes to get some money and then called at the

Mayor's house in Haye Lane to ask for horses. They could only get one.

With this one they reached Crewkerne, where they found an unexpected friend in John Marder, Constable of the town, who provided them with fresh mounts. A few days later Crewkerne declared hotly for Monmouth and Marder joined him. Marder's subsequent fate is interesting because the name is well known in the Lyme Regis of to-day and commemorated in the Marder Almshouses. He was taken prisoner at Sedgemoor and tried by Jeffreys, who genially told him in Court that he could 'smell a Presbyterian forty miles off,' and hanged him with eleven others at Lyme Regis. So Dassell and Thorold eventually reached London, and in London they went at once to the lodgings of Sir Winston Churchill. Sir Winston, then one of the members for Lyme, was a Dorset man who had married a Devon lady, one of the Drakes of Ashe House, a family whose monuments and tombstones can be seen in Musbury Church to-day. Ashe House is between Axminster and Seaton, and here John Churchill, the future Duke of Marlborough, had been born thirty-five years before. It would seem, therefore, that Marlborough and the Diarist of the siege of Lyme must have had a common ancestor. Sir Winston took Dassell and Thorold at once to the King, who received their report at four o'clock in the morning on Saturday, June 13th. A Council was then summoned and Dassell's story was told once more to the Council. Finally, later on in the day, it was repeated at the Bar of the House of Commons. James II.'s first Parliament was as loyal as the Restoration Parliament had been. The Rye House Plot had caused a strong reaction against the Whigs even before the death of Charles II. The cancellation of town Charters, which followed on this reaction, has already been alluded to, and every possible electoral device over and above this was employed to secure a majority in favour of the Court. But even if the House of Commons had not been loyal, it might well have refused to favour Monmouth. The Mayor's letter had already come to hand, and on the strength of it and Dassell's story a Bill of Attainder was at once brought in. This Bill became law on June 16th. Dassell and Thorold each received £20 from the King for their services. This would, of course, represent a much larger sum in our present currency. Dassell, Thorold, and the Mayor now drop out of our story.

Friday, June 12th, was spent at Lyme in enrolling the many country people of the lower orders who continued to come in, if they were not previously stopped and sent to gaol. These were the chief support of Monmouth. The more substantial of the middle classes held aloof, as they had held aloof from Shaftesbury's Exclusion movement, out of which the present wild adventure had grown. A contemporary writer even says 'not a gentleman more than came over with him (Monmouth) came to his assistance,' and courtiers of the time wrote to one another of Monmouth as that 'Perkin,' the allusion being to Perkin Warbeck, the bastard and *soi-disant* pretender of the fifteenth century. In fact the eyes of the best men of all parties in England were fixed not on the Duke of Monmouth, but on Mary, wife of William of Orange, and presumptive successor to her father's throne. James was already over fifty, he had been married to his second and Catholic wife for twelve years and was without children by her. If a son were born to him, Mary's immediate right to the throne would disappear: but this event seemed most unlikely. A few years of patience only were required and then, in the natural order of things, James would disappear and Mary take his place. The aloofness of the better classes from his enterprise caused Monmouth some anxiety. Moreover, the forces favourable to the King in the district round Lyme Regis were beginning to gather strength. The principal men among Monmouth's would-be adherents in the West country were already marked and closely watched, while, as to the rank and file of his followers, some of the forces already recruited by him had to be employed in keeping open the approaches to the town, so that the labourers and artisans eager to be enrolled might come in freely.

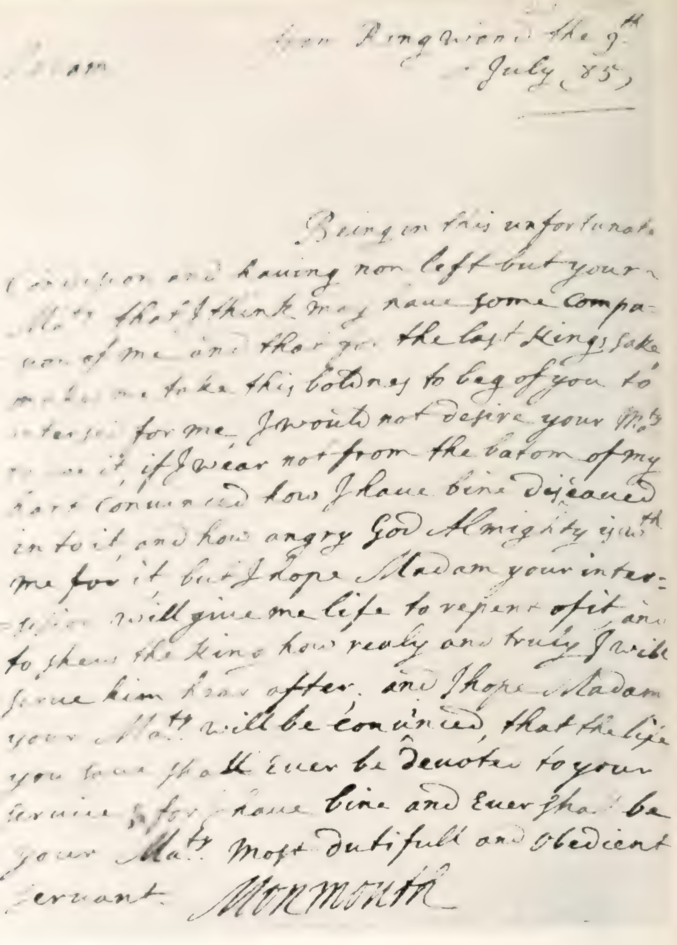
Saturday, June 13th, was a day of ill-omen for the Duke. Early in the morning, Thomas Dare, who had been landed at Seatown, came in with forty horsemen. It must not be supposed that these were trained cavalry. The horse of Dare himself was an exceptionally good one, and according to some reports came from Ford Abbey, the seat of Edmund Prideaux. The rest came probably direct from the plough. The fact that these horses were untrained to war, and got completely out of hand when firing began, may explain the pusillanimous scamper back to Lyme from Bridport of Lord Grey on the following day. The Dorset and Somerset Militia were gathering at Bridport and something had to be done. The Duke decided to send a small detachment there to have a brush with the King's forces, and the command of the cavalry was to be shared between Lord Grey and Fletcher.

Andrew Fletcher of Saltoun had been 'lent' to Monmouth by the Earl of Argyle just before the Scotch expedition sailed. He was a Scot of high ancestry and intensely proud of his descent. He was, moreover, a cultivated man of great intelligence and—what was more important—the only officer with military experience in Monmouth's army. He had not yet become responsible for the remark by which he is best known about 'a people's ballads and a nation's laws.' That was to follow twenty years later on, when he was a violent opponent of the Scottish Union. Now Fletcher, having been given the command of the cavalry with Grey, conceived himself entitled to borrow Dare's horse. This he did without asking the owner's permission. An altercation ensued between the two men. Dare struck at Fletcher's face with a stick. Fletcher raised his pistol and shot Dare dead. To Dare, Fletcher was an overbearing aristocrat and foreigner; to Fletcher, a man of very violent temper, Dare was an insolent Southern yokel. Scotland in those days, as readers of Walter Scott's novels know, was a lawless country and such an act of violence in Scotland, especially after Dare's conduct to a man in Fletcher's position, would have attracted little notice. In England the case was different. Thus Monmouth lost at one blow an enthusiastic follower of great local influence and the best officer that he had, because there was a general outcry against Fletcher from among Monmouth's followers. The Duke was compelled to yield. He put Fletcher under arrest, sent him on board the frigate and ordered the captain to sail. Fletcher was taken to the Continent and for some time fought in Hungary against the Turks. Three years later he came over once more with William of Orange.

In the evening of this unlucky Saturday, Monmouth's party of four hundred foot and forty horse left Lyme Regis for the attack on Bridport. They went out of the town by the then existing lane to Charmouth along the bottom of the cliffs. Sunday morning Monmouth passed at Lyme. If the 'Protestant Champion' had felt disposed to attend divine service, he would by this time have found the places of worship of more than one denomination ready to receive him. Possibly, however, he found much else to do. In the afternoon, at any rate, he certainly had his hands pretty full. Lord Grey and his cavalry had come back helter-skelter to Lyme all the way from Bridport. Apparently it was no mere retreat; it was a rout; and those who returned made the worst of everything, as men in such case always will. Monmouth immediately left Lyme at the head of another detachment, to cover the retreat of the rest of his men, and save what he could of them. He met them some little distance out, not only returning in good order, but even with some prisoners and captured arms in their possession.

What had happened was this. There had been some confused fighting at Bridport on Sunday morning between the Duke's forces and the local militia, in which the latter at first had got the worst of it. Eventually the King's forces were driven to the bridge at the east end of the town and lined up across it. The Duke's men then advanced to the attack. One volley was fired on each side, and at this Lord Grey's squadron of horse turned tail and ran. Some of the Duke's infantry then began to run too, but they were rallied, and the whole force brought off in good order. The affair at Bridport was of little importance, and the losses on both sides were small. But first blood had been shed. Nothing more was to be done at Lyme.

On Monday morning, June 15th, Monmouth left Lyme Regis at the head of about 2000 men and marched North. In and around Axminster he encounted 4000 of the Devonshire militia, under the Duke of Albemarle, who retired before him. This course was taken because Albemarle could not rely on his own men and was afraid they would go over to the rebels. If, however, Monmouth had been able or willing to force Albemarle to an engagement round Axminster, he would probably have been victorious and have gained a considerable addition not only to the number of his adherents, but to his stock of arms and ammunition. Albemarle's prudence in retiring and Monmouth's irresolution in attacking lost to the rebels what might have been an important initial success. But it must be added that Albemarle had strict orders from London not to force an engagement, except in circumstances where he had an overwhelming advantage. With Monmouth's advance through the Western country, gathering adherents as he went, we are not concerned. Eventually, on Sunday, June 28th, he got as far as Frome, and here he first heard of the utter failure of Argyle's expedition. He began to lose heart, and even considered the question of flight. He would, in fact, have left it to his followers to fight it out against the King's forces or to surrender and rely on a general pardon. The ignominy of such a course must have damned the leaders of the rising for ever, and Lord Grey, giving good and honourable advice apparently for the first time, strongly opposed the suggestion. He carried the day. It was then resolved to see the business through and put up the best fight possible. But the King's forces were coming on, and further advance by Monmouth was difficult. In fact, as a contemporary account has it, Monmouth 'was not a little nonplust.' Eventually he fell back upon Bridgewater. Following him up, the King's army encamped on Sedgemoor, about three or four miles outside the town. Here, on Monday, July 6th, was fought the battle which blasted Monmouth's hopes for ever. The followers of the



from Ringwood the 9th
July (85)

Madam

Being in this unfortunate
condition and having non left but your
$Ma^{tie}$ that I think may have some compa=
sion of me and that for the last Kings sake
makes me take this boldness to beg of you to
intersed for me, I would not desire your $Ma^{ty}$
to doe it, if I wear not from the botom of my
hart convinced how I have bine dissaved
into it and how angry God Almighty is with
me for it but I hope Madam your inter=
=sesion will give me life to repent of it and
to shew the King how realy and truly I will
serve him hear after. and I hope Madam
your $Ma^{tie}$ will be convinced, that the life
you save shall Ever be devoted to your
service for I have bine and Ever shall be
your $Ma^{ts}$ most dutifull and obedient
servant. MONMOUTH

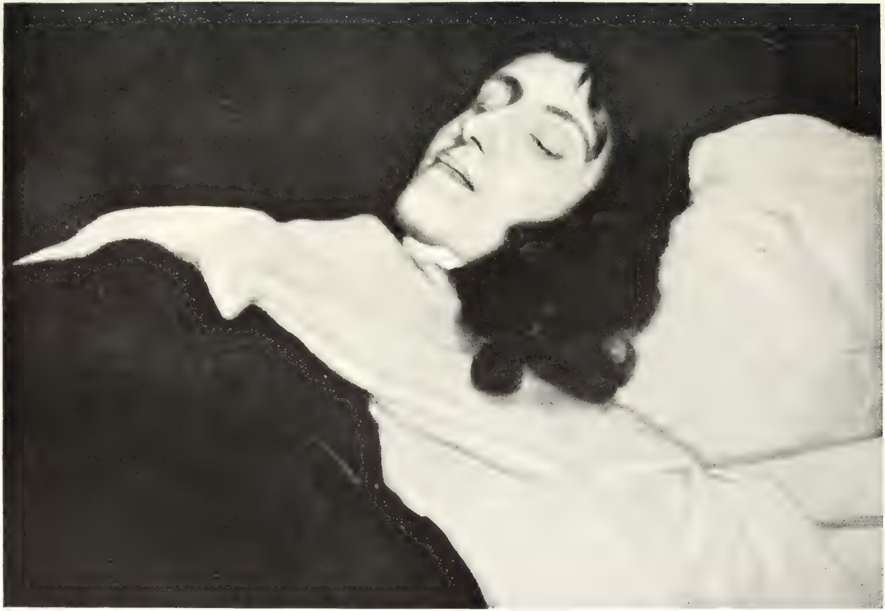
MONMOUTH'S LETTER TO THE QUEEN DOWAGER.

Duke, who may have been from five to six thousand men, and slightly exceeded in numbers the King's army, made a very good fight of it. They had, however, against them not only regular troops, with all the advantages of superior discipline and equipment, but the military genius of John Churchill, who wrested victory for his side out of the first confusion of Monmouth's night attack.

Monmouth's character does not stand too high, and it would have been better for his reputation if he had died at Sedgemoor. The peasants, miners, and artisans who fought his battle were worth dying for, and we should have been spared that last miserable interview with James II. As it was he left the battle before the end with Grey and one or two others, and two days later he was discovered, partly by the help of dogs, in the dress of a shepherd and half starved in a ditch about a mile north of the road from Ringwood to Horton, a village almost equidistant from Ringwood and Wimborne. A tree over the spot where Monmouth was found is still marked as 'Monmouth's Ash,' and, curiously enough, the locality formed part of the Shaftesbury estate. Monmouth was taken to London, and then ensued that interview with the King that was so discreditable to both men. James, no doubt, had been deeply injured, but he ought to have denied himself this feasting of his eyes upon his victim. He did not intend to spare Monmouth. After all that had happened, it was inconceivable that he could have spared him. Nor did Monmouth deserve to be spared. Why, then, this final interview? Monmouth's own conduct at the interview was in the highest degree unmanly. He, who had aspired to lead half the nation in arms against the King, not only pleaded, he almost grovelled, for his life.

He had, he said, been misled by others. He had signed the Declaration read out at Lyme Regis without knowing what it contained. The Protestant Champion was ready, if necessary, to abjure Protestantism and become a Catholic. All this time he was at James's feet with his hands tied behind his back. If James wished to degrade his rival to the lowest depths at this final scene, it must be allowed that he succeeded.

This interview took place on July 13th, and, after it was over, Monmouth was taken back to the Tower. There he was soon visited by certain priests, sent by James to test the sincerity of the desire which he expressed to become a Catholic. These emissaries were not much impressed by the prisoner's convictions. Their report to James was, that the pretended convert seemed to be more anxious to save his life in this world than his soul in the next. And now that no shred of hope was left, Monmouth recovered his self-composure. His behaviour in public at the last was worthy of the rôle that he had tried to fill. He was beheaded on the morning of July 15th. The executioner was Jack Ketch, known to us rather as a character in the drama of Punch and Judy than as a personage on the fringe of history. Ketch had been in office twenty years, and, for a man of experience, bungled the work excessively; but he was probably appalled by the yells of the London crowd in front of him who were strong supporters of Monmouth. Ketch is described as being 'in great disorder, trembling all over.' Four or five strokes of the axe were needed, and even then a knife had to be used to sever the head from the body. The crowd on Tower Hill, sympathetic to Monmouth and his cause, was excited to the highest degree of rage. Those round



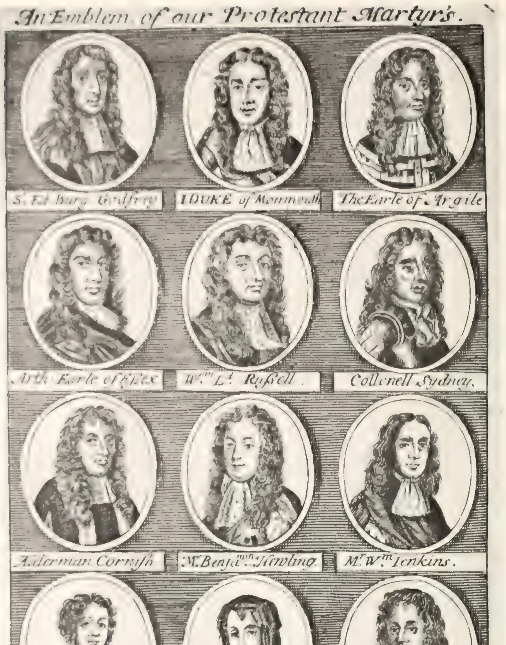
THE DUKE OF MONMOUTH.

Kneller.

the scaffold dipped their handkerchiefs in the victim's blood. The body was buried in the chapel of St. Peter ad Vincula in the Tower, and four years later the body of Jeffreys, the Avenger, was temporarily laid alongside that of Monmouth under the altar of the same chapel. Of Monmouth's principal associates, Ferguson escaped in some mysterious manner. Grey, who gave evidence against Monmouth and the rest, was allowed to ransom himself in bonds for large sums of money to the Lord Treasurer and the other courtiers. These bonds were secured on a property in which Grey had only a life interest. This fact saved him. He ought to have lost his head under James II., but became a Privy Councillor under William III. To other and less-known rebels a worse fate befell.

There now followed the most appalling outbreak of judicial ferocity known in our history. The 'Bloody Assize' it was called, and the 'Bloody Assize' it will be called so long as the language lasts. James was bent on a terrible revenge, and he found a splendid instrument for the work in Judge Jeffreys. The Court began its sittings on August 27th at Winchester, and on September 27th Jeffreys was at Windsor to receive the Great Seal from the King himself as well as the King's thanks for his services. In the interval Salisbury, Dorchester, Exeter, Wells and Bristol (but not Lyme) were visited for the Assizes. Travelling was certainly not fast in those days, but, to make up for this, justice was speedy. In those few weeks 320 men were sentenced to be hanged and 800 were transported: 320 is the number of those officially returned for execution, but the exact number executed has always been a matter of controversy. The following small incident, however, is significant of the spirit in which the Assize was undertaken. After the first great day at Dorchester, Jeffreys wrote to the King with some satisfaction that he had 'despatched 98.' As regards the rebels who were transported, this sentence meant that they were handed over to Court favourites to be sold into slavery on the plantations, according to the loathsome practice then in vogue. Jeffreys was doing congenial work as Lord Chief Justice and thoroughly enjoyed himself. Adherents of the Stuart family pressed the recall of Jeffreys on the King, but to no purpose. In Lyme Regis twelve people were hanged exactly opposite the spot where Monmouth landed. These were not all Lyme Regis men, but in the eyes of Jeffreys that did not matter overmuch. Any twelve would do so long as they were hanged at Monmouth's landing-place. The condemned men were brought into the town on September 12th, but the horses, which were to drag them bound on a sledge along the beach to the place of execution, would not stir. Other horses were brought, and these kicked the sledge to pieces. The dumb animals were, in the eyes of the onlookers, as convinced of the innocence of the condemned men as Jeffreys had been of their guilt. But that did not save them, and they covered the half-mile to the place of execution on foot. In one respect only was leniency shown to these twelve men. Their bodies were not quartered. Possibly money may have passed to Jeffreys (who greatly enriched himself on this circuit) for the concession.

It is difficult for us to realise what parts of the countryside looked like when Jeffreys had passed through it, and it must be remembered that, before Jeffreys arrived on the scene, Kirke's 'Lambs' had already had their innings. Human heads and the quartered bodies of human beings were rotting in the sun at cross-roads or along the highways, and some of these are said


An Emblem of our Protestant Martyrs.
S. Ed bury Godfrey
DUKE of Monmouth
The Earle of Argile
Arth. Earle of Eſsex
Wm Ld Ruſsell.
Collonell Sydney.
Alderman Cornyſh
Mr Benjamin Hewling.
Mr Wm Ienkins.
The Lady Lisle.
Mrs Gaunt.
Mr Wm Hewling.
Printed for John Marſhall at ye Bible in Gracechurch Street

THE PROTESTANT "MARTYRS."

by tradition to have been displayed close to Cobb Gate. Grief and desolation were universal in the West. A great and exceeding bitter cry arose on every side. So far as Lyme Regis was concerned, the concentrated sorrow of the town was poured out over the body of William Hewling, one of the victims of September 12th. He was a youth of nineteen, who had come over with Monmouth from Holland. After Sedgemoor he tried to escape, but failed to do so and surrendered. He was put on trial and sentenced to death. It is in connection with William Hewling that a well-known tale is told. His sister went to London to beg his life of the King. John Churchill introduced her to the King, but warned her beforehand: 'Do not flatter yourself with hopes. This marble'—indicating the mantelpiece on which he leant—'is not harder than the King's heart.' Churchill was right. The King was not to be moved; but on September 13th Lyme Regis and its people honoured young Hewling with a funeral remarkable, above all things, not for its pomp, but for the natural grief displayed. The tombstone, which no longer exists, stated that William Hewling 'suffered martyrdom before he was full twenty years of age, engaging with the Duke of Monmouth for the Protestant Religion against Popery and Slavery.' Any follower of Monmouth might have taken these words for his manifesto.

The execution of Monmouth had this of good, that it left his cause in the hands of William of Orange, a far more worthy champion, and towards the end of 1688, the career of James II., as King of England, was closing fast. On November 2nd a proclamation was issued by James at Lyme for restoring to the town its cancelled Charter and its Whig Mayor, Robert

Burridge, who had been ousted in favour of Gregory Alford four years previously. But it was too late. The cup of James was full. Three days after, as an inhabitant of Lyme informed Pepys, the Secretary to the Admiralty, 150 Dutch sail were seen going in the direction of Exmouth. One day more and William of Orange had landed at Torbay. The cause, for which the Hewlings had fought and died, was won almost without a blow.

## V.

## DEPRESSION AND REVIVAL.

THE Monmouth rebellion marks a very definite period in the history of Lyme Regis. Never again does Lyme occupy a front-rank place in the drama of English history, but she might very well have done so and been destroyed by the French in July or August, 1690. The battle of Beachy Head had been fought on June 30th. The English fleet had retired to the Thames and the French fleet of 110 sail with many troops on board was in command of the Channel. On July 21st this fleet was actually off Portland, and the French Admiral Tourville, neglecting the best opportunity that a naval force of his country ever enjoyed, contented himself with landing 1700 men at Teignmouth on July 26th and sacking and burning the town. This act was quite enough to rouse the whole country and to make their support of the newly-arrived King William, which might otherwise have been lukewarm, a certainty, as against any support of King James who had fled for refuge to the King of France. All through July and August the excitement in Lyme Regis was intense. Couriers were passing continually backwards and forwards along the coast. A small body of troops was quartered in the town. Ammunition was constantly arriving. A platform was erected on the Cobb itself, on which three of the guns taken from the sea-forts were mounted and men were stationed at these guns night and day. An important auxiliary arm of Tourville's fleet was a number of huge galleys rowed by convicts and slaves. These galleys, though not very serviceable in rough weather, were at any rate independent of the wind. It was in them that the French invaders were landed at Teignmouth and each galley could carry 150 soldiers. After Teignmouth, Lyme, and on August 1st, 1690, it looked as though the turn of Lyme was coming. This, at any rate, was the report sent from Lyme to London on August 2nd: 'One of the galleys of the French fleet stood so near the shore off Lyme that several guns were fired at her from their forts, but could not reach her; but from the cliff (? Gun Cliff) was fired a gun that did reach her, on which she went off to the westward.' And so the danger passed away. Whether it was the guns from her forts, or her position in the deepest part of the dangerous West Bay, or Tourville's waste of time over Teignmouth (an open and unfortified town) that saved Lyme, can never be known. A short time afterwards Tourville left our shores. Almost as good a chance against the coast of South-West England fell to the French fleet in August 1779, but the enemy did nothing. Exeter and Plymouth were in great alarm on this occasion. Lyme was not even threatened at all.

The sea-forts of Lyme, at their full complement, held ten long nine-pounders, and, in correspondence between Lyme and the Board of Ordnance during the eighteenth century on the subject of these guns, this achievement in beating off a possible attack by the French in 1690 is often referred to. But in later years, though fears of the coming of a French fleet were often expressed, it was visits from French privateers more than anything else that Lyme had to fear. It was against French privateers that the guns of Lyme were fired in 1706, 1744, and 1795: all prominent dates in what once seemed to be our secular contest with France, but only in one year was Lyme seriously rattled. That was in 1745, the year of the Young Pretender's invasion of England, when he succeeded in advancing as far South as Derby. A Government dispatch to Lyme in February, 1743, had spoken of the arrival of the Pretender's eldest son in France and of preparations for an invasion of England from Dunkirk. For the next three years French privateers were constantly in the Channel and, as already stated, one was warned off by the guns of Lyme in 1744. At length in 1745 came the invasion and all England as well as Lyme was in much confusion over the advance of Charles Edward to Derby. Lyme even thought of raising a regiment of soldiers, and asked for a man-of-war to protect the town, and there was much wild talk of another landing as in Monmouth's time. But when Charles Edward turned back from Derby in December, 1745, and when his defeat at Culloden followed in April, Lyme went to sleep again, with one eye always open for French privateers.

With the end of the seventeenth century, therefore, Lyme drops out of the main current of English history. Nor is this all. From that time onward Lyme Regis as a manufacturing and trading centre began to wane. The decline had not become very noticeable till sixty or seventy years later, but 1685 may be taken as about the beginning of the end. A townsman in 1685, bewailing the failure of Monmouth or the apparent ruin of the countryside after the visit of Jeffreys, may have thought that here indeed was the end of all things. But Lyme Regis plucked up courage even after that, and did a prosperous trade for some years to come. The end of the town's commercial prosperity had no connection at all with Monmouth. It was due to causes with a far wider reach than that. These causes were the continued increase in the size of ships and the fact that, during the eighteenth century, industrial England moved from South to North. But, before going into greater detail on these points, we must first consider one or two other questions

What exactly was the position of Lyme Regis among the towns of England in the last half of the seventeenth century? Its position was an important one—that much is certain; but how important, or what its relative importance was as compared with the position it occupies in our own time, are more difficult questions to answer. That it was important politically the previous pages show. Contemporary politics always have this defect about them, that they are a false medium through which to view what are stated as facts. The actual reader of to-day may unconsciously be looking at things either through a magnifying-glass or through the wrong end of the telescope, according to the bias of the writer, and contemporary statements about the size and importance of Lyme must be subject to this caution. Thus Clarendon, the Royalist, called Lyme a 'vile and untenable' place; but Edward Drake, the diarist on the Parliamentary side, regarded the town as anything but 'vile,' and gives good reasons for his opinion, as is shown below. Fortunately we have one outstanding fact in the Civil War which demonstrates beyond question the political importance of Lyme Regis, because Essex would hardly have left Waller to deal with Charles alone at Oxford if Lyme had not been worth saving. The political importance of the town may, therefore, be conceded. The next question is, what exactly was its commercial importance? Here we have much that is general and little that is tangible to guide us. Lyme Regis in its early days exported wool, hides, tallow, salt, and imported wines with cloth and silk goods. Later on the town turned its own wool into cloth, and this was the staple commodity in its most prosperous days. This was also its principal article of export, and, so far as later imports were concerned, the town would have added tobacco, sugar, and other West Indian products, with ivory and some gold-dust from and after Elizabethan times.

Lyme, too, not only did a large business on its own account, but had a very close commercial connection with Bristol—the most important city of England after London in the sixteenth and seventeenth centuries. Bristol found it safer and quicker to load or unload cargoes at Lyme. Pack-horses did the short journey across country, and in this way pirates, privateers, and the dangerous Cornish coast were all avoided. On the point of tobacco as an import, there is an interesting detail to record concerning Lyme. In 1677 the town anticipated by 250 years an experiment now being tried in Hampshire, and started the growing of tobacco. But the interests of the young colony of Virginia, of the West India Islands and of the National Exchequer were too strong. An official was sent down from London to destroy the crop. He bore the familiar name of Dunster. This Giles Dunster was a noted Civil servant of the time and is mentioned in Pepys' Diary. A receipt in the Town Hall, dated September 20th, 1677, and signed by him, refers no doubt to the same matter. Such then were the principal commercial activities of Lyme during its busy period. In those days, of course, most things paid duty. Free Trade, on which the prosperity of this country depends, did not become a reality till after 1846; but, in Lyme's industrial days, Free Trade was the mere dream of a philosopher's brain, and seems disposed at present to fade away into a mere dream once more. Lyme Regis, therefore, in its palmy days paid on everything; and what was the known result, if anything can be known for certain, of all this trading? There are only three definite or approximately definite statements in existence on this subject.

The first statement is that of Edward Drake in his diary of the siege. Speaking of the burning of the shipping in the Cobb by the Royalists he says: 'This disaster you cannot but think much troubled the town; and 'twas a sad spectacle to behold the burning of so many ships that formerly brought into the kingdom so great commodity (though but a little town) that the custom or import thereof brought into the King's exchequer yearly four or five thousand pounds, six, sometimes more.' Now calculations of the relative values of money at different periods are very elusive, but if by 'formerly' the Diarist means in the period just before the Civil War, his sum of four to six thousand pounds might mean from £30,000 to £45,000 in our present currency. If 'formerly' means an earlier period, say the days of James I. or Elizabeth, the values given in the diary would be still higher in our present currency. In any event the sum mentioned is a large one for what we should consider a very small town.

Another figure is that given in Ogilby's *Britannia Depicta*, Cox's *Magna Britannia*, and other similar works of the early eighteenth century, and repeated constantly in gazetteers and guide-books of later date. This figure is £16,000, and the sentence respecting Lyme Regis always runs thus: 'The customs, which have for many years amounted to £16,000,' etc. Now there is some doubt as to the year when this oft-repeated figure was first used of Lyme, and the question of date is important;

but it does not occur till an edition of Ogilby published sixty years after that 'cosmographer's' death (1676). The figure, therefore, seems to refer to some date in the early part of the eighteenth century and may record the high-water mark of Lyme's prosperity in the matter of foreign trade. £16,000 in this case might represent £80,000 in our present currency and, if the figure can be relied on, one would infer that Lyme before 1740 (when foreign trade notably declined) must have been supplying not only herself but all the country-side with foreign and colonial products. At any rate, when these figures are taken in conjunction with the knowledge that Lyme vessels traded with places so far apart as Newfoundland, Barbados, Virginia, Maryland, Malaga, and Tangier; and that convoys of war-ships were often demanded from London to protect Lyme's merchant-men and those of neighbouring places in their trips across channel to the French ports of St. Malo and Morlaix, the commercial importance of the town before 1740 may be conceded without much hesitation. The third and most definite Customs total is dealt with below.

The last question is, 'What was the importance of Lyme Regis at the end of the seventeenth century considered from the point of view of its population?' One answer to that question is certainly correct, namely, that Lyme Regis in point of population was of far greater relative importance in the year when Monmouth came than it is now. A doggerel ballad, already referred to, makes Monmouth say:—

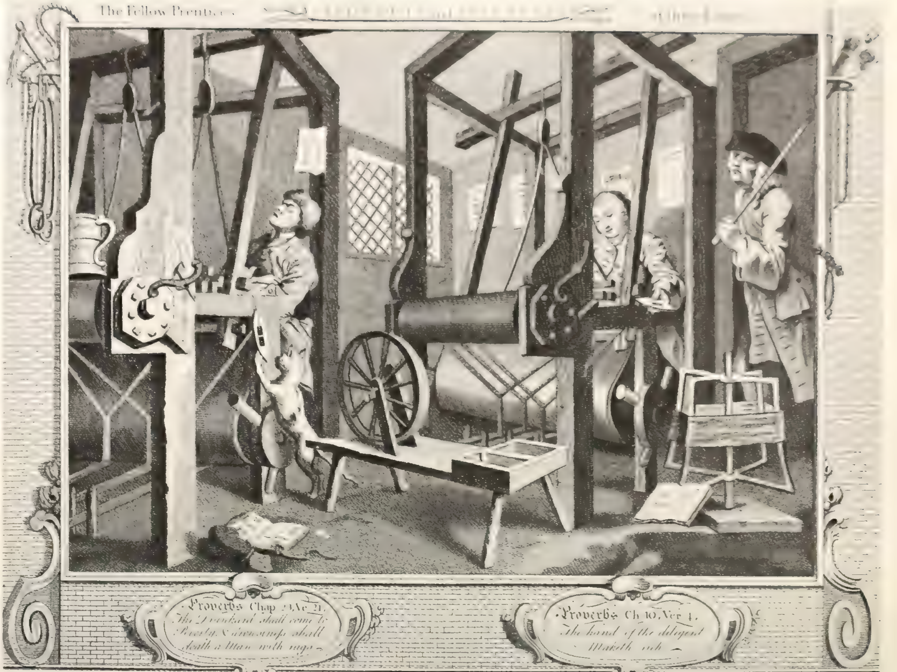
> 'Lyme although a little place,
> I think is wondrous pretty.
> If 'tis my fate to wear the crown,
> I'll make of it a city.'

Roberts, in giving these lines as Monmouth's, naively remarks that he has 'no intention to libel the poetical genius of that unfortunate personage.' We need not attribute the actual composition of these lines to Monmouth himself, and whether Monmouth's own poetry would have been better or worse, it is impossible to say. These lines, therefore, need not be added to his other offences. If, however, his attempt on the crown had succeeded and if he had tried to make of Lyme a city, he would assuredly have failed. The 'stupendous double event' of 1765 when the invention of James Watt became mated to the inventions of Hargreaves, Arkwright, Cartwright and others, could not have been resisted and the result is what we see to-day. A list of all the cities and boroughs in England with their respective populations is published in *Whitaker's Almanack*. There are over 300 names, and though Lyme has risen or other places fallen in the list since the census of 1921, it still figures in the last twenty-three. Two hundred and fifty years ago the list would have been a very much shorter one, but Lyme Regis would have taken a fairly high place up in it.

At the time of the siege in 1644, Lord Warwick estimated that there were 4000 people in the town and it must be assumed that he did not reckon among these 4000 the 300 seamen whom he had landed temporarily for the defence of the place. If, therefore, we take this figure of 4000 and deduct from it 1000 as representing the original garrison with subsequent additions, we get a population of 3000. These figures, it will be noticed, are confirmed or repeated by John Vicars. No doubt there was overcrowding, and there were insanitary conditions according to our modern standard, because the area of the town was contained within a much smaller compass then than now. On the other hand, although there were far fewer houses on the slopes of the hills, the houses on either side of the Lyme were certainly far taller. These houses too, so far as concerns the provision of room-space, went far deeper underground. Nothing, in fact, is more remarkable in the trading Bye-laws of the Borough of the sixteenth and seventeenth centuries than the constant allusion to cellars in which goods might not only be stored but shown. All warehouses had them and, in those days, what was good enough accommodation for saleable articles was good enough accommodation for men. Probably also there were more houses on the seaward side of the town both to the South and the South-East. We fix, therefore, on a population of 3000 in 1644. We are dealing with the year 1685 and must now refer to Macaulay's *History of England.* Macaulay's book has been before the public for eighty years and Macaulay's shortcomings as a historian by this time are well known. They have penetrated even to the ears of Macaulay's own schoolboy. All the same a more lucid and brilliant narrative of the social and economic condition of England in 1685 than that contained in Chapter III. of the History has still to be written. Macaulay's year was 1685 and that too was the critical year for Lyme Regis. Now Macaulay estimates that in 1685 there were only four cities in England (apart from London) with more than 10,000 inhabitants, viz.: Bristol, Norwich, York, and Exeter. A good many others, such as Coventry, Nottingham, Lincoln, Plymouth, Shrewsbury, and Gloucester, would have ranged between the 5000 and the 10,000 mark. But Macaulay adds that such places as Derby, Sheffield, Birmingham, and Liverpool had only 4000 inhabitants more or less.

Other towns in England, that were in existence 250 years ago, have increased their populations, and the increase in some cases has been enormous. Still other towns, not then known, have sprung into existence, and in many cases have become highly populated commercial or residential centres. Lyme, however, with its 3000 inhabitants, ranked only just below Derby, Sheffield, Birmingham, and Liverpool, 250 years ago; and as regards Liverpool, in this comparison between Then and Now, a most striking fact remains to be stated. There is in the Public Record Office a return of the Customs from certain towns for the twelvemonth ending at Michaelmas, 1677. The value of the Customs from Lyme for that year is given as £4643 8*s.* 10½*d.* Those of Liverpool for the same year are given as £3507 10*s.* 1¼*d.* The list, which is presumably a complete one of English ports at the time, contains forty-eight names and the Port of Lyme comes fourteenth on the list. This almost surpasses on the commercial side the earlier linking of Lyme with Portsmouth in the provision of ships of war which is mentioned below. But to come back to the question of population, that the population of Lyme Regis changes little is certain. Yet it is equally certain that the town would have ranked high for population in any list of English towns made in 1685.

All this political, manufacturing, and commercial importance waned with the eighteenth century, and had vanished beyond recall by 1750. Conditions in England were then changing very fast. What we speak of nowadays as the 'industrial North' was the 'industrial South' before 1700. In the South was the 'black country,' the country where ores were smelted and ironwork was forged. In the district between Cranbrook and Ashdown Forest, partly in Kent and partly in Sussex, such names as Furnace Farm, Furnace Pond, Furnace Wood, Cinder


The Fellow Prentices
Proverbs Chap 23 Ve 21.
The Drunkard shall come to Poverty, & drowsiness shall cloath a Man with rags.
Proverbs Ch 10 Ver 4.
The hand of the diligent Maketh rich.

HAND-LOOMS.

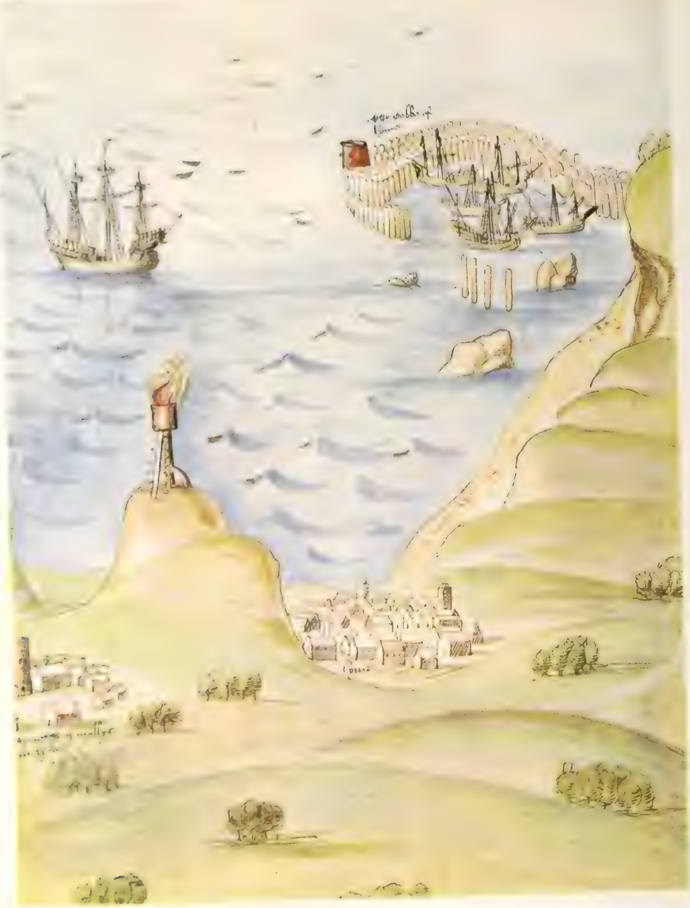
Hill, Glazier's Forge, and Coalwood Street may be found to-day. These names tell their own tale, and it is well known that the iron railings and gates which used to be round old St. Paul's came from Brightling in the same neighbourhood. The iron ores of Kent and Sussex were smelted not, of course, with coal, but with wood charcoal, and the forests of those counties supplied the fuel. Coal was only used in small quantities for domestic purposes in the seventeenth century, and was called 'sea-coal.' This was simply because it was carried by sea from any port, near which it could be mined, to any other port where it could be consumed. The idea of carrying coals to Newcastle has become with us the description of a superfluous labour, and marks Newcastle out as one of the earliest places from which sea-borne house coal was brought to towns in England. Over and over again 'coals from Newcastle' is a description of the freight of vessels entering the Cobb in the eighteenth and nineteenth centuries. In the seventeenth century coal was not used—it was not even known that it could be used in the form of coke—for smelting at all, and the amount of ore smelted in England two hundred and fifty years ago was insignificant as compared with the output of to-day. None the less, the fact remains that in the seventeenth century what we call the 'black country' (which was far less black then than now) was situated not in the North, but in the South of England.

Coal, however, and its most effective resultant, steam, did not for the moment disturb Lyme Regis. The two working together were to kill the town's prosperity before very long, but what Lyme Regis was interested in was wool, not iron, weaving and not smelting. England was a very great producer of wool in the middle ages, but the wool at first was woven in Flanders and not in England. Lyme Regis vessels trading with those parts took out the wool and brought home cloth. But Edward III. in 1337 prohibited the export of wool and the import of foreign cloth, so that before very long the cloth was woven entirely at home. So far as regards dyeing, English cloth was sometimes worn in the natural colour of the wool, but, as late as the sixteenth century, cloth to be dyed was still sent abroad and chiefly to Italy. For this purpose Lyme Regis vessels would go to the Mediterranean. Eventually England did all the processes of spinning, weaving, fulling, and dyeing without foreign aid, and one of the centres of this great industry was the West of England. Defoe, writing in 1735, when this industry was already on the wane, says 'many of the great families who now pass for gentry in the western counties have been raised from and built up by this truly noble manufacture.'

It seems ridiculous to compare Lyme Regis with Bradford, but Lyme with other Western towns in the seventeenth century was what Bradford is to-day; and Lyme, too, was a port, which Bradford is not. Hand-looms and water-power were required for the process of cloth manufacture in the past, and Lyme Regis had both. Cloth sent out from Lyme Regis inland, or any other goods that came in by sea, would be carried on the backs of pack-horses. Long strings of these were to be seen on the bad roads throughout England at that time, just as files of mules might have been seen in Spain to a much later date. Each horse was plentifully supplied with bells which jingled as it went along, each horse bore on its back a 'dorser,' and less than one hundred years ago the 'Horse and Dorsers' was a well-known public-house sign. Most people are familiar with the French chiffonnier and the basket which he carried on his back. The frame by which that basket was strapped on to him is a 'dossier.' Thus the French word and the old English word are almost identical, and are both connected with 'dorsum,' the Latin word for 'back.' Fuller, who was Vicar of Broadwindsor near Beaminster for a few years after 1634 and knew well what was going on in our town, says 'dorsers are carried on the backs of horses. . . . . Fish-jobbers bring up their fish in such contrivances above an hundred miles from Lyme to London.' In this connection we may remember that among the trading regulations of Lyme Regis in the sixteenth century was one which enjoined that all fish coming to the town were to be offered *for six days* to burgesses before they could be disposed of to non-burgesses. This privilege of citizenship seems to us, who prefer fish as fresh as possible, to be of no great value, unless the fish were salted beforehand. Such we must presume was the case both with the local fish as well as with the fish packed in dorsers and sent to London. Let us hope they were not only salted but packed in brine. Have not the French a proverb '*l'hôte et le poisson puent passé trois jours?*' But we must return to Lyme Regis looms.

The application of coal to smelting and the invention of steam-power, together with a simultaneous improvement in English roads, sent these pack-horses with their drivers and bells and dorsers into limbo. Up to the middle of the seventeenth century the North of England, as compared with the South, was industrially dormant. The North was lawless, semi-barbarous, and commercially unproductive. During the hundred years from 1650 to 1750 the North was awaking from its long sleep, and waking at last with so much energy that southern predominance in manufactures was killed for ever. Upon the use of coal for smelting (possibly in the form of raw coal and not coke at first) followed James Watt with the discovery of steam-power in 1765. Almost at the same moment came the invention of improved spinning machinery by Hargreaves, Arkwright, Crompton and others. This was followed a few years later by the power-loom of Edmund Cartwright, most ill-rewarded of inventors. All this machinery was driven by steam. These changes, however, affected cottons more than woollens, and it was not till after the invention of Cartwright's wool-comber in 1789 that wool really began to be drawn into the main industrial current. The consequence is that in Lyme Regis and elsewhere isolated hand-looms still continued at work, and a good picture of one such isolated worker of an isolated hand-loom at the beginning of the nineteenth century has been drawn by George Eliot in *Silas Marner*, the best story she ever wrote. But the cloth industry as an organized industry in the West was now at an end. The hand-looms and the fulling-mills of Lyme Regis soon had the life pressed out of them and the staple manufacture of that and other western towns was transferred to Yorkshire, where the new scale of output became as a million to one of the old. Villages, too, in Kent and Sussex which had been tiny centres of the metal industry were replaced by Newcastle and Sheffield. These two towns and others like them multiplied the output of the southern counties many thousands of times over. By the last half of the eighteenth century the revolution was almost complete.

The same thing happened in regard to ships, but here the enemy was not coal. It was the steadily increasing size of the ships themselves. The Cobb is first mentioned in an official document in the reign of Edward III. and the year 1328. Now



THE COBB IN 1539.

in his time the average merchantman was a vessel of fifty tons. Between ships of that class and the sixty thousand tons of a modern liner a long, very long, series of gradations in size has to be filled up, extending over a period of six hundred years. What was good enough for Edward III. was not good enough for George III., and was still less suitable for George V. In 1601 George Waymouth, who possibly hailed from near Lyme Regis, set out to discover the North-West passage to India in two vessels of seventy and sixty tons respectively, and we may contrast this with the very different fate of the subjects of George V., to whom journeys offered across the same ocean to-day have become simply a matter of competition in unessential luxuries and splendours. But it was at the beginning of George the Third's reign that the fortunes of Lyme Regis were at their lowest ebb. The old order had passed away; the new order had not begun. How ancient the Cobb is no man knows and no documents tell, but it must have been in existence seventy-four years at least before the first official mention of 1328, and for these reasons. There is evidence that in 1254 French wines were being shipped to Lyme, and in January of the same year Henry III. ordered Lyme and other ports to contribute to a squadron of vessels for forming an escort to bring over his Queen, Edward, his son (afterwards Edward I.) and other notables from England to Gascony. Now Lyme would not have been thus mentioned, if there had not been a harbour there, and this harbour was (so far as we know) an artificial harbour from the first. Of early plans of Cobb construction there is no record, but in the sixteenth century it seems to have been formed by a double or triple row of piles or trunks of trees driven into the bed of the sea, the spaces betweeen them being filled in with large or small rocks and cobble-stones. The Cobb shown on the map of 1539 (a portion of which is here reproduced) was clearly built in this manner. On this account the right of removing stones from the beach at Lyme Regis was strictly reserved to the Corporation in all the old Charters.

The mention of 'cobble stones' brings to mind again the unsolved problem of the derivation of the word Cobb. The *New English Dictionary* seems to connect Cobb with cobblestone, but is not dogmatic on the point. This great and still unfinished work is of course the last word on English etymologies, but hardly concerns itself with place-names. The present writer has therefore consulted the Rev. James B. Johnston, author of *The Place-Names of England and Wales*, a recent and good book on the subject. Mr. Johnston considers that the root of 'Cobb' is the same as in 'Cobden' and mentions an analogous place-name in 'Cobledyke' of the Lincolnshire fen country, near Boston. This 'Cobledyke' was built for the purpose of directing the flow of the tide and may once have looked like the Lyme Regis Cobb. The general idea underlying 'Cobb' is, therefore, that of Cobden, viz., a rounded summit.

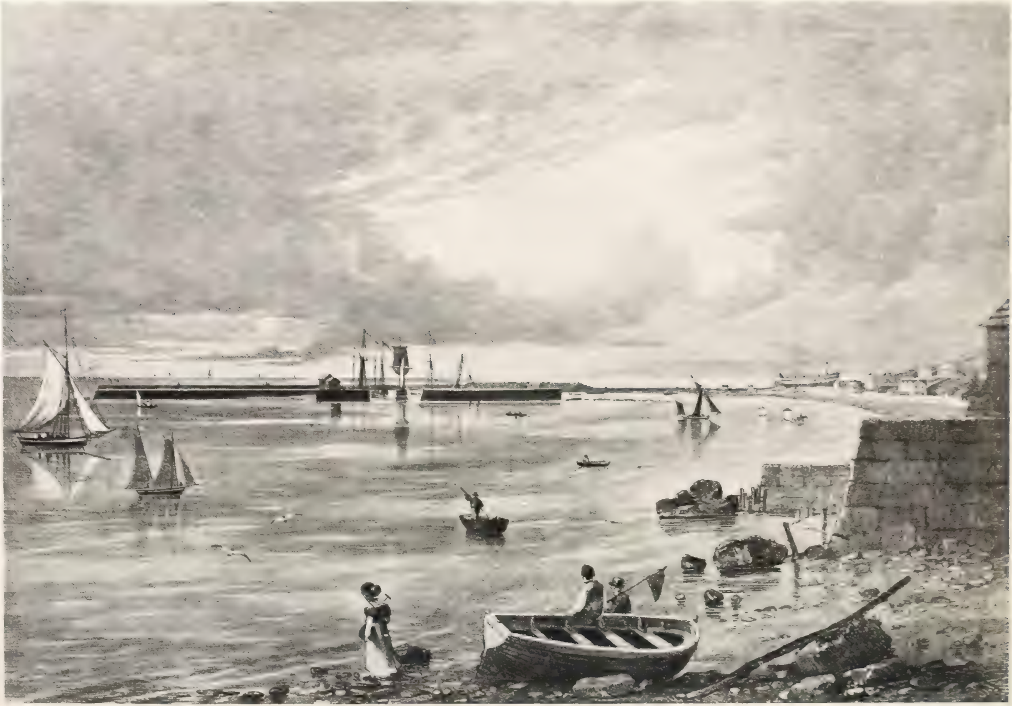
From very early days, certainly from the reign of Henry III. (1216–1272), a harbour may have existed at Lyme, and this, as already remarked, was an artificial harbour from the first. But Lyme Regis workmen were experts in the art of early Cobb-building and a curious memorandum of April 1596 exists which records that 'certain western men sent for of purpose from the Cobb of Lyme' came to Hastings to repair the 'peere' there. The advice of these experts was that rocks alone were no good, and the writer of the memorandum adds, 'By these presents let the posterity (for whom I record this) beware, they never attempt to build them a pere with rocks only without a mighty frame of timber.' On the margin of this memorandum occur the words 'per exempla periculosa antecessorum caveat posteritas,' which may be interpreted 'Live and learn, even in Cobb-building.' So much for Hastings. On another occasion in 1590, Walsingham, who had been Lyme's M.P., was asked to send from Lyme to Guernsey an expert to superintend the work of erecting a pier at St. Peter Port in that island. Walsingham sent there one, Robert Hill. In the sixteenth century, therefore, the workmen of Lyme were Cobb experts and in the seventeenth century too; because an invitation dated March 23rd, 1662, was sent to Lyme from Whitehall for Cobb-builders to assist in the works of the harbour of Tangier. The document containing this invitation was found recently among the borough archives and is now exhibited in the Museum. It is signed by George Monk, Duke of Albemarle, and Samuel Pepys, the diarist, among others. Whether men from Lyme went to help in the work at Tangier or not is unknown, but in the end and after much expenditure of money Tangier was (perhaps rashly) abandoned. In course of time the use of timber seems to have become less important in spite of the memorandum quoted above. About 1680 at any rate much larger pieces of rock were floated into position by means of empty casks and dropped into the places assigned to them. A full account of this ingenious process is given in the life of the Lord Guildford, who was at first Chief-Justice and then the predecessor of Jeffreys as Chancellor towards the end of the reign of Charles II.

The Cobb, therefore, was an artificial harbour. It was built right out into the open sea and in the very teeth of the wind. It could not of course be easily enlarged, but, so long as it could take in vessels or construct vessels which were not too far below the average size of the time, it was a port of great value to the State. Thus in 1302 and again in 1303 and 1311, Lyme is joined with Portsmouth, or Plymouth, or Southampton in an order to furnish one ship of war against the Scots. Who would bracket Lyme with either of these three ports to-day? Again, in 1347, when Portsmouth itself sent no more than five ships to the siege of Calais, Lyme sent as many as four. The mention of these two ports to-day as being on anything like even terms makes one smile. Even so late as the early seventeenth century (1630) a report to London speaks of a French boat which had been taken by an 'English man-of-war of Lyme.' In the same year another shipowner of Lyme petitions in regard to two of his 'French prizes' which had been driven into other ports by stress of weather. It was owing to this that Thomas Cox in his *Magna Britannia* (1720–31) says of Lyme that 'the Peer for its nature and largeness has scarcely its equal in England,' while Samuel Simpson's *Agreeable Historian or English Traveller* goes one better in 1746 and says 'they have a good harbour and such as is not in all Britain besides or perhaps in Europe'! Such was the high estate from which Lyme fell.

So long as shipping at Lyme was of any appreciable importance (within, that is to say, the last hundred years), it was considered that the Cobb could take vessels of 150 tons at high water in spring tides. That was the maximum capacity of the harbour. A few facts, therefore, as to the growth of tonnage from the sixteenth century onwards will show how completely a port like that of Lyme Regis was left behind in the race. The increase in the size of ships was inevitable; the capacity of the Cobb perforce remained stationary. Thus, the three vessels in

THE COBB

[illegible]



THE COBB IN 1825.

which Columbus crossed the Atlantic (1492) are considered to have been vessels of slightly under 100 tons each. The British Navy in the Armada year (1588) consisted of thirty ships, supplemented of course by large numbers of merchantmen. Of these, fifteen were over 200 tons apiece and included one of 1000 tons. The remaining vessels were from 120 tons to 50 tons each. The vessels of George Waymouth in 1601 have already been mentioned. The *Mayflower*, which took the Puritan Fathers to Massachusetts in 1620, was a vessel of 180 tons. Warwick's flagship the *James*, when he came to Lyme during the siege, was of 875 tons. Another ship, which arrived during the siege and was also called the *Mayflower*, had been Charles the First's flagship until captured by the Parliament. She was 450 tons. The frigate which brought Monmouth from Holland would have been one of from 400 to 500 tons. None of these last four vessels could have entered the Cobb under the most favourable circumstances. The general trade of the country and much of the trade with foreign parts was still carried on in vessels of smaller size, but that the Cobb would soon become too small for the average size of shipping was growing clearer day by day towards the end of the seventeenth century.

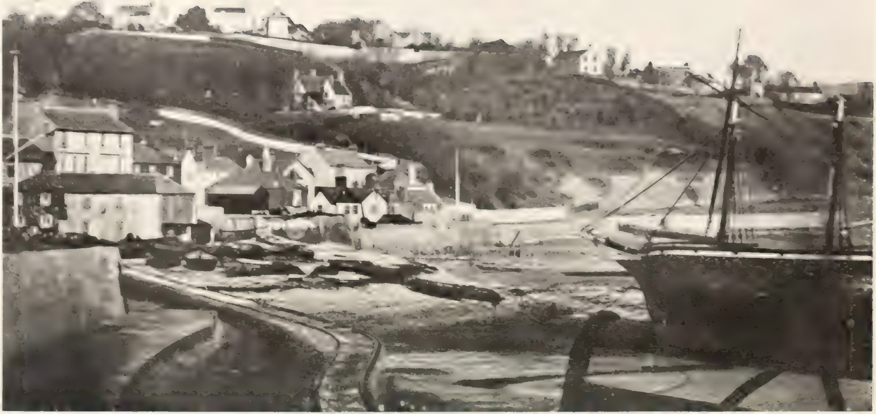
But Lyme Regis was not only a harbour for ships: it built ships as well, and the earliest record of any vessel built there is in 1654 when a frigate for the navy was turned out, the Government shipwrights 'having approved the place for building a second-rate ship.' The ship-building yard was where the premises of the National Lifeboat Institution now stand. Here the construction of merchant ships, with many ups and downs of prosperity or depression, was carried on until just after the middle of the nineteenth century. One of the last boats turned out from there was the *Lyme Regis*, launched in 1849 by Lady Bayly, wife of Sir Henry Bayly, K.H. (Knight of the Order of Hanover, a Guelphic order now extinct), who, as marked on the plan of 1841, lived at Burley Villa from 1835; the name of Burley being borrowed from Chideock Castle, a stronghold in the Civil War which was also known as Burley House. The *Lyme Regis* was a vessel of 250 tons, and her christening was a day of great rejoicing in the town. She stranded in Algoa Bay in 1859. The owner of the ship-building yard in the eighteen-fifties was one John Mansfield. He was the last of a long succession of shipwrights to carry on work there. When he gave up business about 1854, Lyme's ship-building came to an end, but Mansfield capped the 250 tons of the *Lyme Regis* by building two vessels of 700 tons each before he gave up work. One of these was launched by Lady Bayly, and the other by Mrs. Cartwright of Cliff House (see plan of 1841). In the nineteenth century even vessels of 700 tons could only be regarded as of minor importance, but the town's contribution of the *Jacob* of ninety tons and the *Revenge* and *Bonaventure* of sixty tons each, to the fleet which fought the Spanish Armada must have been of real value. There are no complete records of the vessels that have belonged from time to time to the Port of Lyme. Occasional returns of the sixteenth and seventeenth centuries show that Lyme owned twenty vessels on an average, and that the size of these would range from 110 to 10 tons. As late as 1829 there were thirty-nine vessels belonging to the port, and at about the same time there was a regular service every fortnight of sailing-boats of 80 tons between Lyme and the Port of London, a service which lasted many years longer, and which, in the absence of railways, must have been much used.

SHIPPING IN THE COBB.

Later on, in 1838, before there was much talk of railways, there was an agitation to establish a regular steamboat service between London and Lyme, but it came to nothing. In the first quarter of the nineteenth century 600 vessels a year used to come into the Cobb, and several of these were of 100 tons and over. Even in 1851 there was a fortnightly sailing-boat of 75 tons from Lyme to the Channel Islands. This service was the survival of one started during the Napoleonic wars to furnish the Channel Islands, which were then strongly garrisoned, with weekly supplies of food, and no doubt a little private smuggling was carried on as well both before and after 1815. Subsequently the large quantities of blue lias limestone taken from Lyme Regis during the nineteenth century, for conversion into hydraulic lime or cement, kept the Cobb busier for many years than otherwise it might have been, but—happily for our cliffs the so-called Portland or artificial cement began to kill this industry forty or fifty years ago. The general coasting trade lasted much longer, and not many years ago the Cobb might often have been seen full of such vessels. Bit by bit, however, this trade too died down, and the arrival of the railway in 1903 gave it the knock-out blow. In olden days the Cobb had many other sources of revenue besides harbour dues. Some of these might perhaps be advantageously revived even to-day. Thus, members of the Corporation, who did not attend meetings of its Council, were fined and their fines were paid to the Cobb fund. The same occurred with any members who 'consulted with vehemency' or used 'undecent words'. The Mayor, too, was enjoined to see that these and other bye-laws were duly carried out, or he paid £10 per offence to the same fund. In more modern times the revenue from harbour dues alone was devoted to the upkeep of the Cobb, and the loss of this revenue, owing to the advent of the railway, has been a serious matter for the town.

But we must go back to 1750, when the decline in its staple industry and its deposition as a trading centre had reduced Lyme Regis to the lowest depths. In that year the population of the town had fallen to under one thousand, and the inhabitants began to try and revive its lace-making. This was an industry which had been carried on for a hundred years or more at Lyme Regis (as certain apprentices' indentures show) and in many other western towns and villages, but the greater prominence of cloth manufacture at Lyme had hitherto obscured it there. It now came to the front, but could not replace the more important weaving trade which was going or gone. The lace-making was at first carried on up and down the whole length of Broad Street. A lace dress for Charlotte, Queen of George III., was the high-water mark reached by Lyme in lace-making, and that order was probably given by the Royal Family to encourage a local industry. But Lyme Regis was not to be saved by lace-making alone. After Broad Street, the last home for the manufacture of lace was in Cockmoil, not the lock-up, but the street or square of that name shown in the plan of 1841. Here the industry lingered until the middle of the nineteenth century and then disappeared.

The Court Leet juries of the Borough, which met twice a year, once within one month of Easter and again within one month of Michaelmas, to sit in judgment on the civic shortcomings either of the Corporation or of their fellow-citizens, talk of little else than bad roads and tumbledown houses in all their presentments for some years from and after 1750. The gloom of the picture which they display cannot be exceeded. The land-tax started by William III. was in arrear to the amount of



THE CLIFF ABOVE THE COBB ABOUT 1850.

three or four thousand pounds in 1785 and these arrears had been running since 1756. Eventually the arrears were compounded and the amount paid by instalments. The artisans who, as workers in wool, as wool-combers, weavers, shearmen, thread-spinners and under many other names had been the mainstay of the town, were disappearing or dying out. Vessels which used to bring whole cargoes of goods direct from European ports or the colonies, now contented themselves with shipping these goods piecemeal from London in such quantities as Lyme Regis and its district might require. This, of course, was a drop from the wholesale to the retail trade. The Fanes, whose predominance in the Borough coincided with this decline, were of course held to be responsible for Lyme's poverty, but, as already shown, this poverty was chiefly due to more potent and widespread causes.

The records of desolation in the last half of the eighteenth century even mention that the tall houses of former rich merchants were falling into the sea at the mouth of the Lyme. This leads one to suppose that the buildings along the estuary of the Lyme must at one time have extended further towards the sea than is the case at present. It is known for certain that much land on the east side of the estuary and south of the Church has disappeared into the sea. The blue lias, of which Dorset cliffs are largely composed, is unsurpassed for the deposit of fossils, but is hardly the material of which a rock-bound coast is made. The action of sea and weather from the outside and the action of fresh springs of water and underground watercourses from within mean that the coast-line is subject to continual disintegration. This disintegration is sometimes shown in the form of simple erosion or eating away and sometimes by the collapse of layers of cliff from above when the foundation on which they rest has been undermined from below. To these destructive influences must be added the hand of man. The traffic in limestone, which averaged 20,000 tons annually about 1850, was continued on a large scale from 1850 to 1900 and even into the first decade of the twentieth century. This has been alluded to above, and it may be mentioned that in 1835 there were lime-kilns on the cliffs to the South-East of the point where the Drill Hall now stands, as well as another at the Cobb end of the town. Let us hope that they were swallowed up by the sea. But even before this large trade in limestone, the mischief had started with the outburst of stucco in London and elsewhere under the influence of John Nash, the Regent's favourite architect:—

'A very great master
Who found us all brick and left us all plaster.'

When all these destructive agencies are combined, it is small wonder that our cliffs should waste quickly, or that the open space in which Monmouth set up his standard to attract recruits should have vanished. The Dorset Press from 1840 onwards is full of allusions to this slipping of the Church cliffs: 1844, 1849, and 1862 were years of special disaster and one journalistic wag opined in 1844 that the Church would soon belong to the Sea of Neptune instead of the See of Salisbury. The scandal of human remains emerging from old graves and of the continuous destruction of the Churchyard itself was not stayed until 1910. In that year a timely subscription of £2,000 saved the Churchyard and Church. Trenches filled with rubble, a system of drainage and reinforced concrete have done what is necessary. Roberts had strongly urged an analogous scheme in 1834.

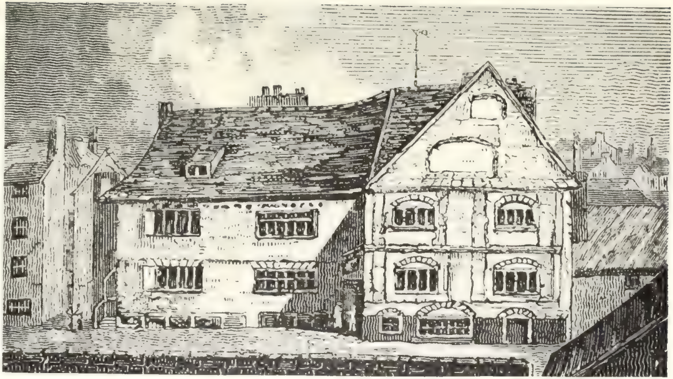
GUN CLIFF IN 1832.

In June, 1685, and for centuries before the present 'Marine Parade' was thought of, these fields near the church were the town promenade, and must have formed the eastern bank of the estuary, along which and close to the stream itself a wharf would be laid. The further back we go into history, the larger would this lost area have been. Opposite, on the western bank, would be warehouses, close to which boats might come up on the tide. This suggestion is to some extent surmise, but it is surmise based on probability; and in connection with it, should not the name of 'the Buddle,' sometimes applied indiscriminately to the Lyme, be confined to the estuary and nothing more? The word 'buddle' was known from the earliest times of Cornish tin-mining as the wooden trough or cradle in which ores were washed. Is not the trough or channel up which boats might come at high tide the Buddle of the Lyme? The pursuit of derivations often leads genuine sportsmen into the attractive region of surmise, and another surmise on the same point is that Buddle may be connected with the 'Puddle' that is often found as the prefix of or affix to Dorset place-names. But a legal document in the Town Hall of a hundred years ago, when a question had arisen as to whether the Borough or the County should repair the bridge, speaks of 'Buddle's or Burnett's Bridge. Can it be that after all some individual gave the bridge his name and that all surmise as to derivation is sheer waste of time? Whatever may be the truth as to this, the word Buddle seems to belong appropriately to the estuary of our small river. There is otherwise no reason why the whole river should be called by both names indifferently. It is between the Buddle warehouses and the Cobb that unguided horses used to pass at low tide with bales of goods, in the course of loading or unloading vessels that had arrived or were about to sail. Lord Guildford saw them doing this in 1675 and states that the horses would continue at work until the rising of the tide up to their girths compelled them to stop. Nor must the Buddle ghost be forgotten. When visible, she passed to and fro the Buddle chanting the following refrain:—

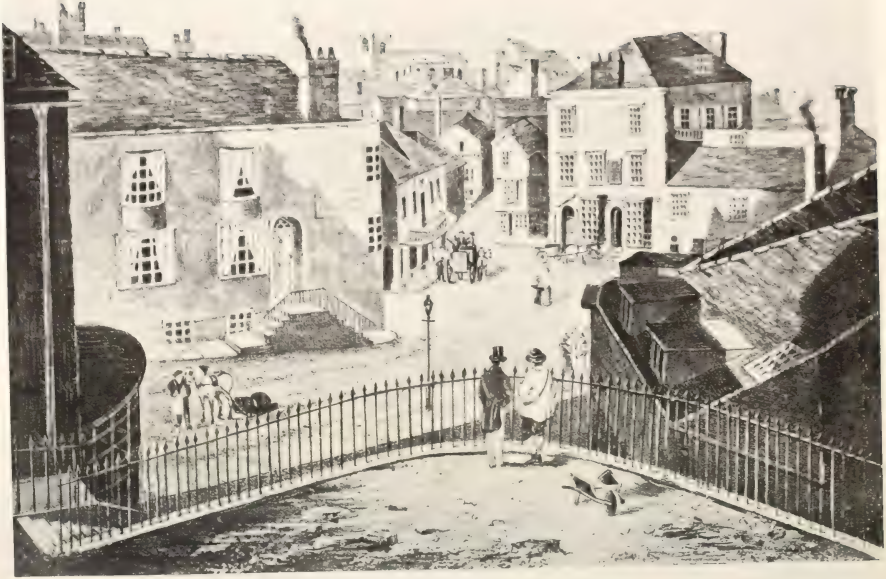
'I rue the time
I sold water for wine
And combed my hair of a Sunday!'

She may or may not have been the victim of Puritan persecution, but she was clearly a bad poetess. She has not been seen for 250 years, but she once served a useful purpose. She was a means of frightening naughty children.

Before taking a final leave of the Lyme Regis of other days, a word must be devoted to the old George Inn. This Inn was famous among mediæval hostelries, and till later times. Mention has already been made of its enormous stables built to contain the troops of pack-horses required for the trade of Tudor, Stuart, and early Georgian times. It was built of Dutch bricks and, when closed in for the night, was said to have been like a town in itself. The Inn stood in the triangle formed by Monmouth Street and the southern ends of Church Street and Coombe Street, but the drawing here reproduced leaves uncertain the direction towards which its frontage lay. Probably the Inn faced Monmouth Street with a large intervening space between. A comment on this subject in the *Grove*, a monthly miscellany which appeared at Lyme Regis from May 1891, to May 1892, is interesting. Francis Turner Palgrave, then a resident at Lyme, contributed



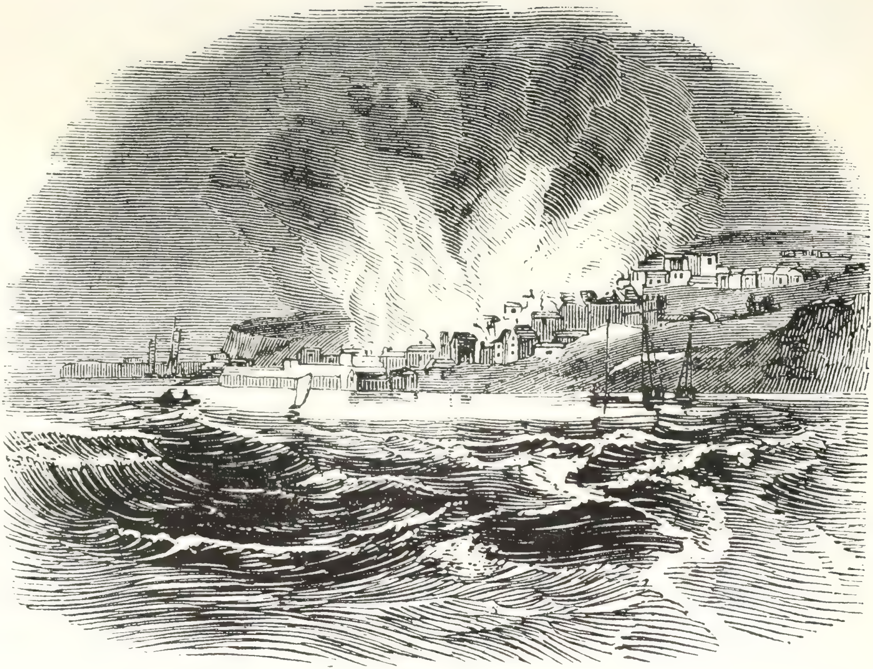
THE GEORGE INN.



LYME REGIS EARLY IN 1844.

something to each one of the thirteen numbers of this magazine (which was christened after the house of that name in the plan of 1841), and a note to one of his articles runs as follows: 'The George stood in Coombe Street. The main entrance to it was in George's Court. In fact, George's Court was the courtyard of the Inn. It was fifty yards below and west of the Church.' All persons of any note, who came to Lyme Regis in its early days, must have stayed at the George Inn. Monmouth was among the last of its notable visitors, and the room in which he slept was shown up to the time of the fire on May 11th, 1844. It was then that the old Inn was completely gutted, together with most of the surrounding houses. The prosperity of the George had, of course, gone down after 1750 with the decline of Lyme Regis as a commercial centre, and its place was taken by the smaller and more fashionable Three Cups. The latter hotel also was burnt out by this fire, and moved across the street at once to the position which it now occupies, where Hiscott's Boarding House (the earliest of such establishments at Lyme) then stood. Previously the Three Cups had been nearly opposite to the Assembly Rooms (see plan). There is a most realistic woodcut of this fire of 1844 in the *Illustrated London News* for May 18th of that year, in which the whole of Lyme Regis seems to be ascending in flames to heaven. And the fire was really serious. On the side of the street exactly opposite to Cobb Gate, once stood the old Market Place, and in addition to the two Inns already mentioned, this old Market Place, with the Customs House above it, and the Shambles were destroyed. The loss of the Shambles (see plan) may have been no matter for regret but, in all, fifty houses of one sort and another were wholly or partly burnt out and their owners made homeless. Before the fire, there had been a two months' drought. The flames, too, were helped across the town by a strong North-East wind and were masters of the place from ten in the morning till ten at night. A previous fire had occurred in this same and most crowded part of the town on the night of November 5th, 1803, an ominous date considering the frequency and violence of Guy Faux celebrations in Lyme Regis. On this occasion there was a very strong wind from the South and the flames extended as far as Mill Green. Forty-two houses were burnt, but the fire is considered as having done some good in clearing the principal slum area of Lyme. No lives were lost on the occasion of either fire and both fires started in a baker's shop, thereby imitating the rather larger conflagration known as the Great Fire of London in 1666. The fire of 1803 diminished the area of the George, but the Inn still figures in the plan of 1841, and its name survives to-day in George's Square. The *Sherborne and Yeovil Mercury* in speaking of the 1803 fire says 'the fire-engines, of which there were three, do not appear to have been in such repair as to be used with any considerable effect.' One of these fire-engines can be been in the Museum. A more recent fire, of December 1889, burnt out the entire block of houses on the S.W. side of Broad Street, between the Town Clerk's office and the Three Cups. The Three Cups on this occasion was just saved.

And so in 1750 Lyme Regis was casting its slough, a painful operation. It was to put off its homespun, but rather threadbare, industrial clothes and rise up again in the more attractive, if less serviceable, apparel of a watering-place. In this connection it is noteworthy that the commercial decadence of Lyme

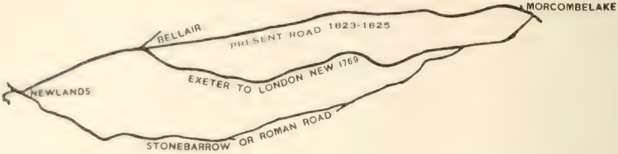


FIRE AT LYME REGIS.

synchronised with the rise of the new type of sea-side watering-place in England. As Lyme Regis had been an important harbour and an important commercial centre in early days and until the eighteenth century, so the town now became one of the earliest of the new sea-side resorts. The first faint glimmering of the change in progress came to Lyme Regis through the prosaic medium of roads. Once more the absence of any suitable means of approach to Lyme by road in the days of its greatest prosperity must be insisted on. It seems impossible to believe, but it is a fact, that until after the important Road Act of 1757, which was administered from Lyme Regis, there was no turnpike road through the town, linking it up with East and West. Lyme stood quite aside till then from the main stream of traffic in a backwater of its own. Its main highway, as has already been said, was the sea in early days and for inland traffic lanes and pack-horses sufficed. To illustrate this let us take the case of one or two notable travellers who came to or near Lyme in old days and whose journeys can still be traced. In 1578 the Earl of Bedford (the Russells were of Dorset origin) came down West to inquire into the depredations of certain pirates, and piracy in the sixteenth and seventeenth centuries was a serious matter. The police of the high seas in those days was as execrable as the police of the high roads remained till a far later period. First there were the Sallee Rovers. The lair of these Mahometan pirates was the small port of Sallee on the coast of Morocco. They were a terror to all the rest of the world and capture by them meant not only loss of goods, but loss of freedom, probably for life. Documents, recently found in our Borough Archives and now shown in the Museum, illustrate how Lyme sailors suffered from these corsairs. Then there were local piracies, in which vessels of one port would raid vessels of another port. In this exhilarating pursuit Lyme Regis took its full share, fights with vessels of the Cinque Ports (1321) and Dartmouth being especially mentioned. 1265 is the year of the Dartmouth fight, which points once more to the probable existence of a Cobb before the reign of Edward I. Lastly, and in the seventeenth century especially, there were sailors of fortune as well as soldiers of fortune, men who made of sea-piracy a profession. When reduced to poverty or exiled from their own country, such men took to the sea as in the eighteenth century they might have taken to the road. For example, the piracy of the Princes Rupert and Maurice was conspicuous in the early years of the Commonwealth, until their activities were suppressed by Blake; and Charles II., when in exile, derived a considerable revenue from the exploits of his two cousins. Cleveland, in Scott's *Pirate*, was another such sailor of fortune. Blake in 1655 off Algiers and Tunis and Lord Exmouth in 1816 off Algiers taught sea-rovers to respect the rights of other nations: and the freedom of the seas, which we enjoy to-day, owes more to the British Navy than any other single instrument. And so Lord Bedford came down West in 1578 and was expressly enjoined to visit Lyme. This being so, he descended Colway Lane (specially repaired for his visit) and rode into the town by Mill Green and Coombe Street. He left the town by Clappentail Lane. The rash motorist who is heading for Exeter and chooses to take the twin lanes of Colway and Clappentail, traverses exactly the same route. But the motorist might do better, whereas Lord Bedford had no choice.

A hundred and forty years later another notable traveller rode from London to Exeter via Dorchester, and has left a rhymed record of his journey. This traveller was Gay, whose ***Beggar's Opera*** (born two hundred years ago) recently ran for three and a half years on the London stage. Gay had been in ill-health in 1715 and required a change. One of his patrons, the Earl of Burlington, sent him and two friends off for a trip to Gay's native town of Barnstaple and paid all expenses. Gay and his friends were not, like the Earl of Bedford in 1578, travelling on business. They were bent on pleasure alone, so that their commission did not include a visit to any such mercantile centre as Lyme Regis. Exeter was Gay's immediate objective but Lyme still had no thoroughfare, was off the main road to Exeter, was side-tracked into a cul-de-sac of its own. He, therefore, like other travellers of the time, avoided the town altogether, taking the route which every one else followed. He went from Bridport to Morecombelake, from Morecombelake to Charmouth by the old Roman Road over Stonebarrow, and from Charmouth to Axminster via Fern Hill and Penn Cross Roads. The history of the Morecombelake-Charmouth road is this: at various times there have been three known roads from the Ship Inn or Farm to Charmouth. First came the Roman Road (part of Icknield Street) over Stonebarrow, which can still be traced. Secondly, an intermediate road was made about 1760 between the Stonebarrow Road and the road at present in use. This road, which can still be faintly traced on the hill-side, appears on a terrier, belonging to Mr. Douglas Pass of Wootton Fitzpaine, of the property of the Lord Milton who was the eighteenth century owner of Milton Abbas. The terrier is dated 1769 and on it the intermediate road is described as the '*new* London and Exeter Road,' that over Stonebarrow being marked as the '*old* London and Exeter Road.' In confirmation of this, Kitchin's map of

1753 shows only the Stonebarrow Road, but Isaac Taylor's map of 1765 shows the intermediate road as well. The modern road in use to-day was projected in 1823 and Greenwood's map of 1825-6 showed all three roads, as appears in the diagram below.



The Tunnel Road, which is in reality an extension of this new Morecombelake-Charmouth Road, was not opened till January, 1832, when two London-Exeter coaches passed one another in opposite directions amid much public rejoicing. The Tunnel was of course made so that coaches could avoid Fern Hill. Gay, therefore, avoided Lyme altogether and went from Bridport and Morecombelake by Charmouth, Fern Hill and Penn Cross to Axminster. A rhymed epistle from him to the Earl of Burlington in 1716, which is well worth reading by any one who knows the road, described this part of the journey as follows :—

'Through Bridport's stony lanes our way we take
And the proud steep descend to Morcomb's lake.
As hearses pass'd our landlord robbed the pall
And with the mournful 'scutcheon hung his hall.
On unadulterate wine we here regale
And strip the lobster of his scarlet mail.
We climb'd the hills when starry night arose,
And Axminster affords a kind repose.'

This Inn of the thievish landlord who took toll of passing funerals at Morecombelake is now the Ship Farm and gave its name to the modern Ship Inn opposite. The old house was on the Roman, not on the modern road, and was the house of call for Judges riding on circuit between Dorchester and Exeter. Jeffreys probably stayed there in September, 1685, and went on direct to Exeter without coming to Lyme Regis, for his visit there is as legendary as is the appearance of his ghost at the Great House. Later on a coach from London to Exeter 'slept' the fifth night at the same house and, in the same way, came no nearer to Lyme than Penn Cross Roads.

Roads in England were being taken seriously in hand from 1750, but up to that time the roads in and out of Lyme were very little different from what they had been at the time of the siege in 1644. It was not in fact till after 1757 that Lyme Regis became a link in the chain of towns from Dorchester to Exeter. The road of 1757 was probably not a very good road. It was not very well metalled according to modern standards. John Loudon McAdam was still only two years old, and did not begin to revolutionise the roads in England, and earn the blessings of every coach and post-chaise in Dorset, till more than fifty years later. In the case of roads, however, any road is better than none, and any thoroughfare better than a blind alley. Other advantages followed. In 1770, as the result of another Road Act, supplemental to that of 1757, the road through Uplyme past Waterside, and then via Uplyme Hill to Crewkerne and Bath (socially speaking the most important provincial town of the eighteenth century) was repaired, and a Bath coach, which began to run over this road to Lyme in the summer months, must have brought many visitors to the town. But there are two other roads leading directly into Lyme which call for more detailed attention.

In September, 1825, the 'Bellows' cutting of the road from Lyme to Charmouth was opened for use. This is the road which was closed to all traffic on May 26th, 1924, after nearly ninety nine years of useful life. It was made by the Lyme Regis Turnpike Commissioners, and Roberts, in a little book called *Beauties of Lyme Regis*, which was published about 1829, speaks of it as 'a great work carried on with great expense to avoid the summit of Black Ven Hill or Rhode Horn. Deep cuttings on both sides of a semi-circular valley gave access to it, over which a causeway was formed; it was altogether a work on a grand scale. In the month of January, 1828, the valley sunk bodily at one end twenty feet, on the opposite side ten feet; the road was very little injured, but was bounded by a precipice on each side. A temporary sloping allows some vehicles to pass: it may, at an expense of £100, be made generally useful.' So says Roberts, and it will be seen from this that signs of the inherent constitutional weakness of the road, which caused its abandonment ninety-five years later on, were already evident within three years of its opening. The loss of this road is a real calamity to Lyme and Charmouth. It was not only the shortest and most convenient exit from Lyme on the eastern side in the direction of Dorchester, but the road itself gave and gives the most exquisite view of Lyme and the surrounding coast. The Devil's Bellows were the narrow and deep cuttings through the two horns of the semi-circle described by Roberts. The force of the wind at times through these cuttings has been known to blow over a horse and trap. The making of this road gave rise to a rumour that coaches on the main route from London to

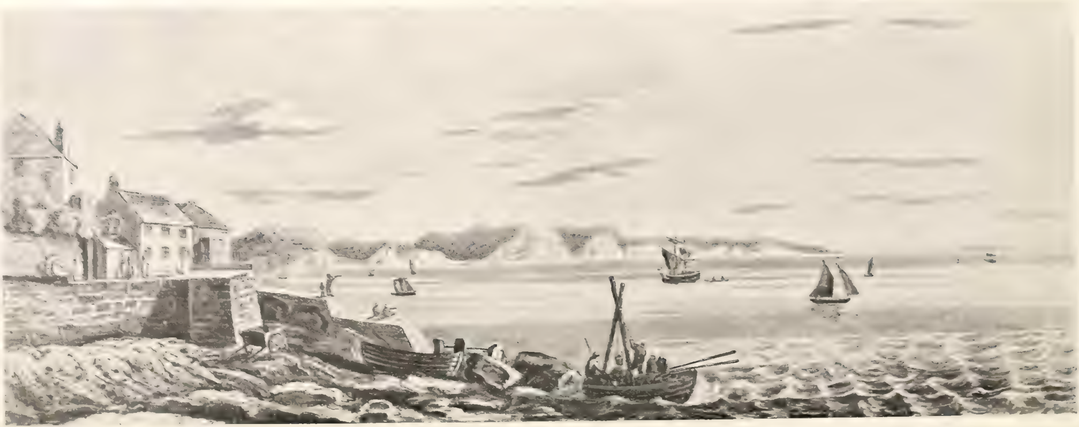
Exeter would now pass through Lyme. But the rumour came to nothing. Coaches were afraid of the long dip into Lyme and the long rise out of it, and the Tunnel Road of 1832 made coaches more anxious than ever to avoid Lyme and get on to Axminster. In 1837, soon after the new direct road from Hunter's Lodge to Uplyme down the Yawl Valley had been opened, William Pinney, then Lyme's M.P., petitioned Lord Lichfield, the Postmaster-General, that the Mails might come through Lyme, but the reply was a refusal. Lyme's steep hills and narrow streets were too great an obstacle.

All through the coaching era, therefore, travellers to Lyme changed either at Charmouth or at Axminster on the main route according as they came from North or South. A local coach to and from the Three Cups brought them on to Lyme. The only through coach to Lyme came direct from Bath, and that in the summer months alone. When the railway reached Bridport in 1858 a Lyme-Bridport horse omnibus started, leaving Lyme in the morning and returning to Lyme in the evening. This omnibus continued till August 1922, when it had to give way to the all-conquering motor. The Bellows road was repaired and widened (not for the first time) in 1839 and is marked with dots on the inset of the Plan of 1841, as though it were even then under some suspicion. It was again repaired and widened in 1852. Its last days were as follows. In August, 1916, a notice-board was put at either end to warn people that they used the road at their own risk. Reiterated and more emphatic warnings were posted up in 1921. A bad slip of the cliff near the Western cutting took place at the end of 1922. A worse slip followed at the same point in May, 1924, so that the edge of the cliff was only a few feet from the side of the road. On May 26th, 1924, the road was closed for good. But the fissures and crevasses, which are now so marked a feature of the road at its Western end, did not begin to develop till the following November. The road can now provide a mild form of steeplechasing, but for wheeled traffic has become impossible. No other road leading to Dorchester out of Lyme can equal this one for convenience, and it may be doubted whether the line of route to be followed by the new road from Penn Cross is the best that could have been chosen. But it was the best road that Lyme could get, and in this connection it is interesting to recall a suggestion made in 1830. In that year a new road into Lyme from Axminster in place of those by Rocombe or Harcombe was being discussed, and a suggestion was put forward of a road into Lyme from Penn to Colway Gate over Hole Common. The owner of the land was Henry Hoste Henley, Lord of the Manor, and he offered the land for nothing, if the road was made. But for reasons which will be apparent on a reference to pp. 154–5, the Fanes, who controlled the Lyme Turnpike Commissioners, refused the offer of their opponent, Henley. If this offer had been accepted, a great portion of the proposed new road would have been already made.

The second important new road into Lyme of the early nineteenth century was that which branches off to the right at Hunter's Lodge as you come from Axminster, and joins up with Silver Street. The portion of this new road which runs from the point where Silver Street meets Clappentail Lane to the 'Black Dog' was already in existence at the beginning of the nineteenth century; the rest was formed in 1832–33. A number of narrow lanes which meandered aimlessly from Hunter's Lodge to Uplyme were cut through, enlarged and straightened out up to the 'Black Dog' corner, and in this way the less convenient approaches to Lyme through Rocombe or Harcombe, past Waterside, were finally displaced. This road passes out of Uplyme into Lyme through the close or district of Lanchy-craft (Lanchyeron in the plan of 1841). The name is of great antiquity. Its derivation is either from the Anglo-Saxon word 'lynchet,' meaning a 'hill-terrace,' or is 'land-share.' The ledges at Worth Matravers in Dorset are called 'lanchers,' and the word is confined in use to hill slopes where there is a formation of ridges, representing either the efforts of early agriculturists or possibly the effect of glaciers. Lancherley near Wells is another local example of the same name.

The Assembly Rooms, outward symbol of Lyme's new career as a watering-place, were built on the site of the Cobham warehouses, and thereby hangs a tale which carries us back to Elizabethan Lyme. Henry Brooke, Lord Cobham, was Lord of the Manor in the days of Queen Elizabeth, and when at Lyme lived at Colway Manor House. This was towards the end of the sixteenth century. Simultaneously Sir Walter Raleigh had taken a ninety-nine years lease of Sherborne Castle, had become Lord of the Manor of Sherborne, and in 1597 was M.P. for Dorset. He also had from the Crown a licence for the import of 'sweet wines,' and for the export of woollen cloth, two privileges which made him exceedingly unpopular, but must often have brought him to Lyme on business. A letter from Raleigh to Cobham written from Sherborne in 1601 throws much light on their relations. In this letter he asked Cobham to tell him when he was going to Lyme that he might attend him there. Raleigh also invited Cobham to dine with him at Sherborne, but begged for good notice 'else my wife says that her oysters will be all spoilt and her partridges stale.' It may be noted that the letter was written on August 27th, but perhaps the discrepancy of eleven days at that time between the sun and the almanac may have put both oysters and partridges in season. A postscript to this letter is as follows, 'Bess remembers herself to your Lordship and says your breach of promise (if he does not come to dinner ?) shalt make you sorrow accordingly.' 'Bess' was Raleigh's wife, Elizabeth, daughter of Sir Nicholas Throckmorton, who was M.P. for Lyme for a few months in 1858–59, and Raleigh's early intrigue with 'Bess' caused a great rumpus in the Elizabethan Court in 1592. There was, therefore, a close local intimacy in 1601 between the owners of Sherborne Castle and Colway Manor House. Two years later, on the death of Elizabeth, Cobham and Raleigh were implicated together in the real or assumed plot for killing 'the King and his cubs' (James I. and his family) and placing Arabella Stuart on the throne. Raleigh and Cobham came under an attainder which deprived them of their manors and of their property and lodged them in the Tower. Raleigh, after the fatal expedition to Guiana, was executed in 1618; Cobham died the following year. The Henley family eventually succeeded to the Lordship of the Manor of Lyme, the Digby family to that of Sherborne.

Both before the days of Cobham as Lord of the Manor, and for nearly two centuries after his death, the Cobham warehouses were let from time to time to a succession of Lyme merchants. The south-east corner of them from about 1690 was also a coffee-house, in imitation of similar places of social resort which had been started in London about 1650, and our coffee-house had a licence. About 1770, Thomas Hollis, the eighteenth century benefactor of Lyme (of whom some account is given below), was



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Lyme Regis Dorset. from the Terrace looking N. E.

Published 1819 by M. [illegible] Lyme Dorset a frequent visitor to the town, and he conceived the generous idea of buying the Cobham warehouses from the Lord of the Manor and presenting them to the Corporation. This he did in 1773 'from the respect which he professeth to the said Mayor and Burgesses and inhabitants of the said Burough.' The then Lord of the Manor was Henry Cornish Henley and he is described in the deed of sale as 'of Sandringham'. This is the same place in Norfolk as was bought in 1861 for the Prince of Wales who became Edward VII., and the connection between the Henleys and Sandringham came about in this way. The Hoostes of Bruges came to England from the Low Countries in 1569 during the Alva persecutions. The Hoostes were naturalised in England, they succeeded here in business and they bought the Manor of Sandringham. The last owner of this family, James Hoste, had an only daughter who married Cornish Henley of Leigh House, Somerset, in 1752. This was the Henley who sold the Assembly Rooms to Thomas Hollis, and this history of Sandringham explains the name Hoste of the succeeding Henley, and throws some light on the Whiggish, if not Radical, politics of the family until the death of Henry Hoste Henley in 1834, when Sandringham was sold.

In January, 1774, Hollis died suddenly, and in October, 1775, the Corporation granted to certain residents of Lyme a lease of the Cobham Warehouses, with the adjoining Walk so far as the Alcove, for ninety-nine years at a rental of £5 a year. These residents became the first proprietors of the Assembly Rooms, and in this way the Rooms were started. Hollis, no doubt, would have approved of the Rooms, and, if he had lived, would have been one of the original proprietors; but what he would have thought of the cinema, for which, as successor to the

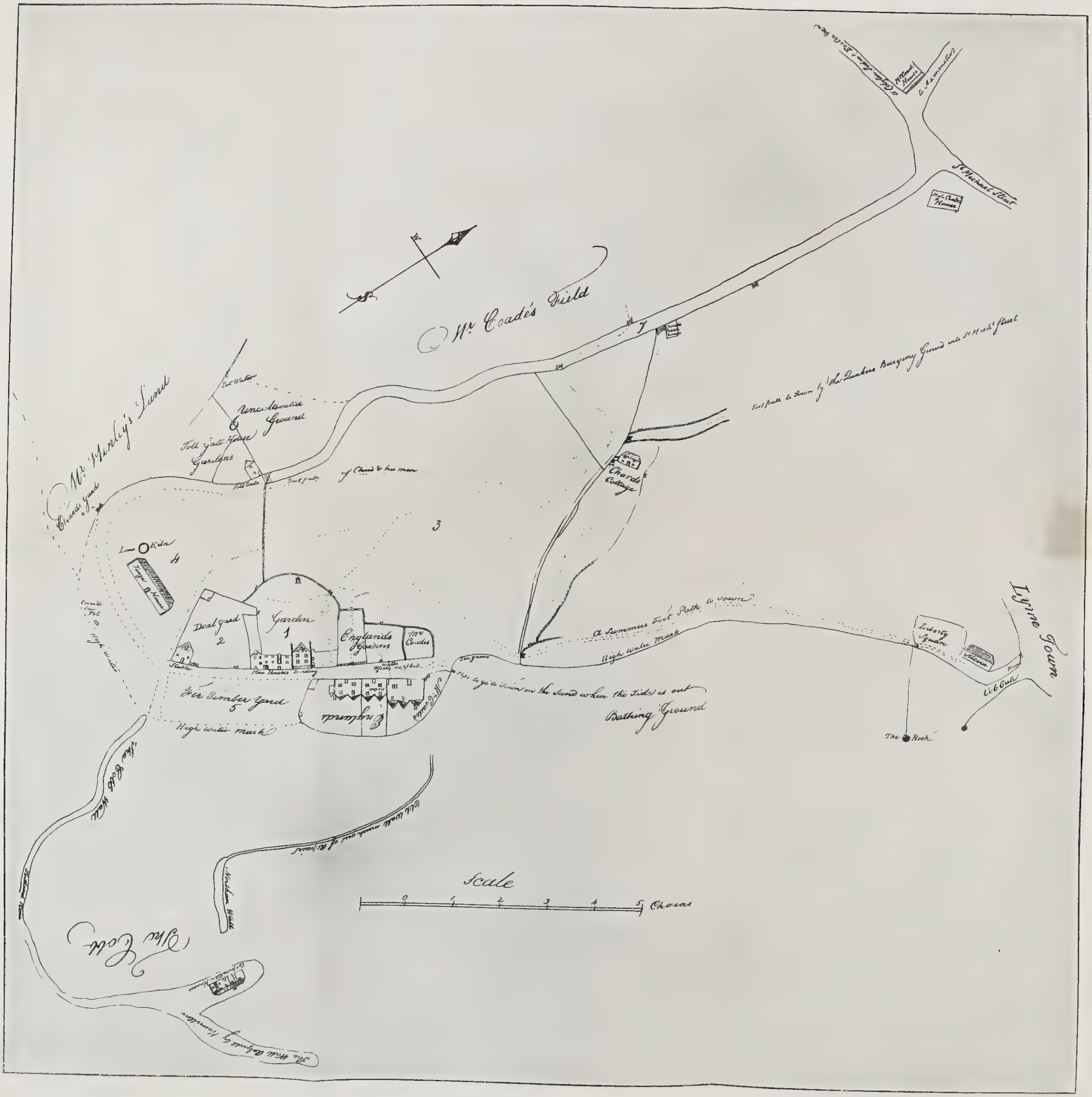
Rooms, he must accept some posthumous responsibility, is another matter.

A hundred years ago every well-ordered seaside place had close together its Hotel, its Assembly Rooms, and its Baths or Bathing-machines. Lyme Regis was no exception to the rule. Close to Cobb Gate, at the point where the town lies nearest to the sea, were the hotel (the Three Cups), the Assembly Rooms, the bathing machines (one only, at first, belonging to the hotel), and, a little more to the east, but in close proximity, Jefferd's Baths (see plan). These baths, into which water was pumped from the sea, were first started in 1805 as Davie's Baths, and included a reading-room. At one time much offence was caused to the proprieties of Lyme Regis by a leaden Mercury (presumably undraped) which decorated the front of the building. Mercury in consequence was banished to a more obscure corner, and at last perished appropriately in the flames which burnt Jefferd's Baths down in 1867. The disappearance of the Assembly Rooms is to be regretted, but such Rooms have vanished everywhere else as well. The building where the Rooms once held sway has changed its nature and is now constantly adorned by posters of a high colour and less exalted veracity. From the windows of the Rooms on the south side was one of the most beautiful of views either east or west, and that on the west was unsullied as yet by the lines of two tall chimneys. On the south side as well was an exit on to a terrace from which access was easy either into the town on the one hand, or by steps to the beach on the other. From the latter point, too, what was known as 'the Walk' could be taken in the direction of the Cobb.

The Cobham Warehouses have gone. The Assembly Rooms also have passed away, and a chapter might be written on the decay of them and their like in England. Such rooms once had a great vogue at all seaside places. Those at Lyme Regis were very popular, and undoubtedly justified their existence. The annual subscription was only 15*s.* 6*d.*; ladies were admitted: there were cards, billiards, dancing, light refreshments always, and the newspapers. There were certain fixed dates for balls, one of which (after 1815) was always the 18th of June. There was no Arbiter Elegantiarum or Master of the Ceremonies. If there had been, let us hope that Lyme Regis would have produced better specimens than the Angelo Cyrus Bantam, Esq., of *Pickwick*, or the Mr. Felix Hoppy of *Little Pedlington.* To all intents and purposes the Assembly Rooms were a club. In a town like Lyme they would have been a general place of meeting for residents or visitors (including even such grave personages as Buckland and de la Beche) at any time, with this additional advantage, that the rooms might always be hired for dances or other entertainments. These Assembly Rooms throughout England have all perished. Why? Are we less gregarious? Are we fonder of our homes? or did the greater extension of newspapers start it?

Newspapers probably had a great deal to do with bringing on the change. There is an excess of newspapers to-day, but a century ago they were more scarce, more expensive, later, and more uncertain in arriving. Consequently they were more sought after, more valued, and better read. They alone were a sufficient attraction to draw every one to the Rooms as a mart of news, and the other attractions would follow. The newspaper to-day is no longer a luxury. Sometimes it can hardly be distinguished from a nuisance. The multiplicity of them has certainly decreased their value, and, now that broadcasting has been added to other human ills, it may be said that the news comes not in one shape but in many to each man's house with his daily food. Even if the Rooms existed, they would no longer be a mart of news. The mart of news nowadays is at home.

The evolution of the 'Marine Parade' or Walk is interesting. The general promenade of the town in Monmouth's year, for centuries before and for more than a century after that date, was along the edge of fields to the south and east of the Church. Even so late as 1844 a Dorset paper, referring to a recent collapse of the Church Cliffs, speaks of them as 'this pleasant and favourite promenade.' While Lyme was growing into a watering-place, this promenade was slowly but surely vanishing and some new Walk by the sea became essential. The word 'Walk' recalls the fact that in Monmouth's year there was another place known generally as the 'Walk,' which was neither on the Church Cliffs nor on the sea-front. It was not so much a general promenade for idle people as a thoroughfare and rendezvous for business men in the town—in fact, Lyme's Rialto. This 'Walk' was the opening between the Customs House and the Pilot Boat Inn (see Nos. 10 and 13 on the plan of 1841). It was here that the Dutch war of 1672 was proclaimed, and this point was then described as 'the public place of this town.' It was here too that Monmouth's Declaration was read. The actual 'Walk' ran from this point along the West bank of the river upstream, and there is a record of some brawl here in the sixteenth century between the Mayor and another citizen who had broken a regulation about the wearing of arms. Again, in 1611 it was here that John Hassard, 'seven times Mayor,' told the then Mayor, John Rose, that he had 'spoken untruly' on a certain

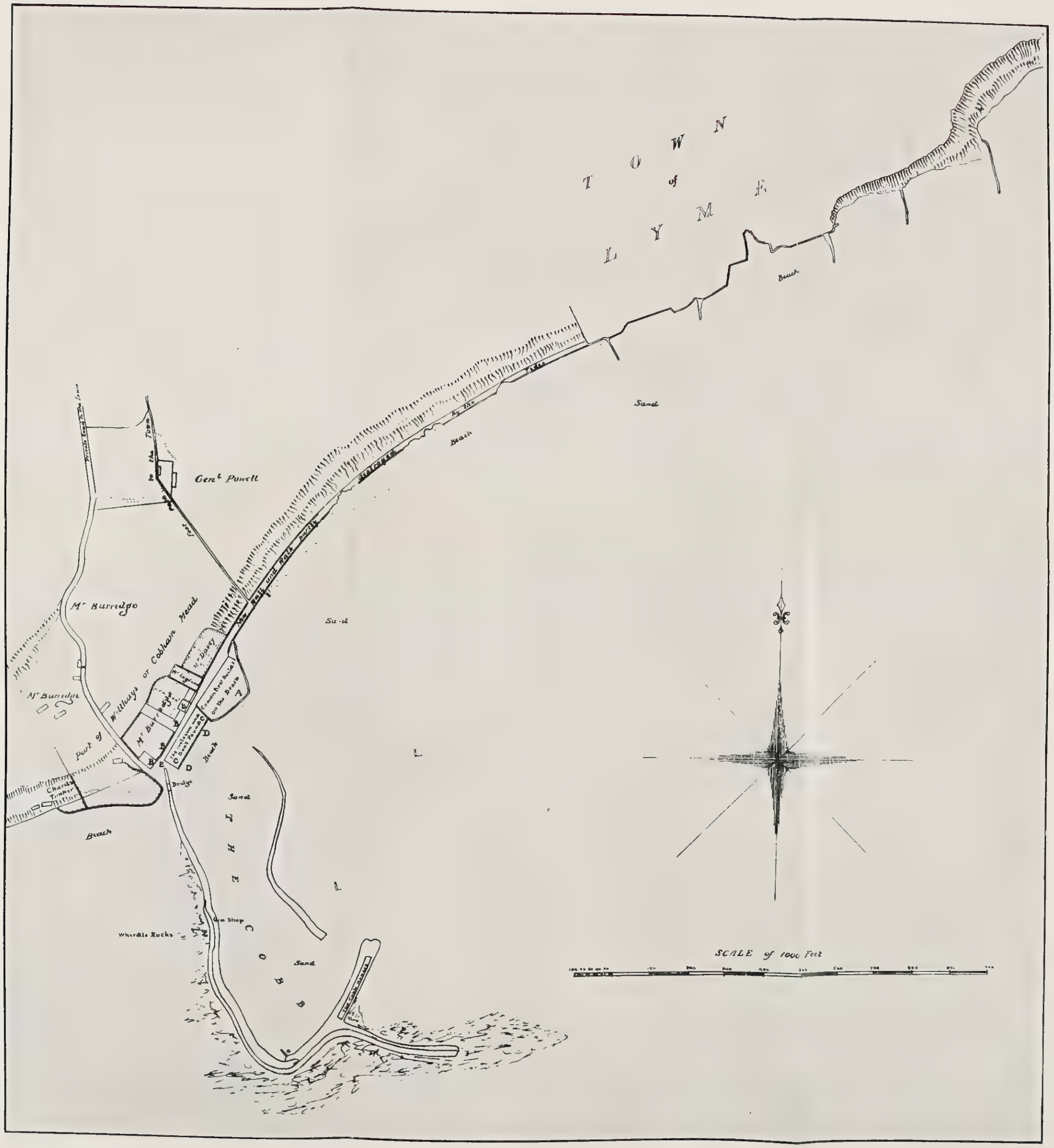


THE WALK AND COBB ABOUT 1796.

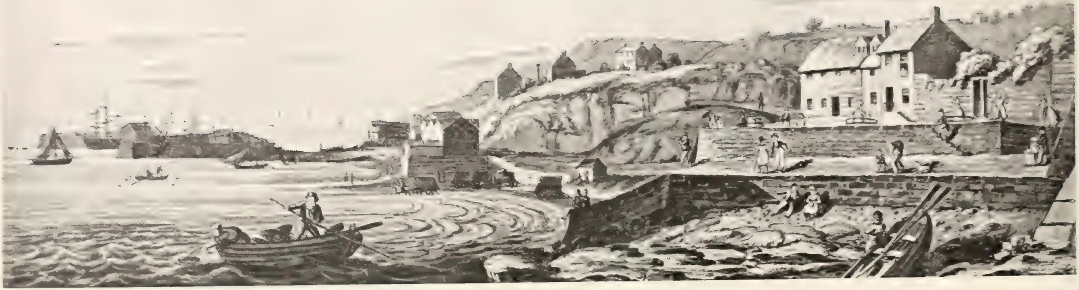
subject, for which remark he apologised subsequently before the Borough Council. This Walk seems to have had a right-of-way across the river by the bridge in the lower garden of Temple House. The bridge led straight into Coombe Street almost opposite George's Court. Complaint was made in a Blue Book of 1835, at the time of the Municipal Reform Act of that year, that this real or assumed right-of-way had been stopped by the Fanite Corporation, and the extreme narrowness of Bridge Street thereby intensified. Whatever the rights or wrongs of this dispute were, the fact remains that this sixteenth and seventeenth century 'Walk' no longer exists and that the Church Cliffs of Monmouth's time have also vanished. When therefore Lyme developed into a watering-place, some promenade, some new 'Walk,' preferably by the sea, became essential.

In early days the only way of walking from Cobb Gate to the Cobb was by the beach, when the tide was not too high. This was the route taken to the place of execution, west of the Cobb, by the victims of Judge Jeffreys who were hanged after the Monmouth business. Jane Austen and her friends in 1804 walked home to their lodgings at the Cobb end of the town after a ball at the rooms along the beach. The Princess Victoria, when she came to Lyme in 1833, drove along the beach from Cobb Gate to the Cobb, and at that time there was a short slipway for vehicles down on to the sands from Cobb Gate. The drawing of the sea-front as it was in 1796 marks the beach as the road 'to go to the town when the tide is out.' Drayton, in his survey of town properties in 1824, is more specific. He writes these words across the beach, 'Road to Cobb on the sands when the water is sufficiently fallen to enable horses and carriages to pass the rock.' This rock (noted on the drawing of 1796) was at the end of a groin running out on to the beach 130 yards west of Cobb Gate. But this was no 'Walk' in the sense required by a rising seaside place, and something more was necessary. From the start there was a walk to the fort which stood 100 yards west of Cobb Gate, and many attempts to extend this walk to the Cobb were made from 1800 onwards, because the 'summer's footpath to the town' of the 1796 drawing was presented as dangerous by a Court Leet Jury in 1809. At first then the higher part of the beach was levelled for walking, but, as may be easily imagined, what man had levelled with so much care the sea soon upset. A more ambitious effort was made about 1811. £2500 was raised by subscription to construct a walk a little above the beach, with a small containing wall. The writer of a guide-book of 1811 says with pride: 'The principal walk at Lyme Regis has been much improved, being now completely separated from the spray of the sea by a new breakwater.' Alas! this 'breakwater' was soon broken. The sea played havoc with it that same winter, as is clearly shown in the drawing of the sea-front in 1813. After this a new walk, 'neatly gravelled,' was made at a rather higher level, and bounded by a terrace built inside the ruins of the old wall. This terrace-walk served its purpose for a considerable time, and eventually grew into the present Marine Parade about 1826.

The Cruikshank-Marryat prints of 1819 show the Walk extending as far as the present No. 8 Marine Parade. The first house west of that, Argyle House, was built in 1833 for Baths, which were known as England's Baths. In 1839 the Marine Circulating Library gave its name to what is still called Library Cottage, but until the twentieth century there were



THE WALK AND COBB IN 1813.

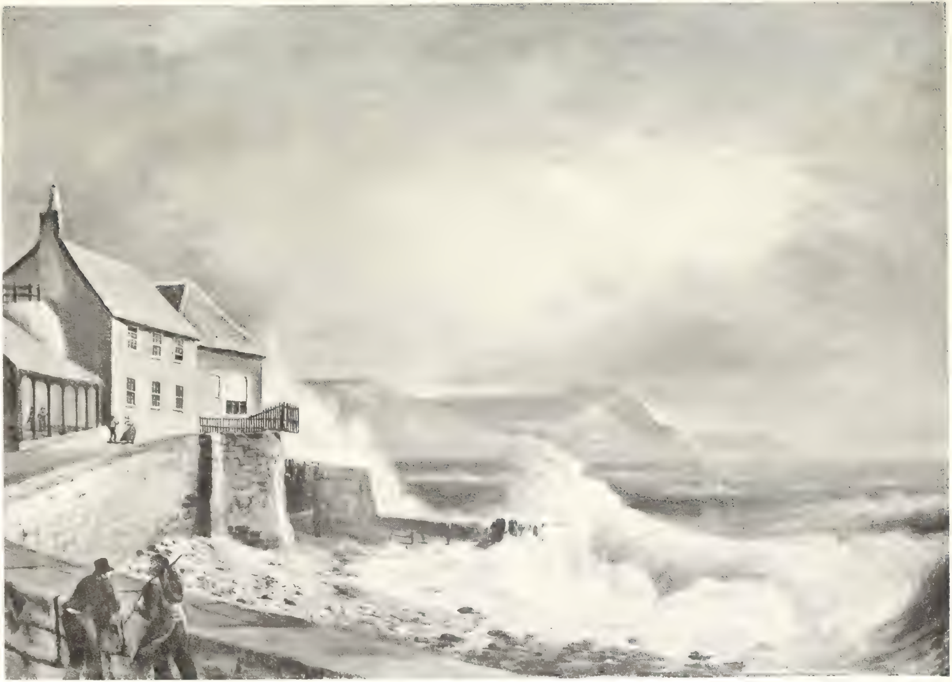


Lyme Regis, from the Terrace, looking S.W.

Published 1819 by M Hutchings Lyme Dorset no other buildings west of this point, for Sundial House did not come till 1903 and the Bay Hotel till 1924. There are, however, two other earlier place-names to notice before we leave the original Walk and both are marked on the drawing of 1796. The first is the Alcove. This was once, and even before the days of the Assembly Rooms, a glazed-in recess where couples danced in the summer. It has been already noted that the lease granted by the Corporation to the Assembly Rooms in 1775 included a lease of the Alcove. From that time its days as a dancing saloon were probably numbered. The Assembly Rooms gave balls and the Alcove was not wanted. It seems after this to have degenerated into a place for the storage of boats and coals, and ultimately gave its name to the cottage of to-day. As a cottage it appears in Dunster's print. The other early place-name to be noted is Liberty Square. It appears in a rating list of 1814, but its origin is quite uncertain. The name seems to have been given to some of the space occupied by part of the gardens at the backs of the houses on the south side of the lower end of Broad Street A large area is shown here as open in the Dunster print, but in the eighteen-fifties the white-brick house, currently known as 'Osborne's' but officially as '4-6 Marine Parade,' took up a portion of this area and Sunnybank has occupied most of the rest since the eighteen-seventies. Liberty Square, bounded on the south by twenty-five yards of wall and tamarisk hedge, is still at liberty and of about the same size as it appears on the drawing of the Walk dated 1796.

As the 'Walk' grew westward and became established after 1826, it also grew out of this simple, historic, and appropriate name. The Dunster print first christens it tentatively the

'Marine Parade,' and a writer of 1849 talks of it as the 'Esplanade.' But residents, even up to the end of the nineteenth century, were always content to speak of it simply as the 'Walk.' Why are sea side places supposed to have this itch for the grandiose? Surely Lyme Regis may be held exempt from any need for meretricious titles. We continue along the Walk from the Bay Hotel and have on our right a concrete parapet wall in alternate buttresses and embrasures which was put up to support the Cliff in 1903. The previous year had witnessed a slipping of the Cliff in the true Dorset manner, and this slipping brought down tons of surface soil on to the Walk in a continuous stream. The hand of man was entirely responsible for this avalanche because of some building operations which were being started by a rash and ambitious landowner above. The parapet was intended to act as a containing wall for the building scheme, but subsequently all operations were abandoned. Ten years later the same area, happily for Lyme, became the Langmoor Gardens, the bequest to the town of James Moly of Langmoor, Charmouth, who died in 1910, having been devoted to this purpose. The recrudescence of a similar avalanche of surface soil in one continuous stream over the parapet, into the new shelter or on to the Walk in 1926, seems to have been due to the replacing of the 1902 avalanche above, to time, to weather and to the peculiar formation of the cliffs of Dorset. The much-discussed shelter of 1924 is now an additional support to the concrete wall or a recipient of streams of dirt, as the case may be. The front of the Cliff House property, which next we pass, has suffered from continual falls in the same way, and the cottage where Jane Austen lodged (no longer standing alone) shows a greater variation from the perpendicular every year.



THE ROOMS AND BELL CLIFF IN 1814

THE ORIGINAL “

"INE PARADE."

We are now at the Cobb end of Lyme, but before leaving the Walk a word must be said on the history of the cart track running below and parallel to it. When Victoria came to Lyme in 1833 the only cart track was the beach at certain states of the tide and on to the beach was a slipway from Cobb Gate. In the following year the Corporation made a cart track, but how far it extended is uncertain. Storms from time to time, especially those of the winter of 1852–53, broke up much of this work and another cart track was started in 1859. This extended to within 200 yards of Bay Cottage, and there stayed. The cart track of course has always been a buttress to secure the Walk from the violence of the sea, and the recent collapse of that portion of the Walk which is opposite Cliff House gave rise to a project for extending the cart track westwards, which is now in suspense.

The Cobb shared in the changes that were taking place at Lyme after 1750. In 1756 the causeway from the western arm of the Cobb, which joins it to the land, was made. As a result of this construction, and the action of sea and tide, a huge bank of sand and shingle began to form in the angle between the new causeway and the mainland. For the first time in its history, Lyme was recovering some land from the sea. On this reclaimed land one of the Coades (a commercial family of note in eighteenth century Lyme) got permission from the Corporation to build houses. This Coade also seems to have begun what is now called the Cobb Road, but at that time was known as Coade's Road, and later on as the New Road for nearly seventy years after 1832, when it was first thrown open to the public. At what date exactly the houses were built is not certain, but they are on the drawing of the sea-front which is dated 1796.

and they consequently were there when Jane Austen came to Lyme in 1804. In fact the one in which she placed the Harville family was built on this reclaimed land. Close to the warehouses on the Cobb had once been the 'King's Pipe,' the place, that is to say, where spoilt contraband tobacco seized from smugglers by revenue officials was burnt. The palmy days of smuggling were during the period of high duties forced on us by the French Revolutionary Wars. Cargoes of contraband to the Dorset coast were generally run from the Channel Islands or the Northern Coast of France. If the George Inn still maintained its stables, its pack-horses may frequently have been employed at this time to carry smuggled goods inland. The smugglers were good employers and paid well. In 1830, Lyme, after much solicitation to that end, was made a bonding-port: a port where dutiable articles could be received in bond. About the same time John Drayton built 'Bonding-yards' for the reception of his foreign timber (which paid a duty before 1846) at the corner of the New (Cobb) Road and the 'Walk,' as shown in the plan of 1841. The Bonding-yards are there to this day. Drayton, Mayor of Lyme Regis in 1839, was a townsman of considerable position. He lived in what was then called the Great House under which he stored his imports of foreign wines, and his name figures there in the 1841 Plan as well. There were other and more distinguished occupants of the same house before his time, and on or near the site of it was the Leper Hospital of mediaeval times. The Leper's Well (Miss Mitford's 'grotto, overarching a cool sparkling spring') can still be seen from the path below that runs alongside the river. The more distinguished tenants of the Great House will be dealt with anon, but Drayton too was not without a distinction of his own. He died in 1853,

THE WRECK OF THE "UNITY."
1824.

and, subject to the prior claim in Roberts' opinion of John Coade (Mayor in 1779-80) to this title, Drayton was really and truly the last of a long line of wholesale traders at Lyme. He was a shipowner, a banker, and an importer of wines and foreign timber. His mere name emphasizes the decadence of Lyme as a port since the middle of the last century. No one would expect to find any wholesale merchant doing business in the Lyme of the present day.

It was during this period, but before the erection of the 'Bonding-yards,' that the Cobb suffered severely from one of the worst storms ever known. This was the celebrated hurricane of November 22nd, 1824, which swept across the North of Europe from South-West to North-East, and in England principally affected the Southern coasts. At Lyme a gale of extreme violence coincided with a very high tide. Visitors to the Swannery at Abbotsbury will remember the flood-mark of 22 feet 8 inches on this same day recorded on a pole of that height just outside the entrance. Such a visible reminder enables one to appreciate what the effect of this tide must have been on a town like Lyme Regis, which almost dips its feet in the sea. This is what happened in brief. A breach was made in the South wall of the Cobb, of which 90 yards were destroyed, all the shipping in the harbour was swept out of it, and such of the houses near the Cobb as were not wrecked were swamped. An improvement in the style of Cobb construction and a better class of work have minimised the risk of damage from storms in recent years; but it was not without reason that Holinshed in the sixteenth century styled the Cobb 'a costly jetty.' It has been subject to damage from storms for hundreds of years, but until well on in the nineteenth century Government always took its share—generally the lion's share—in meeting the cost of exceptional repairs, and these special votes were in addition to a small annual grant which had gone on for centuries, but ended with the great Reform year of 1832. For instance, in this storm of 1824, and in the two previous severe storms of 1819 and 1794, the Government grant on each occasion was about £10,000.

A well-hidden plate is fixed up in an alcove or embrasure (happy word!) on the inside of the western parapet of the Cobb. This alcove was once both popularly and officially known as the 'Gin Shop,' and the fact that one side of it is still provided with hinges may give some clue to the value and character of the articles once deposited within it. The plate in this alcove records the cost of the repairs after 1824 with a meticulous accuracy worthy of the late President Kruger. It was £17,337 0*s.* 9¼*d.* The amounts previously voted for the work had been £13,000 by the House of Commons and £6,000 by the Lyme Corporation. Thus, even after reckoning the uttermost farthing of expense, there was a saving of nearly £1,600 on the original estimate. The work so ably done on this occasion was carried out under the superintendence of Colonel Edward Fanshawe of the Royal Engineers. The reconstruction took many months and the Cobb was not ready to face bad weather again till November, 1826. At about the same date the complete Walk from Cobb Gate to the Cobb came into use.

It is in connection with this same gale of November, 1824, as it occurred not at Lyme Regis but at the neighbouring town of Sidmouth, that Sydney Smith either saw or invented Mrs. Partington and her mop. The speech into which he brought this allusion was one delivered at Taunton in October, 1831, just after the House of Lords had thrown out the first Reform Bill. Sydney Smith said: 'As for the possibility of the House of Lords preventing for long a reform of Parliament, I take it to be the most absurd notion that ever entered into the human imagination. I do not mean to be disrespectful, but the attempt of the Lords to stop the progress of Reform reminds me very forcibly of the great storm at Sidmouth, and of the conduct of the excellent Mrs. Partington on that occasion. In the winter of 1824 there set in a great flood upon that town, the tide rose to an incredible height, the waves rushed in upon the houses, and everything was threatened with destruction. In the midst of this sublime and terrible storm, Dame Partington, who lived upon the beach, was seen at the door of her house with mop and pattens, trundling her mop, squeezing out the sea-water, and vigorously pushing away the Atlantic. The Atlantic was roused, Mrs. Partington's spirit was up; but I need not tell you the contest was unequal. The Atlantic Ocean beat Mrs. Partington. She was excellent at a slop or a puddle, but she should not have meddled with a tempest. Gentlemen, be at your ease. Be quiet and steady. You will beat Mrs. Partington.' The Partington storm laid waste the Cobb, but enriched our language with a new and delightful simile.

The flood of November, 1824, is the most serious recorded of those which have befallen Lyme Regis from the sea. Floods on the landward side have probably been more scarce, but the Whit-Sunday of 1890 will not be easily forgotten. A cloudburst descended on Lyme in the evening that day in the shape of a brief but terrific thunderstorm, and, although rain actually fell for little more than an hour, 3·70 inches were registered for the day. The first symptoms of coming trouble began about three o'clock in the afternoon with some rain and thunder. Then there was a prolonged lull, followed by torrents of rain and hail from 6.30 to 7.30 p.m. The storm remained stationary over Lyme and Uplyme, and at a distance of two or three miles inland all was clear. Enormous damage was done in the lower parts of the town and, at one point by the Lynch, the water rose fifteen feet. Fortunately the flood had a clean run off into the sea, because the tide was low. Horn Bridge was uninjured, but a deep gulley was driven through the roadway. The parapets of Gosling Bridge were destroyed. Wooden bridges were swept away. The Whit-Monday Bank Holiday was a beautiful day, and those engaged in collecting wreckage and repairing damage had a large crowd of onlookers from the country-side to hinder them or to watch them in their operations. The heavy thunderstorm, or series of thunderstorms, which raged over Lyme and its neighbourhood in the early morning of July 18th, 1926, will be fresh in the minds of all. On this occasion the rainfall amounted to three and a half inches in eight hours. There was also much hail, many of the hailstones being one inch in diameter.

If the sea gave up its dead, how great would be the toll of human life, life of all ages and of many nations, shown to have been taken by that part of the coast which stretches from Lyme Regis to the Bill of Portland and includes the once dreaded Deadman's Bay. Lyme is not on the Chesil bank, but that terror to all seamen in the old days of sailing ships is close at hand. Any vessel caught in a South-West gale which failed to double Portland Bill when going up-channel inevitably drove on shore and as inevitably was broken up. Isaac Taylor's beautifully engraved map of Dorset, dated 1765, shows all along the Chesil bank points where vessels had recently foundered and the names of the vessels are given. One disaster later on in January, 1786, that of the *Halsewell*, East Indiaman, when 386 lives were lost, is quoted in a petition of the Lyme Corporation to the House of Commons. The *Halsewell* was of 758 tons burthen and the petition asked that the principal wall of the Cobb might be extended 200 feet further out, so as to be able to afford shelter to ships of this size in bad weather. This wreck excited universal attention and the loss of life evoked much popular sympathy, otherwise there seems no reason why the *Halsewell* should have been mentioned in the Lyme Regis petition at all. The vessel was not lost on the Chesil bank, but off Seacombe Cliff on the Isle of Purbeck. She was outward bound, but had turned and was trying to regain Portsmouth in order to repair some damage to her masts.

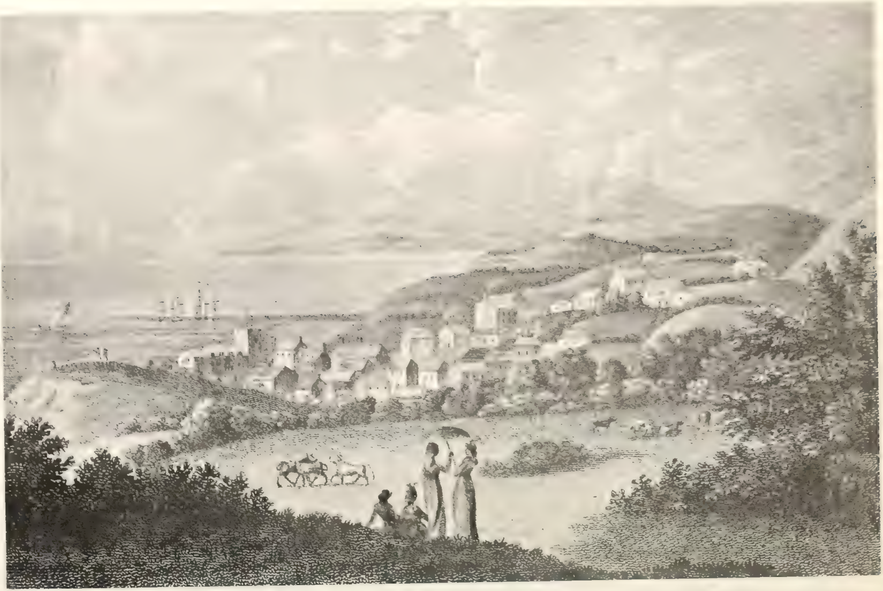
The loss of the *Halsewell* was an exceptionally notable disaster, but most wrecks of sailing vessels, in days before the ubiquitous and omniscient journalist had come into our lives, went unreported, and we must rely on more recent years for any record of those directly affecting Lyme. There is in the churchyard an inconspicuous tombstone which records that those who manned a French smack, the *Anguine* or *Angeline* or *Angelina*, lie buried there. The name of the vessel is doubtful, and *Angelique* is more distinctly French than any other given. This French smack of eighty tons was driven on shore in a south-westerly gale at Charton Bay between the Whitlands and Dowlands landslips, about eight miles west of Lyme, on January 1st, 1851. All on board perished. The inquest and funeral were held at Lyme, and the four bodies recovered were buried in the churchyard. The year 1852 ended and the year 1853 began with a series of tremendous south-west gales, and in one of these on the 27th December, 1852, occurred the wreck of the *Heroine*. She was a vessel carrying thirty passengers of the poorer class bound for the new gold diggings in Australia, and got into difficulties near Beer Head. The crew and passengers, when all hope of saving the ship had been abandoned, took to the boats and rowed to Lyme, which ultimately they reached in safety. Meanwhile a tragedy had been enacted at Lyme itself. A boat with five courageous volunteers on board put out from the Cobb to go to the rescue of the *Heroine*. At the very moment of leaving the Cobb the boat overturned and four of the five men were drowned in sight of all the town. All four bodies were recovered and taken to the Pilot Boat Inn. The tragic fate of these would-be rescuers and the useless waste of valiant lives cast a deep gloom over the town, and for a time quite drove the original cause of the disaster from the thoughts of all. But the arrival later on, after immense difficulties and dangers, of thirty-eight shipwrecked people (the full complement of the *Heroine*) diverted attention into other channels, and when it was found that most of the sufferers were not only shipwrecked but destitute, Lyme Regis, under the lead of Dr. Hodges, showed its sympathy for people in distress in the most practical manner possible, and the victims of this wreck were lodged at the Pilot Boat Inn. The *Heroine* herself, drifting past Lyme, sank three or four miles out, nearly opposite the town, in thirteen fathoms of water. Divers came to salve the cargo and were an object of interest to visitors in the summer of 1853. In the days when Lyme vessels were most active, long before the nineteenth century, the lives of those who went down to the sea in ships were neither safe nor comfortable. The premium on a Lloyd's Policy in the seventeenth century might have been anything from ten to twenty-five per cent. of total value, a premium in many cases hardly worth paying. To-day, the risks of sea-travel are almost negligible and Marine Insurance has come down to a few shillings per cent. Steam-power, steel ships and the Suez Canal wrought the revolution in the nineteenth century ; wireless and the Panama Canal have confirmed it in the twentieth century.

The above wrecks, and probably many others which went unnoticed in less vocal times than ours, were the acts of God. The most recent disaster of all, that of January 1st, 1915, was due to the King's enemies. It was then that the town, as a community, came face to face once more with what war really means. Many and grievous were the losses, as the parish church can testify, which individuals had to bear at Lyme Regis as elsewhere in the four years of horror from 1914 to 1918, but the wreck of the *Formidable* brought the war home to all at Lyme. During the previous night, that of December 31st, and throughout New Year's Day, a fifty mile-an-hour gale had been raging with heavy rain, but towards evening the wind shifted and moderated. The sky cleared partly and then there was a fitful moon. Shortly after 10.30 p.m. Mr. W. J. Harding, a well-known resident, and his wife and daughter were coming home from the Cobb along the Walk. As they emerged from the shelter of the Cobb houses, Miss Harding thought she saw a boat some distance out at sea. That this should be the case after such a storm and at such a time seemed in the highest degree improbable. Some object, however, was certainly there and that object appeared to be slowly approaching land. Just before coming to the East end of the Walk, Mr. Harding shouted to the supposed boat, but could get, or could hear, no answer in return. On reaching Bell Cliff he and Miss Harding climbed up there to get a clearer view and distinctly saw the boat, but the nationality of its crew was still in doubt. The next step was to raise an alarm. Fortunately in the street just below a police officer was stationed. He whistled for others of the force and in a few moments such men as could be collected without delay hurried to the beach with a rope. The tide had been some three or four hours on the ebb, but the boat was now closer in and soon grounded at a little distance west of the groin which runs out into the sea opposite the Cobb Gate. The boat was full of men, and Englishmen, and was one of the two pinnaces which got clear of the *Formidable* when that battleship was torpedoed in the Channel, thirty miles out from Lyme, during the gale in the early morning of January 1st, 1915. The pinnace had started from the sinking ship with twelve oars but without a rudder. Before long many of the oars had been smashed by the violence of the sea, and towards the end the chief means of progress was a blanket held aloft on a mop-pole. For the continued baling of the boat, boots and a coat held tight between two or three men were used. Seventy-one men started alive in the boat on its terrible journey which lasted from 2 a.m. to 11 p.m. on New Year's Day. Thus these men, roused hurriedly from their bunks and insufficiently clad, were at sea in an open boat for twenty-one consecutive hours without nourishment of any sort, exposed to cold, wind and rain, the boat being half full of water most of the time.

It was largely due to the indomitable pluck and cheeriness of two of their number, which gave heart and courage to the rest, that so many survived at all. One of these men was the chief petty officer on board, the other—an able-bodied seaman—was, it is perhaps needless to say, an Irishman. The first fourteen men who succumbed were thrown overboard to lighten the boat. Of the remaining fifty-seven men, six were found dead in the boat when it arrived at Lyme and three more expired on the beach just afterwards. This left forty-eight men to be dealt with, all, or nearly all, of whom were in the last stages of exhaustion, and every one of these men was saved. When the nine dead bodies had been removed to the Cinema to await to-morrow's inquest, all help was concentrated on the forty-eight men still alive. The scene now shifted, as in 1852, to the Pilot Boat Inn. There were very few of the survivors who still had the use of their legs, so that the majority were lifted across the beach, from there up on to the Walk, and then carried through Cobb Gate to the Inn. This Inn now became the immediate centre of all relief work, but news of the disaster had spread and help was offering on all hands. Warm blankets, warm food and warm clothes did not lack, and doctors were ready to deal with the cases (and there were many) where nourishment could be administered only by artificial means. One man, in fact, did not recover consciousness till 5 o'clock on the following morning. As the men slowly revived, they were drafted out from the overcrowded Pilot Boat Inn into other houses, where they were welcome guests, and there their cures, so happily begun, were soon complete. Three of the dead men were removed for burial to their own homes, but the funeral of the other six took place five days later at Lyme Regis. The Bishop of Salisbury officiated, the parish church was as full as it could hold, and all the approaches to the church were crowded. As the six coffins passed up Church Street later on to the

Cemetery, an onlooker might well have considered not only the sadness but the strangeness of the event. Lyme has a maritime history stretching far back into the past, but the first recorded burial in the town of British seamen killed by a foreign foe in the English Channel has been reserved for the twentieth century. The six graves lie together on the western boundary of the Cemetery. The *Formidable* was a pre-Dreadnought (1901) battleship of 15,000 tons. The number of men on her when she was struck was 750, of whom 205 were saved. Lyme Regis accounted for 48 of these, and 71 in another pinnace were picked up by a Brixham trawler about noon on January 1st, taken into Brixham and all saved. The other 86 men were rescued by a light cruiser.

But we must come back to the Lyme of 1775, when our town had opened its arms and was ready to receive visitors. Visitors from now were to become Lyme's staple source of profit, but her attitude towards visitors had been very different in previous centuries. In 1536 Henry VIII. issued an order that not more than twenty strangers were to land at Lyme Regis at one time, and in 1687 two men were presented to a Court Leet Jury for coming with their families to live at Lyme. Other orders of the same century are directed against 'incomers' and 'foreigners,' the words being, of course, synonymous. But all this hereafter was to be changed. As has already been suggested, the first visitors to the town as a watering-place probably came from Bath. Bath was the only town which had a direct service of coaches running into Lyme, and Bath, socially speaking, was the most important centre in England outside London during the eighteenth century. Moreover all good things came from Bath in those days, and many do so, at least in name, even now.



Engraved by J. Walker from an original drawing by J. Nixon Esqr.

Published March 1st 1796 by J. Walker No. 10 Rosomans Street London

LIME - REGIS.

Think only of the Bath Chair, Bath Stone, the Bath Bun and the Bath Chap, most succulent morsel of the pig. Before long Bath was to send to Lyme Regis (and other seaside places) the Bathing Machine, that antiquated and unwieldy compendium of discomfort. The inventor of the bathing machine is said to have been one Benjamin Beale, a quaker of Margate, but the man who gave the first impetus to its use came from Bath. This was Ralph Allen, the 'Man of Bath' *par excellence*, Patron of Bath, Mæcenas of Bath and the 'Squire Allworthy' of Fielding's *Tom Jones*. Ralph Allen's resort was not Lyme Regis, but Weymouth, the favourite seaside place of George III. as well, and Ralph Allen 'discovered' Weymouth in 1763, whereas George III. did not go there till 1789. This mention of George III. and sea-bathing recalls Madame D'Arblay's description in her 'Diary' of what happened on the beach at Weymouth in 1789, one of the really amusing passages in a rather dull book. The King entered the water, and 'think but of the surprise of His Majesty when, the first time of his bathing he had no sooner popped his royal head under water than a band of music, concealed in a neighbouring machine, struck up "God save great George, our King."' The passage is worth reading again, not only for this incident, but for that of the Mayor's difficulty with his wooden leg when he presented an address as the royal party came out of their machines. The terrors of a sea-bath for royalty in those days were certainly formidable.

In 1791 Fanny Burney, who had not yet become Madame d'Arblay, escaped from her five years of drudgery at the Court of George III. She went off for a holiday into the West and stayed one night at Lyme. She was in ecstasies over the approach to our town, but added 'Lyme, however, brought me to myself: for the part of the sea, where we fixed our abode, was so dirty and fishy that I rejoiced when we left it.' The girlish creator of the priceless 'Early Diary' (1760-78) and of the delightful 'Evelina' (1778) had come to be over-nice. Perhaps it was this growing 'preciosity' and affectation that made each of her other books in succession less readable than the previous one.

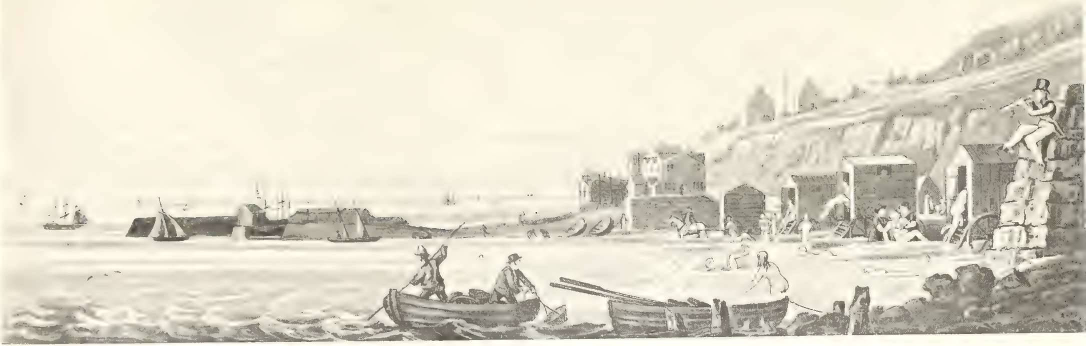
Ralph Allen and his bathing machine were the death warrant of the ancient *régime* in watering-places. Their dominion passed to Lyme Regis and other seaside towns. When you spoke of a watering-place in the seventeenth and up to the middle of the eighteenth century you meant Bath, Bristol, Matlock, Cheltenham, Buxton, Harrogate, Tunbridge Wells. After 1760 these and other similar places shared their glories with towns where immersion in sea-water and immersion only was the principal object in view. Much emphasis, however, must be laid on the word principal, because in the last half of the eighteenth century there was a school of medical practitioners (happily long since defunct) who strongly advocated the *drinking* of sea-water as a remedy for certain complaints, especially dropsy, palsy, and scrofula. In 1782 thousands were said to be drinking it daily. 'Visitors can come,' writes one enthusiast from Weymouth, 'for scouring either their outsides or their insides with the Briny Fluid.' A more merciful Dr. Dulcamara recognises that there are delicate stomachs too weak to stand the nausea which sea-water produces and that 'even when this inconvenience is overcome by struggles, it makes the party very thirsty for the remainder of the day.' Nevertheless, there is a record of one unhappy 'party' on whom twenty-five gallons of sea-water were tried at the rate of a pint a day, and another suggestion is a quarter-pint of sea-water mixed with a quarter-pint of new milk early in the morning! Even this did not kill the practice, for so late as 1841 Dr. Granville, in his *Spas of England*, alludes to the 'suitable internal use of sea-water.' The system, however, was in full vogue at Lyme in 1791. On this, hear the testimony of James Lackington. Lackington was a native of Wellington, Somerset, who paid a visit to Lyme in September, 1791. He was a kind-hearted but eccentric bookseller, who, according to his own account, 'began business with £5 and now sells 100,000 volumes yearly.' As a pioneer in providing cheap and good literature, he was the owner of a huge bookshop, 'The Temple of the Muses,' in Finsbury Place, and those who know Lockhart's *Life of Scott* will find an amusing reference to him in the twenty-fifth chapter. Lackington thus revisited his native heath in 1791 and found himself at Lyme in September. From there he wrote a letter, published in his memoirs, in which he states that the rooms he occupied were in sight of the sea and that 'on this and several other days I noticed many decent-looking men going down to the beach three or four times in as many hours and drinking a pint of water each time.' The dose was a big one, but Lackington supposes that the patients wished to get through their cure quickly by taking the whole bottle of medicine at once. It may, of course, be assumed that most visitors to Lyme even in the eighteenth century used the 'Briny Fluid' rather for 'scouring their outsides than their insides,' but Lackington makes it clear that those who wished to follow the latest fashionable 'cure,' did so as much at Lyme Regis as elsewhere. We, however, may rejoice that the practice has been abandoned. With us at the seaside total immersion is the prime object. Potations of sea-water are rather the involuntary accident of swimming on a very choppy day.

So much for the beginnings of sea-bathing; but it was a little later still, say from 1850 onwards, when railways had become established in the land, that the vogue of the seaside place became fully recognised. These seaside places then became objects of general resort, not so much for the purpose of doing any 'cure' as for a holiday and change of air, combined with sea-bathing. A large class of people, professional or commercial, was growing up in England, whose habits of constant work, and hard work, in one place during the greater part of the year made an annual outing advisable. This class had not existed to anything like the same extent in the eighteenth century, and any desire for movement which the members of it may have had was curbed by the limited means of locomotion. Outside of this class, before the nineteenth century, there were only the landed gentry on the one hand; farmers, labourers, and artisans on the other. The former did not move far from their country seats, except for an occasional visit to London or their county town; and the latter (if they had any desire for movement at all) found travel attended with so much difficulty that they stayed at home. After 1850 all this was changed. Malvern, Clifton, and Tunbridge Wells were deposed from their high estate. The seaside watering-places reigned in their stead.

Our forefathers of the eighteenth century were not fond of water. Apart from their annual cure at inland spas, they drank as little of it as possible. Considering that they took water only when flavoured either with sulphur or chalybeates, their poor opinion of it as a beverage is not surprising. Our forefathers, too (if all we hear about them is correct), bathed infrequently. Dr. Johnson said bluntly, 'I hate immersion,' but Johnson, it must be remembered, went even further because he had 'no passion for clean linen.' We of the present generation have travelled very far from that. We are beginning to discover the attraction of water, as a drink, and, instead of bathing infrequently, err, if at all, in the other direction. So far from there being, as was the case a hundred and fifty years ago, no bathroom in any house, there is one bathroom, where there are not two, in every house; and the Englishman in his constant sacrifices to the goddess of cleanliness, sometimes forgets that characteristic English ailment which we style a 'cold.' But the idea of bathing in the sea as a daily habit was a completely novel one in 1750. From that time onwards it grew, at first slowly and then apace. George III. and Ralph Allen—the latter was as important as the former in a matter of fashionable taste—were backed by the doctors. Whether the doctors led or followed the public, who shall say? The small public of those days was determined to have sea-bathing, and sea-bathing it got.

The first bathing-machine at Lyme Regis was the property of 'the Hotel,' that is to say, the Three Cups Hotel, then at the bottom of Broad Street (see plan). This more modern hostelry had now replaced the old George Inn. Later on four machines, and then six, were placed on the beach to the west of Library Cottage, and at the time of Farington's visit to the Three Cups in September, 1809, these machines had increased to seven. The reason why Nos. 12 and 13 of the Marine Parade are called Library Cottage is made evident from the plan of 1841. There was a 'Marine Circulating Library' there, surviving to-day only in the name of the building itself. The nymphs of those days were, with all deference to the shades of Cruikshank and Marryat, more retiring than in the present age. At Blackpool in 1807 a bell was rung when the ladies bathed, to give notice to all males to leave the beach. At Lyme the machines for the two sexes were drawn up on different parts of the beach, and there was always a considerable distance between those allocated to the ladies and those allocated to the rest of mankind. Even so late as 1882, the bathing regulations enjoined (1) that the men's machines should be fifty yards east of the ladies' machines, (2) that boats should keep a hundred yards off the bathers. Nor was this all. The fronts of the ladies' machines were often screened by a species of umbrella-like awning (called a 'tilt'), beneath the shade of which the young and old who could not swim disported themselves, often in the arms of a brown-hued bathing-woman. To-day such an awning would be voted out of date, and all the horse-drawn bathing-machines have given way to tents upon the beach. Even at Puritan Lyme Regis 'promiscuity' gives no offence; and before very long, if we want to know what a bathing-machine was like, we shall have to refer to the old pages of *Punch* or to Cruikshank's illustrated edition of *Humphrey Clinker*. This novel, which was written in 1771, contains one of the earliest allusions to bathing-machines in English literature.

Jane Austen makes Mary Musgrove, in *Persuasion*, bathe at Lyme in November. This is not a mistake; it is rather evidence that Miss Austen was a realist. The year was 1814, and in the autumn of 1814, Princess Charlotte of Wales was staying at Weymouth. Now *The Western Flying Post* for October, November, and December records that the Princess was bathing on some days of all three months until severe storms from and after December 12th brought the season to an end. Now what Princess Charlotte could do at Weymouth, the aristocratic Mary Musgrove both could and would do at Lyme off the beach near Bay Cottage.



Hydromania! or a Touch of the Sub-lime and Beautiful! —— The Beach at Lyme Regis

Published 1819 by [illegible]

LYME REGIS.

1840.

We are not, however, to suppose that she formed one of such a plebian rout as is shown in the Cruikshank-Marryat print. If any further evidence were wanted of its humorous exaggeration, we have it here. Had the scene been such as shown, her 'Elliot countenance' would never have gone near the place.

And so, in the course of the eighteenth century, Lyme Regis completely changed its character. From being a busy industrial and trading town it became a place of resort for visitors in search of health, amusement, and change. All early writers of Lyme as a seaside place insist on its superior 'gentility'—a word once redounding in qualities to which all should aspire, but now greatly debased in meaning. 'The residents are mostly persons of genteel, not large, fortune,' says one. 'At Lyme,' says another, 'there arises no necessity for making any inconvenient sacrifices to the support of style or to the extravagance of outward show.' 'Gentility without ostentation' seems to have been Lyme's maxim from the first—and a very good maxim too if one can but live up to it. The villas on the slopes of the hills were springing up along Pound Street, from the end of the eighteenth century, but not before that. In fact, the large Ordnance Map of 1811 shows no villas above Pound Road except one or two on the north-west side of that road itself. In obedience to some mysterious law, which seems to control the development of all towns, Lyme was growing principally from east to west, because (apart altogether from the Lyme Abbas, which was on the west side of the river in the eighth century) Lyme Regis, alias Netherlym-supra-Mare, began on the east side near the Church, and it was from this point that at first the commercial, and later on the residential development of the town spread out. And so villas cropped up after 1775 above Broad Street. They started along Pound Street and spread later on to Silver Street. The latter is a younger street than Pound Street and showed no villas of the newer type till after the beginning of the nineteenth century. To the east of the town towards Charmouth, only Summerhill and Fairfield were built and both in the first quarter of the nineteenth century. The builder of the former, Mr. Poole (of Poole's Court ?) seems to have lived temporarily at Cumberland Cottage while Summerhill was being got ready for him. All the villas bordering on Hill Road and along View Road and Woodmead Road (except Springfield), as well as those on the north-west side of Pound Road, are modern.

Until this development of villas began, there were many substantial private houses in Broad Street, and some are there to this day. It has been customary in recent years to build houses in more elevated positions than formerly. Those who have done so will be pleased to learn from a writer on Lyme Regis in the year of Waterloo that 'to be a person of consideration at Lyme, it is necessary to toil up hill and fix one's abode where it is in danger of being assailed by every wind that blows.' Super-gentility, it would seem, is a mere question of superiority to sea-level. The population grew continuously from its desperately low level of under 1000 in 1750. In 1788 it was still only 1248, but by 1801 it was 1451. It doubled this figure in the next fifty years. Lyme Regis had made a good start on its new career, and is still running strong.

## VI.

## THE PARLIAMENTARY BOROUGH.

THE year 1294 is generally regarded as that of the first regular English Parliament. From 1294 to 1867 (when Lyme lost its separate representation) the Borough returned or might have returned members or a member to each House of Commons, two from 1294 to 1832, and one for the rest of the period. Sometimes in the early days it was a case of 'might have,' because the town then paid its own representatives and did not always care to foot the bill. In most years, however, two members came from Lyme. A long succession of M.P.s went forth from the Borough during this period of nearly six hundred years, but the names of only four stand out prominently above the rest. These were Nicholas Throckmorton and Francis Walsingham in the sixteenth; George Somers and Edmund Prideaux in the seventeenth century. Of each of these four men a brief account is given later on. During the eighteenth century Lyme came to be a pocket-borough of the tightest description. The story, therefore, which links it with John Cartwright and Parliamentary Reform is all the more interesting. The name of John Cartwright is unfamiliar to the present generation, but a hundred years ago none was better known than his throughout the land. If great national movements can be said to owe more to the impulse of any one single man than another, John Cartwright must be placed first on the list of those who won the battle of Parliamentary Reform. He himself died in 1824, almost within sight of the Reform Act—a pioneer who never entered the promised land. A brother, Edmund Cartwright, has already been mentioned in this narrative and, on referring to the Plan of 1841, it will be seen that one of his descendants was then living at Cliff House, Lyme Regis. Others, of a younger generation still, are resident in Lyme Regis to-day.

Now from 1758 to 1770 John Cartwright was in the Navy and one of his experiences must be related as it stands in a memoir of him which was published in 1831. This account is as follows: 'In 1766 he (John Cartwright) commanded the *Sherborne* Revenue Cutter off Portland Isle, when a circumstance arose which gave the colour of his future fate. It certainly, as many occurrences show, made an indelible impression on his mind. He was invited to dine with the Mayor and Corporation of Lyme Regis, at which dinner Lord Westmorland, the patron of the Borough, was present. After the wine had circulated freely, his Lordship was beset by many of the company with petitions for places to be given to themselves, their friends or relatives. At length, wearied and irritated by their importunity, his Lordship vehemently exclaimed, "I have bought you all and, by God, I will sell you all!"' This dinner of course took place at the old Three Cups, to which all visitors of importance went in the eighteenth century. As for the exclamation of Thomas Fane, eighth Earl of Westmorland, it contained no more than the literal truth, and remained true till the day of his death in 1771. Nothing in fact illustrates his ascendancy in the municipal affairs of Lyme Regis better than an incident taken from the Corporation Order Book. In January, 1766, the Town Council found itself with £611. 10*s.* in hand from the sale of certain property and the following resolution was passed, viz., that the amount in question be 'sent to the Rt. Hon. the Earl of Westmorland, to be laid out and disposed of for the benefit of this Corporation in such manner as his Lordship shall think fit!' Among those who signed this resolution were two of the Capital Burgesses who were to raise the standard of revolt against the Fane family twelve years later. The same state of things continued under John, the ninth Earl, and John, the tenth Earl, son and grandson respectively of Cartwright's Lord Westmorland. This tenth Earl lived till 1841. Before his death the Reform Act of 1832 and the Municipal Reform Act of 1835 had between them brought the whole system to an end.

The introduction of the Fane family to Lyme Regis came about in this way. John Scrope, Recorder of Bristol and once M.P. for that city, had lost his seat there in 1734, owing to his support of Robert Walpole and the strangely unpopular Excise Bill which was withdrawn in 1733. The defeated candidate for Bristol was invited by the Henley family to join with them in representing Lyme Regis in Parliament. Both Scrope and the Henleys were Whigs, and Scrope in younger days, disguised as a woman, had acted as a spy between Monmouth, when he was in Holland, and this country. The Henleys, of course, were Lords of the Manor and one or other of them had been M.P. for the Borough of Lyme Regis since the Restoration. The close commercial connection between Lyme and Bristol has already been pointed out, and it may be said that the last import from Bristol into Lyme was the electoral influence of the Fane family. Scrope accepted the Henleys' invitation, came to Lyme and was elected M.P. for the Borough with Henry Holt Henley in 1734. From, or just before, that year the ascendancy of the Fanes begins, because John Scrope brought with him to Lyme his nephew Francis Fane, a Bristol merchant, and Francis Fane became a Capital Burgess of Lyme Regis in 1733. Francis Fane was followed by his brothers, Thomas (afterwards eighth Earl of Westmorland) and Henry, also Bristol merchants. Thomas became a Capital Burgess in 1736 and Henry in 1741. In 1752 Scrope died and in 1754 the Henleys retired. When, therefore, the General Election of 1754 occurred, we find that the M.P.s returned for the Borough are Francis and Thomas Fane, both being described as 'Bristol Merchants.'

Now some knowledge of the municipality of Lyme in the eighteenth century is essential for a proper understanding of the representation of the Borough in Parliament. The chief point to remember is that those who commanded the Town Council commanded also the seat in Parliament. The Fanes were not long in recognising this, and in the first fifty years of their connection with the Borough were sedulously, but not at first noticeably or aggressively, building up a certain and overwhelming majority on the Town Council. There were two capital reasons for following this line of policy. The first was that the Mayor was the Returning Officer at General Elections. The second reason was that the Town Council made the Freemen, and Freemen alone—for anything decided so far to the contrary—voted for Members of Parliament. It is true that Freeholders also had always claimed to do so, but the votes of Freeholders had been refused in recent years, and a decision of the House of Commons in 1784 put an end to their pretensions altogether. In the eighteenth century the governing body of the Corporation consisted of a Mayor and fifteen members, called Capital Burgesses, making a full Town Council of sixteen members, any three of whom could do routine business. For a 'corporate act' or business of importance—such as the election of a Mayor or Capital Burgesses or Freemen—an attendance of nine was required. The members of the Town Council were all made Freemen before becoming Capital Burgesses, and beyond them was a further body of Freemen, indefinite in number, who were appointed by the Town Council. These latter Freemen elected the Mayor and, whenever there was a General Election, voted for Members of Parliament as already mentioned. The Freedom of the Borough, in fact, had completely changed its character since the days when Lyme had been commercially important. In the seventeenth century and previously Freedom carried with it certain distinct trading advantages, such as relief from sundry tolls, a preferential right to purchase goods offered by 'foreigners' (*i.e.*, non-freemen) in open market, and so on. These privileges were very clearly defined, but quite non-political in character. In consequence of these commercial advantages the Freedom of Lyme Regis in the first half of the seventeenth century might have cost anything from £4 to £6, a large sum in those days, and was confined to those who lived in the Borough; but from 1703 the custom of admitting Freemen, resident or non-resident, for a merely nominal fee began. The palmy days of Lyme's commerce were passing away. The Freeman-trader was dying out. Simultaneously the votes of Freeholders at parliamentary elections had been refused and so the era of the Freeman-voter started. It was of this state of things that the Fanes took full advantage.

The first open quarrel broke out between the Town and the Fanes in 1778. Though the Fanes had really controlled affairs for many years previously and seemed firmly fixed in the saddle, they had not ridden the Borough with too tight a hand. They and their adherents were a majority on the Town Council and they took good care that the Freemen (who numbered 120 when Scrope first came in) never exceeded about thirty or forty, more than half being their supporters. But every two or three years a member of the Town Council, who was not one of their declared supporters, was allowed to become Mayor. This allayed suspicion for a while, but about 1777 the adherents of the Town party, who were opposed to domination by non-resident 'foreigners,' began to be seriously alarmed.

Having got thus far it becomes necessary to introduce the Follett family. Though the names of others occur from time to time as being put forward to represent the local interests, it was really round the Follett family that the opposition centred. It was a case of the Folletts versus the Fanes. Benjamin Follett, a lawyer, was Town Clerk from 1735 till his death in 1792. He supplied the opposition with most of the legal ammunition necessary for carrying on the seven years' war against the Fanes. What he did was quite inconsistent with the Town Clerk's oath, but –*salus populi suprema lex*. It was he who organized the opposition to the Fanes and was helped by his two sons, John and Thomas. Moreover, he had a brother who was a lawyer in the Temple and with whom he was in regular communication.

Now the election for Mayor always took place the first Monday after St. Bartholomew's Day (August 24th), and the Mayor allowed to be chosen for 1777–8 was Giles Davie, brewer, a member of the anti-Fane party. Giles Davie came into office in October and was soon said to have boasted that he would drive the Fanes from the Borough. Many of the Fanite Capital Burgesses, being non-resident, did not trouble meetings of the

Town Council overmuch. This, in fact, was one of the principal complaints against them. In the eyes of Giles Davie they had no right to be Freemen or Capital Burgesses at all. He hoped, therefore, to be able to do a great deal on the Town Council in their absence; but he followed up his first rash boast by a second still more rash, namely, that even if the Fanites attended meetings of the Council, he would refuse to take their votes. Thus was open war declared. There was at that time one vacancy among the Capital Burgesses owing to the death of Henry Fane, the nephew of John Scrope, in May, 1777. But even on this Council of only fifteen members, the Fane party could reckon on a maximum of ten votes, whereas the Town party at best could only muster five. Under these circumstances the threats of Giles Davie do not seem to have had enough driving power behind them. The Fane party could limit the Mayor to the transaction of routine business only by simply stopping away, and this in effect is what they did.

Giles Davie next resolved to summon a special Council for filling up the vacancy caused by the death of Henry Fane. For such a 'corporate act' an attendance of nine Capital Burgesses would be required. On two occasions notices for a meeting were sent out and both times the Fane party refused to come. A further meeting was therefore called, which the Town party attended, and on this occasion 'articles of complaint' (a kind of impeachment) against six members of the Fane party were formally exhibited. The chief charges against them were non-residence and contumacy, *i.e.*, refusal to come to meetings. A vote was taken on these articles at a subsequent meeting held in September, 1778, at which some of the Fane party were present. Meanwhile Giles Davie and his friends had been making new Freemen on their own authority, but always at Council Meetings when never more than five and sometimes only three Capital Burgesses were present. Some of these Freemen were allowed to come to the impeachment meeting and vote. The result was that the articles of complaint were approved and six members of the Fane party found themselves ousted from the Town Council by a majority of one. Two other Fanites were put off the Council by similar methods one month later.

The excitement in the town was immense and many thought that the victory was won. But the local champions had still to reckon with the Court of King's Bench at Westminster or with Quarter Sessions at Dorchester, as will be shown in a moment. The choice of a Mayor for 1778 9 took place on August 25th, 1778. The Fanites attended in full force and D. R. Michel, a relative of the Fanes, was chosen, but was fated never to be sworn as Mayor. The swearing of the Mayor always took place within one month of Michaelmas, and Giles Davie fixed on October 5th as the day for swearing-in the Mayor in 1778. But on the very same day D. R. Michel was ousted from the Council, so that Giles Davie himself quite illegally carried on as Mayor into a second year. Roberts, in his list of Mayors, puts the words 'held over' against the name of Davie for 1778–9, but this does not accurately describe the situation.

Meanwhile the Fanes were working elsewhere. An order came from the High Court at Westminster to restore the ousted Fanites to the Council. Giles Davie and his friends entered an appearance against this order, but the only result was a second order, and this time a peremptory one. The Fanites were therefore restored in the summer of 1779, but in August, just before the choice of the Mayor for 1779–80, fresh articles of complaint were exhibited against them and they were all once more ousted. On August 30th, 1779, the Town faction, with the help of some Capital Burgesses whom they themselves appointed, chose as their Mayor, John Coade, Woolstapler. On the following day the Fanites (who could always command nine Capital Burgesses and sufficient Freemen), taking advantage of an Act called the Tiverton Act, for choosing a Mayor out of the usual time, selected one of their own adherents, William Peterson, an Excise officer. As the Town Hall was locked and what were called the regalia—*i.e.*, insignia of office of Mayor—kept carefully out of sight by the Town party, this meeting to elect the Fanite Mayor was held in a room under the Town Hall which had once been a coal-cellar and was now a tavern. From this Peterson was always called the 'Coal-hole Mayor.'

An order to oust John Coade from the Mayoralty was very soon issued by the Courts, but he managed to avoid service of this order by keeping out of the way, and remained nominal Mayor for the whole of 1779–80. In the summer of 1780 the ousted Fanites were again restored by order of the Court of King's Bench, and then for the third time Articles of Complaint were exhibited against them and for the third time they were voted off the Council, only to be restored the next year. For 1780–81 the Mayor of the Town party, elected in the presence of only five Capital Burgesses, was George Kerbey, grocer, of whom more anon. The Fanite Mayor, elected in due form under the Tiverton Act and this time at the Custom House, was Francis Hamond, a Customs official from Bristol. George Kerbey, as Mayor, was in office a shorter time than either of his two anomalous predecessors. Not only did the Fanites procure an order from the High Court for ousting him at once in favour of their own man, but there are certain proofs that he himself had been 'got at' by the Fanes. He was elected Mayor on August 25th, he was sworn in on October 2nd, and before the end of the year he had practically resigned all authority to the Fanite Mayor, Francis Hamond.

From that date onwards there is no break in the orderly and regular succession of Fanite Mayors, but legal proceedings in one form or another and against one individual or another continued into 1785. The position of parties, however, was not altered thereby, and there is this to be noticed as between the Fanes and their opponents, that though legal proceedings on both sides seemed interminable, the Fanes invariably won and the Town party invariably lost. The costs on both sides must have been enormous and in a private letter from one of the Follets £4000 is mentioned as the bill which the Town party would have to face. At the end of the struggle the Town party seemed to have lost everything for which they had fought. Giles Davie, for instance, in the course of his two periods of office made no less than eighty-four Freemen on one pretext or another and every one of them was thrown out by the Courts. John Coade, following on Giles Davie, remade twenty-five of these (with a few fresh ones) on a different qualification, viz., that of freeholders, and again they were all thrown out. Capital Burgesses were created with the same result, and all the old members of the Fanite party—all the old Fanite Capital Burgesses—ejected three times, were back upon the Council. And there was a further humiliation. Davie and Coade were ordered by the Corporation to restore publicly in the Town Hall the fees which they had taken from the Freemen improperly created between 1778 and 1780 For the future the Opposition were not even to be allowed the treat of an occasional Mayor, and in every year about August 24th, there was an incursion of Fanite Freemen into Lyme from all parts of the country for the purpose of nominating next year's Fanite Mayor.

In April, 1781, the vacancy caused on the Town Council by the death of Henry Fane, over which all the hubbub had arisen, was quietly filled up by making John, tenth Earl of Westmorland, a Freeman and Capital Burgess on the same day. John, the ninth Earl, had reigned for less than three years, dying in 1774, and his son John, the tenth Earl, had been a minor during all these disturbances. He was now to come into his kingdom. The King never dies in the British Constitution and the Earls of Westmorland were equally immortal in the constitution of Lyme Regis. The Fanes petitioned Government in 1782 for a new Charter. This was done ostensibly so that the 'late differences' in the Borough might be healed. Practically its intention was to set up the Fanes in authority for ever. But the late differences, if not healed, had been at any rate quashed by the complete success of one party and the exhaustion of the other. A strong counter-petition against the proposed new Charter came from the Town. Both documents reached the Attorney-General's Office and never emerged therefrom. But with or without a new Charter, the Fanes were now in power for ever.

It is impossible to withhold our sympathy from those who were champions of the local interests from 1778 to 1785. They played a stout game, but held very bad cards. They had allowed the Fanes to consolidate their power, slowly but surely, for too long a period from 1733. Nowadays the doctrine of 'self-determination' might have helped them. But self-determination was an unheard of thing in 1778. The French Revolution eleven years later carried us all to some extent along this road. Still further progress was made in the same direction by the Reform Act of 1832, and the many milestones we have passed since then can never be retraced. But for fifty more years the reign of the Fanes was to last in Lyme. It was not without reason that the Report of the Parliamentary Commission of 1834 spoke of the Borough as 'unimproved' and expressed mild surprise that all the members of the Town Council seemed either to belong to one family or to owe their position on the Council to the influence of that same family. The Fanes owned no property in Lyme. Whenever they were elected to the mayoralty they did their work by deputy, and, from the day of their election as Mayor till the day when their successor was chosen, seldom entered the town. It was, therefore, not without reason that the inhabitants of Lyme Regis hailed the Municipal Reform Act with delight and asked their first elected Mayor, Harry Burrard Farnall, to call a public meeting of the town in January, 1836, to express the thanks of Lyme Regis to the Government for the Act of 1835. Irremovable and self-chosen Capital Burgesses were swept away and the Town was at last to have some voice in the management of its own affairs.

This account of the municipal affairs of Lyme would be incomplete without some mention of one of the last administrative acts of the Fanite Council and the actual wording of its last resolution. First let us have the administrative act. In 1826 Henry Hoste Henley, Lord of the Manor, brought an action against the Corporation because the sea-walls were defective and his lands had been inundated. The case was tried at Dorchester.

Henley won and got £100 damages. The Corporation appealed and Henley won again. The Corporation went on appealing and carried the case to the House of Lords, whose final judgment, always against the Corporation, was given in 1834. In the end, after nearly eight years of litigation and over a matter which might have been settled for £100, this lawsuit cost the town £3041 10*s*. All the property of the Borough (already charged to the extent of £3000 for part of the cost of repairing the Cobb after the storm of 1824) had been mortgaged once more to carry the action on, and this load of debt was the inheritance that fell to the first Council elected by popular vote. It is impossible to resist the impression that party feeling contributed largely to the Fanite infatuation over this Henley action, because Henley Hoste Henley was, as already stated, a prominent Whig and the Fanes were inveterate Tories. So much for the Administrative act. Now let us have the wording of the last resolution of the Fanite Council. This was passed on December 21st, 1835, and the Municipal Reform Act was on the point of coming into force. The Resolution is as follows: 'Ordered that this Court be adjourned until the repeal of an Act passed in the last session of Parliament entitled "an act to provide for the regulation of Municipal Corporations in England and Wales."' Could fatuity go further? One is reminded again of Sidmouth's Mrs. Partington and her mop.

The more important story of the bearing of the municipal struggles upon the representation of the Borough in Parliament must now be told. It is clear from the first that the Town party had in view the two seats in the House of Commons as well as the control of the Borough, when they started on their fight with the Fanes. Early in 1778 Thomas Follett was authorised to approach the Prime Minister, Lord North, in the hope that he would take upon himself to become the 'Patron' of the Borough, *vice* Lord Westmorland. Thomas Follett employed Lady Drake of Ashe House, Musbury, whose daughter by George Speke, of White Lackington House, Lord North had married, as his intermediary, but the answer received from North was, as might have been expected, a refusal. The Fanes voted steadily for North in the House of Commons. How could North act against them at Lyme Regis? In 1780 Lord Rockingham, the Whig leader, was applied to through Sir George Yonge, Whig M.P. for Honiton, but with no better result. Lastly, in April, 1783, Charles James Fox himself was tried. But he had just formed with North the infamous and detested Coalition Ministry and his reply, if any reply was received, could only have been in the negative. The leaders of political parties were thus appealed to in vain. In other directions the Folletts, working for the Town party, were more successful.

On the only three occasions on which the Fanes had to fight for the seat at Lyme, viz., twice in 1780 and once in 1784, the Folletts brought candidates into the field against them. In September, 1780, North dissolved Parliament, and the election at Lyme Regis was held on September 9th. At that time the Townite Mayor, as already related, was John Coade and the Fanite Mayor was Wm. Peterson. Henry Harford and Lionel Darrell, jun., were the opposition candidates. A government newspaper of the day describes these two as a 'bastard American and an Indian Nabob from London.' Translated into polite language, this simply means that one of these candidates was opposed to any prolongation of the war against our American colonies and that the other derived some portion of his wealth from India. The Sheriff's precept for the election was given to Coade, but, as soon as Coade had taken his poll in the Town Hall, Peterson went off and took another poll on behalf of the Fanes at the Custom House. Coade's declaration gave 95 as voting for Harford and Darell and 18 as voting for the Fanes, a victory for the Townites and the Opposition by 77 votes, and the Sheriff accepted this return. These votes were principally those of Freeholders and many of them had been artificially created during the mayoralties of Davie and Coade. Of the Peterson poll there is no official declaration on record, but this poll would have been on the Freemen's votes alone to the number of about thirty all told. Of these, twenty would have gone to the Fanes and ten might have been against them. But whatever the numbers were, Peterson declared the Fanes to be elected and 'prevailed on the Sheriff to take his return.' There was thus a double return, and a Committee of the House of Commons (on which there was a Government majority) sat to consider which return should be accepted. The Committee gave its decision on December, 1780, and declared the election void. A new election was ordered and took place on December 12th. Meanwhile John Coade, as Townite Mayor, had given place to George Kerbey, grocer, and Kerbey is the real hero of this second election. The Fanite Mayor elected in opposition to Kerbey was, as already related, Francis Hamond, and Kerbey seems to have knuckled under to Hamond almost from the start. He had received the Sheriff's precept for the new election in due course, but handed it on to Hamond at once. The only poll taken was therefore Hamond's and Hamond accepted only the Freemen's votes. All the votes of Freeholders were rejected.

In the result the Fanes (*i.e.*, Henry Fane and his relative, D. R. Michel) were declared elected by twenty-two votes to ten.

An analysis of the twenty-two votes is instructive. Fifteen of them were entire strangers to Lyme. Eleven of them were placemen, officers of the Customs or Excise at Lyme or elsewhere, who owed their positions to the Fanes, and six were related by blood or marriage to the Fanes. But it was on George Kerbey, grocer, that the curses of the Town party were showered. Voting was open in those days, and in September Kerbey had voted for Harford and Darell. Between September and December some great change in Kerbey had taken place, and when in December he was seen voting for the Fanes he was almost torn in pieces by the mob. 'Scoundrel' was among the mildest of the epithets applied to him. It is probably not without good reason that in an analysis of the voters at this election Kerbey's name is starred with the note 'believed to have been bribed.' Harford and Darell petitioned against the return of the Fanes, but this time the House of Commons declared the right of voting at Lyme to rest with the Freemen only, whether resident or not. The Fanes, therefore, remained M.P.s for the Borough till April, 1784.

It has been mentioned above that eleven of those who voted for the Fanes in December, 1780, were placemen. Now in 1782, Crewe's bill, for stopping officers employed in the collection of Government revenues from voting at parliamentary elections, was under discussion and likely to become law. This meant a serious deduction from the number of the Fanite supporters, and the means which they took to fill up the anticipated gap led to a curious scene in the Town Hall on April 8th, 1782. The Fanes had come into Lyme on the previous day in force, bringing many new friends with them. The Court of Hustings was opened on April 8th, and over a hundred of the townspeople crowded into the hall to watch the proceedings. So soon as formal business had been concluded, Thomas Follett, son of the Town Clerk, addressed the Mayor (Arthur Raymond, a Fanite and a Customs officer of Lyme) and demanded his freedom under three distinct heads which he specified. His demand was refused. The Mayor and Town Council then withdrew into the inner room in order to proceed to the election of a new batch of Freemen, and the first of those called in was one of the newcomers named Batson, a London banker and father-in-law of Henry Fane. The crowd in the Town Hall closed round Batson and refused to let him enter the inner room. The Mayor thereupon ordered the Town Clerk (Thomas Follett's own father) to read the Riot Act. This was done three times, but, although there was no actual violence, it was clear that the crowd in the Town Hall would not allow the business of the creation of these 'foreign' Freemen to go through quietly. The Town Council in the end adjourned to the Mayor's house (Raymond House, in Broad Street) and completed their business there. In all, twenty Freemen were chosen on this occasion, so that the gap caused by disfranchised placemen was well filled up and these same disfranchised placemen would still be available as Mayors, or Deputy Mayors, or Capital Burgesses. The tenth Lord Westmorland, who had now attained his majority, made his first public appearance before the burgesses of Lyme on this memorable day. It was he who directed the adjournment to the Mayor's house and in doing so gave his unwilling subjects a good taste of his quality.

The resentment caused by this April meeting was intensified in the following August when Francis Fane was chosen Mayor for 1782-3. According to the *Morning Herald* of September 11th, 1782, a duel was fought near Dorchester between Thomas Follett and Francis Fane in the previous week, and the quarrel arose out of certain 'opprobrious language' used by both sides during the election for Mayor. The newspaper goes on to state that the Fane family as they left Lyme Regis after the election were pelted with 'candlesticks, apples, and other such instruments of war, to the no small entertainment of the strangers and people of the town.' How different from that day in 1763 when Warren Lisle, Mayor—once a staunch Fanite, but now a doubtful Townite—fired a salvo of the town guns on the arrival of Thomas, eighth Earl of Westmorland, in Lyme Regis. It was probably about this period of hot resentment between Townites and Fanites that the following local political squib, composed in the best eighteenth century style, first saw the light:—

'Satan resolved to take a rout
And search the country round about,
Particularly in the West
And put the Boroughs to the test,
To find where he could fix his seat
Where fraud, hypocrisy, deceit
And avarice did mostly dwell
To furnish candidates for H—ll.
One of his agents by his side,
With a malicious grin replied,
"Give o'er your search; 'tis wasting time,
You'll find all you can wish in L—m—."'

And now we come to the momentous General Election of 1784, when the Fane family for the third and last time before

1832 were to fight for the seat of Lyme, a fight which the abovementioned Warren Lisle wrote of as 'the last effort to decide liberty or slavery.'

A brief and amusing account of this election is contained in a memorandum-book of Thomas Follett, who was present throughout. The General Election of 1784 was to decide, as Johnson tersely put it, whether England should be governed 'by the sceptre of George III., or by the tongue of Fox.' The country had just been under the heel of a Coalition Ministry, the worst of the breed known in our history, the Ministry of Fox and North. Disraeli never said a truer word than when he exclaimed in the House of Commons in 1852, 'This I know, that England does not love Coalitions.' They pass under many aliases such as Cabal Ministries, Ministries of All the Talents, Business-men Governments and the like, but whatever their names may be, England bears with them grudgingly and gets rid of them at the earliest moment. George III. loathed this Coalition, but, being defenceless for the moment, bided his time. That time came on December 18th, 1783, when he summarily dismissed Fox and North from office, and, feeling the full force of public opinion to be behind him, made William Pitt, aged twenty-four, his Premier. The appointment was received with derisive laughter in the House of Commons, but Pitt, though in a minority in the House, held his own there till the General Election of April, 1784. He then routed the Coalition hip and thigh and returned triumphant to Westminster. In this victory Lyme had its part and the manner in which two members of the Fane family were chosen shall now be shown. There were four candidates, the two Fanes being opposed by John Cator of Beckenham, and Robert Wood of

Putney. The voting, of course, was open, and each voter, as he approached the polling-booth where the Mayor, a Fanite, presided, was asked not only to prove his qualification, but how he intended to vote. The Mayor accepted every Freeman, resident or non-resident, and nearly all these voted for the Fanes. The resident Freeholders, fifty-five in number and 'many of them made for the occasion,' would have voted for the other side, but their votes were all rejected. Several times during the progress of the poll one of the Fanes would pull the Mayor by the sleeve and tell him to reject this or that voter who was seen to be approaching, and the rejection followed as a matter of course. In the end the Fanes won by thirty-one votes to eight. At night a supporter of Cator and Wood offered to fight one of the Fane supporters for five guineas. The offer was accepted and a riot ensued. Here Follett's story ends. Whatever may be thought of the electoral methods of Lyme Regis in 1784, it must be admitted that on this occasion our Borough sided with the angels. The impulse of righteous indignation which sent young Pitt back, not only into office but into power, kept him there, except for a brief interval, the rest of his life. The Coalition, which was nothing more than a corrupt bargain between two ex-ministers from opposite sides in politics, was beaten off the field. Cator and Wood petitioned against the result of the Lyme Regis election, but to no purpose. Once more were Freeholders declared to have no right to vote. The Freemen won and the Fanes retained the seat without further contest till December, 1832.

It now becomes possible to understand the particulars given about the Borough of Lyme Regis in a standard work of the eighteenth century, called *Oldfield's Representative History of Great Britain.* This book was first published in 1792 and appeared at intervals in subsequent years. The facts which it records as regards Lyme Regis are as follows:—

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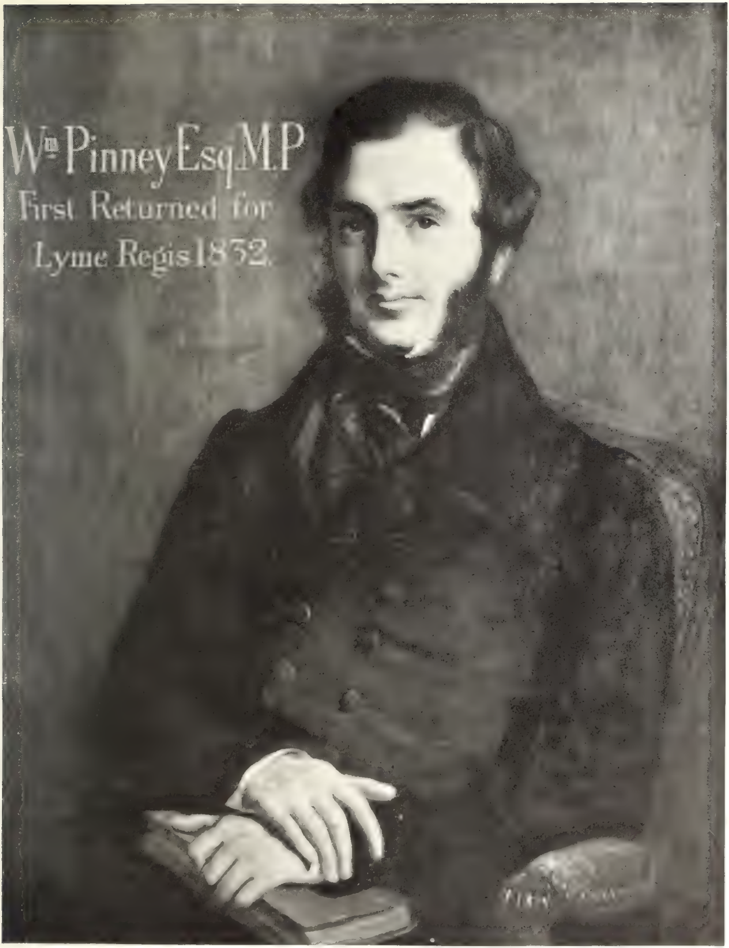
| Number of Voters ... ... | Thirty-one. |
| Returning Officer ... ... | The Mayor. |
| Patron ... .. ... | Earl of Westmorland. |

The number of voters was, of course, just exactly what the Fane family liked to make it; but they kept it at or about thirty-one. Apart from the cost of three election petitions and the many and varied legal proceedings arising out of the municipal quarrels between 1778 and 1785, the Fanes held their two seats at Lyme on very easy terms. They never had to face anything like the £28,600 spent by Wilberforce in the single Yorkshire election of 1807. Their Freemen were friends or dependents or simple underlings. A Roman Emperor once declared, in his contempt of the Roman populace, that he would make his horse a Consul, if he wished to do so. So the Fanes, after Crewe's Act of 1762, filled up one of the gaps among their supporters by making their own body-servant a Freeman of Lyme. Others selected for freedom of the Borough were the two Sergeants at Mace, mere wage-earners of the Fanite Town Council. There is in fact only one feature of the electoral system of the eighteenth century which serious politicians would wish to see imitated to-day. In 1780 anything from 90 to 100 per cent. of the voters, for one reason or another, went to the poll. To-day a poll of 50 or 60 per cent. in any constituency is regarded with complacency. On this point alone we might with advantage revert to the use and custom of 150 years ago.

The seat in Parliament was at last taken out of the pockets of the Fane family by the Reform Act of 1832. Lyme Regis was linked with Charmouth as a Borough to return one member only and that member was William Pinney of Somerton Erleigh, Somerset. William Pinney was only twenty-six and his opponents thought it good tactics to allude to him, in a manner not intended to be complimentary, as 'the young gentleman.' Pinney's supporters retorted that Pitt had been not only in Parliament, but in the Cabinet, at twenty-three. The Reform vote was split between Pinney and another candidate, J. Melville. The latter had been sent down from London to contest Lyme by some Reform Association at the head of which was Joseph Hume, the notorious Radical M.P., Reformer and Economiser of the first half of the nineteenth century. Of Melville little is known except that he lived in Harley Street, that he 'nursed' Lyme Regis for some years, that his politics were more advanced than those of Pinney, that he took Summer Hill for the election, and that his electoral colour was blue. Pinney's colours were blue and white, from which arose the Pinney election verse:—

> 'Blue and white is my delight;
> Dirty blue will never do.'

Lord Burghersh, the heir to the Westmorland title, stood in the Fane interest in 1832, and as an anti-Reformer. Of course, it was suggested, but probably without truth, that there was a corrupt understanding between him and Melville in order to secure a split in the Reformers' camp. Lord Burghersh was the last member of the Fane family for whom votes were cast in a parliamentary election at Lyme Regis, because, although he stood as a candidate at the next election in 1835, he did not go to a poll. He has, however, a better title to fame than any



WILLIAM PINNEY, M.P.

arising from his connection with party politics at Lyme. Not only was he distinguished both as a soldier and as a diplomatist. but in 1822 he put forward proposals which led to the formation of the Royal Academy of Music, and the splendid fruit of his endeavours may to-day be seen in the Marylebone Road. The hustings at the 1832 election were erected close to the Assembly Rooms, polling took place at Jefferd's Baths (where the Drill Hall now stands), and the Mayor, J. Hussey, was the Returning Officer. Much feeling was shown by the supporters of all three candidates and bands of music played at intervals in the true style of the Pickwickian 'Eatanswill.' The result was as follows:—Pinney received 79 votes; Lord Burghersh, 60; and Melville, 44. The chairing of the new member took place on the following day. The procession went out as far as Charmouth and returned 'before dark,' which, considering the hilarious nature of the proceedings and the badness of the road, was just as well. The Pinney family were now to experience one of the privileges of representing a place like Lyme in the House of Commons. J. F. Pinney, William Pinney's father, had to put his hand into his pocket and take over the Fanite mortgages on Borough property that have been alluded to above. This explains the constant recurrence of the name of J. F. Pinney on the plan of 1841.

Now that the first plunge had been taken into the sea of Franchise Reform by the Act of 1832, it was soon apparent that the claim of Lyme Regis and Charmouth even to one member was preposterous, but the arrangement lasted for thirty-five years. Tom Hussey stood against Pinney in 1841. He built and lived at Gibraltar Lodge, where there was plenty to eat and drink at election times. He was beaten by Pinney, but presented a petition against Pinney's return and succeeded. It is noteworthy that on this occasion eight men were still on the register as Freemen of Lyme Regis, the last survivors of a dying franchise. Among these eight men were John and Tom Hussey and John Drayton.

In 1847 Sir Fitzroy Kelly (later on the last Chief Baron of the old Exchequer Court) was sent to Lyme as a 'carpet-bagger' by the Conservatives, in the hope that he would capture the seat. Even then the number of names on the register was less than 300 and Kelly was beaten by three votes, Neville Abdy being the Liberal returned. It must not, however, be supposed that the Act of 1832 had killed bribery at elections. In the smaller boroughs such as Lyme it was rampant, and there is one man whose sinister activities at Lyme and elsewhere on the Conservative side were the subject of constant talk between 1840 and 1852. This was John Attwood, M.P. for Harwich, whose 'pure gold' (the ironic phrase of Liberal opponents) was used to influence elections both municipal and parliamentary at Lyme Regis. 'Governor' Attwood he was called at Lyme and about 1840 he had a meteoric rise to great wealth, a house in Park Lane, membership of the Carlton Club and a seat in Parliament. In debates which took place in the House of Commons during the eighteen forties and fifties on bribery at elections, Attwood was spoken of as the man who had bribed more generally than any one else in the United Kingdom. It was during the Attwoodian regime that Sudbury (the Eatanswill of *Pickwick*) and St. Albans were disfranchised. At Lyme, Attwood financed the petition brought by Hussey against Pinney in 1841. He also backed Fitzroy Kelly at the election of 1847; so much so, in fact, that if Kelly had got in he would probably have been unseated on account of Attwood's malpractices. Attwood retired from Parliament in 1852 and in 1853 there were rumours of bankruptcy in connection with his name. He was after all but a pale likeness of the giant boroughmongers of the eighteenth century, but for about ten years his subterranean and mole-like influence on public affairs at Lyme was considerable. But we must come back to William Pinney. He represented East Somerset in the House of Commons from 1847 to 1852. In the latter year he returned to Lyme and won the seat at the General Election of 1852 by nineteen votes. The same thing happened at the General Election of 1859, but in that year the margin of victory was a very small one indeed. The poll was to close at four o'clock and at one minute to the hour voting was equal, viz., 115 for Pinney and 115 for his Conservative opponent, Treeby. On the very stroke of four, however, Thomas Miller, landlord of the 'Three Cups,' strolled into the polling booth and voted for Pinney. The vote was subsequently disputed before the Courts in London, on the plea that Miller had actually voted after four o'clock, but eventually was allowed. Pinney therefore won, and a list of the voters at Lyme in this remarkable election, which shows how the votes were cast, will be of interest to old residents of the Borough. It is printed in Appendix III. If Trollope's novel, *Dr. Thorne*, had not been published in 1858, one would have said that he had based his chapter seventeen on the Election at Lyme in 1859. This was the last occasion on which William Pinney was a candidate for Parliament at Lyme. He thus represented the Borough from 1832 to 1842 and again from 1852 to 1865. He then retired from Parliament. He died in 1898 at the age of ninety-three.

In July, 1865, occurred the last Parliamentary election at Lyme Regis before its disappearance as a separate constituency. As the line from Waterloo to Exeter had been completed in 1860 both candidates now vied with one another in their promise of a railway to the town. But a New Reform Act by one political party or another was imminent and inevitable and such an Act was bound to mean the disfranchisement of Lyme Regis. Possibly, therefore, the promises by the two candidates of a railway to the Borough were to some extent governed by the certainty that, the election once over, they need see its face no more. On this occasion the Conservative candidate, J. H. Treeby, beat his Liberal opponent by nine votes. Treeby after the 1859 election had bought Highcliff, and spent his time between there and London for the purpose of nursing the constituency. Soon after the borough was disfranchised in 1867, Treeby sold Highcliff to the Lister family and his doing so brought much distinction to Lyme Regis. To Highcliff, whenever his many avocations allowed him to do so, came Joseph Lister, the man whose work attained world-wide celebrity, because it meant the banishment of septic infection as the once dreaded sequel to surgical operations and a cause of fearful mortality. When Joseph Lister was raised to the Peerage in 1897, fifteen years before his death, he took the title of Baron Lister of Lyme Regis, a compliment to the town which can hardly be overrated. Lyme had to wait for thirty-eight years before the railway came which had been promised by Treeby and his opponent. Some people regard the railway as a by no means undiluted blessing, and if the motor-car had come into its own ten years earlier, there possibly would never have been any railway to Lyme at all. As has been already stated, the Reform Act of

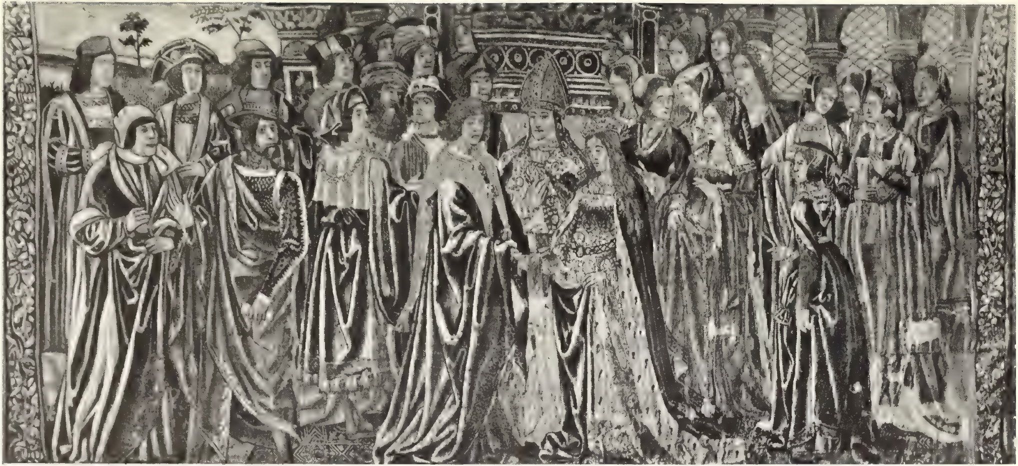
1867 (Mr. Disraeli's celebrated 'leap in the dark') abolished the constituency altogether, and the town is now merged in a division of the county. Many things have happened to change the electoral world since 1832. In the large constituencies of to-day no individual bribery would be possible or of any effect. What happened at Lyme Regis during elections in the eighteenth and early nineteenth centuries could not happen anywhere in England to-day, but Lyme Regis election contests must have contributed much gaiety and colour to the town from time to time.

## VII.

## THE CHURCH.

The reign of Henry VII. was a notable period for building or restoring parish churches in England and the Church of Lyme Regis belongs to that period. Appropriately enough, the interesting piece of old Flemish tapestry, which was presented to the church in 1886 by the Rev. Edward Peek, belongs to the same period. Whether it represents the marriage of Henry VII. (1485–1509) with Elizabeth of York in 1486, or, as seems more probable, of Henry's eldest son, Arthur, with Catherine of Aragon in 1501, it is equally appropriate to the period in which the present church at Lyme was built. The column on the south side of the nave, which bears the Borough Arms and the initials of William Dare, may commemorate the completion of the church, because Dare was Mayor in 1491, 1500, and 1506. Within these fifteen years the church was probably finished.

The present church, however, is certainly not the first one on the same site. Its immediate predecessor was a late Norman or Transition church of the end of the thirteenth century, and some of the work of this earlier church can still be seen wherever the obliterating and desecrating overlay of modern cement and plaster has been removed, as was done in 1901, from portions of the older architecture in the porch and baptistery. The church of the thirteenth century is considered to have been a tiny cruciform structure, and the porch of to-day's church (then considerably longer) was the nave of the old church. The room

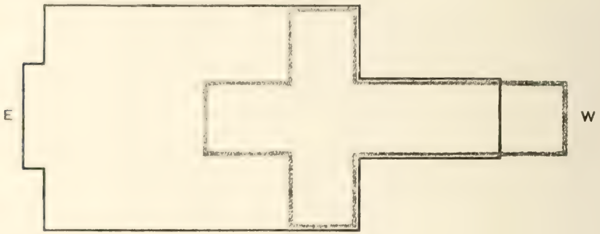


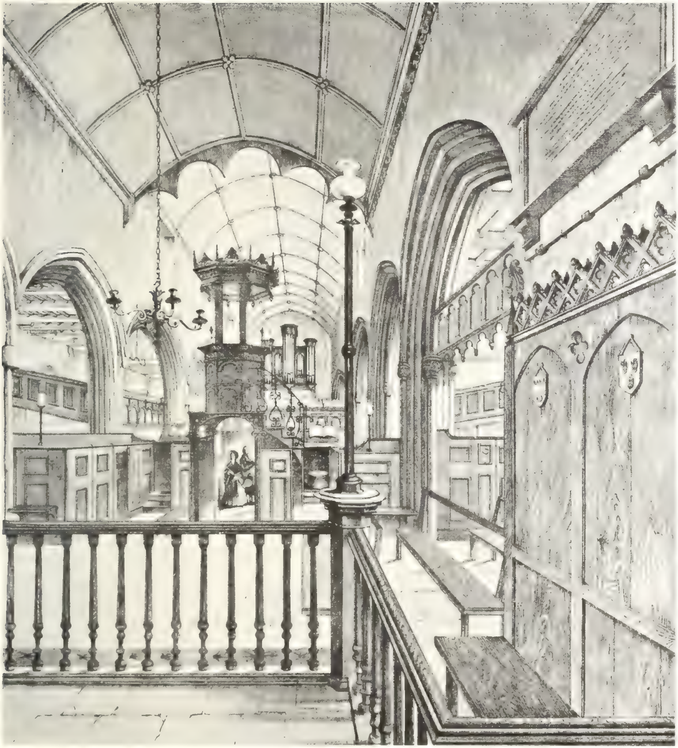
THE LYME REGIS TAPESTRY.

over this porch is now called the Old Vestry. After the completion of the 1500 church, but two hundred years before the curtailment of the porch, this same room, being then of far larger dimensions, was used as a school, where reading, writing and arithmetic were taught at first to ten, and later on to twelve boys of the town. The schoolmaster was always an expert in caligraphy and employed to engross petitions, addresses, and other official documents for the Borough Council. This porch and the Baptistery beneath the tower retain the only existing architectural remnants of the former building. Such remnants are found here and nowhere else in the church.

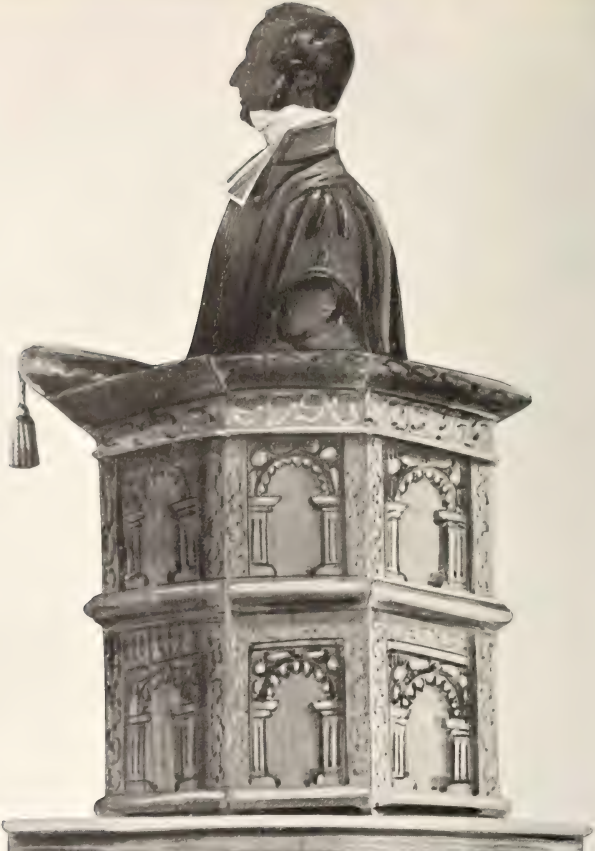
The old west end or nave (now the porch, as already mentioned) suffered a terrible disaster in the early nineteenth century. In December, 1823 (not 1833, as is stated by Roberts and repeated in the last edition of Hutchins) the porch was truncated, and in the following year the adjoining street was widened by cutting off a large slice of ground on the side on which the church stands. Nor was this all. The mutilated fragments of the decapitated porch were handed over to the ignorant will and pleasure of a local mason, who took care to remove many interesting relics of the past (now lost for ever) and to cover up the gaping wounds with plaster in the best professional manner. If Dr. Hodges had come to Lyme ten years earlier, this would not have happened. The old thirteenth century church, therefore, was a small cruciform building. The present porch, before its mutilation, was the nave, and there were tiny transepts north and south which were absorbed into the greater width of the new Tudor church with its nave and two aisles combined. The old east end would have projected but a short distance beyond the tower and was easily enclosed into the greater area of the present church. The diagram given below shows in outline the position which the former church (shaded) would have occupied in relation to the present building.

In the days of the cruciform church the 'old religion' was predominant in England. There would have been no pulpit, no pews (except occasionally on floor space appropriated to the founder or feudal lord), and probably no lectern. There were sometimes benches at the sides for the old and infirm, and a recent writer considers that in this custom we have the origin of the phrase, 'The weakest goes to the wall.' The bare stone floor of nave and transepts would have been ready for the knees of the faithful who knelt at Mass, and who, thus kneeling, might witness the elevation of the Host through the 'squint' or hagioscope. To this their participation in the service was confined. The Mass, though conducted in a foreign tongue, had been a popular service, because the form of it was well known, but the tide of feeling against it was on the rise in 1500. About then the present church was finished and the first mutterings of the storm





INTERIOR OF LYME REGIS CHURCH BEFORE 1833.
Looking West.



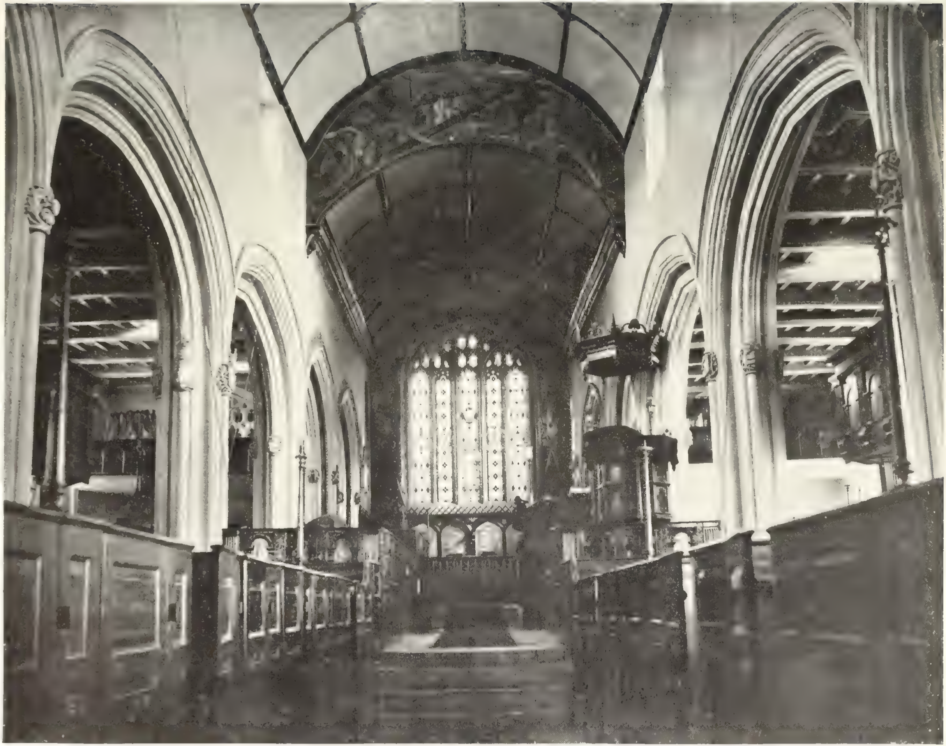
Dr HODGES.

that was to sweep across Europe and change the face of England were already being heard. About fifty years later the first Book of Common Prayer was printed and the service of the Mass, apart from its brief, partial, and tentative revival in the reign of Mary, had become a thing of the past. How eagerly Lyme Regis absorbed the new doctrines of the Reformation has already been abundantly shown.

An old print here reproduced enables us to realise how greatly the appearance of the inside of Lyme Regis Church has changed in the last hundred years This print shows the interior of the church as it was about or just before 1833, and it would have presented the same appearance generally from the middle of the eighteenth century or even earlier, the altar rails being similar to some that are definitely attributed to Laud. In 1833 Dr. Hodges arrived, and a few words on this notable modern Vicar of Lyme Regis will not be out of place. Frederick Parry Hodges was a Dorset man and born in 1800. He was educated at Winchester and New College, Oxford, and was a D.C.L. of that University. He came to Lyme at a time when the living was in the gift of the Fanes, to whom he was related. He died, still Vicar of Lyme Regis, on October 27th, 1880. Although the cemetery had been in use since 1856, room was found for Dr. Hodges in the churchyard and his was the last grave to be opened there. In doctrine Dr. Hodges was an Evangelical of the school predominant in the Church of England in his young days, before the starting of the Oxford movement. His sermons, which constantly overran the hour, were chiefly directed against Romanism as the enemy, but in this he was pushing against an open door, because the members of his flock were already more than convinced of the errors of the Church of

Rome. He never married and was rather exclusive socially, but the 'Bishop of Lyme Regis' was munificent where the well-being of the town was concerned, and was a dignified and highly respected figure in the Borough for the whole period of his pastorate. In 1833, then, Dr. Hodges first came to Lyme and renovated the interior of the church, largely at his own expense, so that its appearance became as in the photograph of 1884. Dr. Hodges gave the East Window shown in this photograph, but when the restoration and renovation of 1885 took place, the window was shorn of its full length. The bottom of the window thus cut away was then divided into the two halves now facing one another on the North and South wall of the Chancel. At the time of this photograph the organ was still over the Hassard gallery, but was transferred to its present position on the South side of the Chancel also in 1885. At the same time the older and more closed-in pews were removed and an important alteration made in the floor of the church which must be explained. The church is built on a gradient rising from West to East, as may be seen by the differing levels at the base of each window. This gradient was formerly overcome by a succession of twelve steps at intervals the whole way up the church from the West door to the Chancel. These steps—a cause of much stumbling to the faithful—were inconvenient and often difficult to see. Their removal gave great joy to former congregations. It was not until 1897 that the pulpit was removed from the south to the north side of the nave. With these two illustrations we are able to realise pretty closely the appearance of the church for the last 180 years.

What would it have looked like from 1600 to 1750? There would of course have been the Hassard gallery given in 1611 by



INTERIOR OF LYME REGIS CHURCH BEFORE 1886.
Looking East

John Hassard, and it is to be regretted that some words, which once formed part of the inscription on this gallery, have disappeared. These words recorded that John Hassard had been 'seven times Mayor.' The central portion of the inscription alone remains at present, and beneath it are the Borough Arms and those of the See of Salisbury, the Virgin and Child. Apart from this gallery there would have been only a few fixed pews, such as those for the Corporation and Colway Manor, and possibly pews for two or three of the town's distinguished families. Fixed pews were evidently a rarity even as late as the date of Pepys' Diary (1659 69), and Pepys in successive pages will apply the word pew to a seat at a theatre or a seat at church indifferently. The rest of the floor space at our church was probably occupied by loose seats such as that which Jenny Geddes is said to have flung at the astonished Dean of St. Giles', Edinburgh, in 1637, when he started to read the English Prayer-book. After the end of the seventeenth century the population of Lyme Regis fell to a very low figure, and there were many other places of worship in the town open to those who dissented from the Church of England. The congregation of the Parish Church, therefore, would then have been small. Some addition to the fixed pews or some extension on the north side of the Hassard Gallery met most requirements. From time to time additional galleries were put up or taken down as occasion needed. These many changes in gallery accommodation are too long to specialise, and Roberts fitly called the multitude of galleries in his time a 'desight' or eyesore. Before the organ first appeared over the Hassard gallery in 1828, that gallery had been occupied by minstrels who, with various instruments and with varying capacity, did their best (not always with success) to lead the musical portion of the service. Church music was suppressed during the Commonwealth, but in earlier post Reformation times, say about 1550, the singing at Lyme Regis may have been led by a 'pair of organs' (known as the 'regals') a kind of portable harmonium. One well-known maker of such 'regals' lived at Crewkerne and hired them out to churches by the year, and there is a record of a Lyme Regis organist, one John Coke, who was living in 1552.

So far we have dealt with the many changes in the general internal appearance of the church from the time of its completion to the present day, but the most prominent single object in the church from 1613 onwards was the Harvey pulpit. Not only is it beautiful in itself, but at the time of its erection it was typical of so much that was happening in England. Round the edge of the canopy are these words: 'To God's Glory Richard Harvey of London, Mercer and Marchant Adventurer, 1613. "Faith is by Hearing."'

Richard Harvey was three times Mayor. His family had come from London in 1582 and his title of 'Mercer and Merchant Adventurer,' held by men of such distinction as Sir Thomas Gresham, was one of the proudest to which any trader could then aspire. Many of Lyme Regis had walked in the same commercial path before him, or hoped to follow hereafter in his footsteps. Moreover, the very name of 'Merchant Adventurer' carries with it all the romance of personal hazard and commercial risk that was bound up in the trade of 300 years ago.

The presence, then, of the pulpit is the one feature which marks the great difference between the church of the pre-Reformation period and the church of our own time. There were, of course, pulpits, especially certain well-known stone pulpits, such as that outside old St. Paul's, which date from an earlier period, but most of the older pulpits in our churches are of wood and either Elizabethan or Jacobean. Pulpits, in fact, before the Reformation, were the exception where they are now the rule. So also with sermons. The sermon was by no means an essential part of the service of the Mass. It was in early days a privilege reserved for the high dignitaries of the Church and was used but sparingly. The Reformation changed all that. Harvey inscribed the words 'Faith is by hearing' on his pulpit, and it was in this belief that the early and best type of Puritan lived. Many points of doctrine and ceremony which had been matters of unquestioning faith for centuries, became after 1500 the subject of bitter controversy. Pulpits were ordered to be or came to be erected in churches, and Authority, throned at Whitehall or in a bishop's palace, hoped to be able by the issue of licenses and the composition of set homilies to tune the pulpits to its will. Geare of Lyme Regis came into conflict with Authority and had his preaching-license suspended. He was only one of many, but as the embitterment of controversy increased, Authority was more and more flouted.

In some respects sermons took the place of the Press in modern times. In our days, politics are either racial or social or economic. In the times of which we are speaking, politics and religion were in such close alliance as to be almost the same. What thing more easy than to slip a political allusion into a sermon, or to have a slap in the pulpit at some obnoxious point of doctrine? Dean Nowell of St. Paul's once tried this on before Elizabeth, who called out to him from where she was sitting to 'stick to his text.' The Restoration sermon preached by Short before the Lyme Regis Corporation was full of politics which were to the taste of his hearers. Hugh Peters' sermons were of the same class. The great length of the sermons in those days has already been mentioned, and by this the enthusiasm of the congregations may be measured. Their appetite was gargantuan. The hour-glass for timing sermons dates from the Reformation and was apparently the only barrier (supposing any to be needed) between a congregation and the tidal wave of oratory which usually set in from the pulpits at that date. Hugh Peters, after the first (or possibly the second) hour, would genially address his auditors as 'jolly dogs,' and invite them to 'take t'other glass,' as he turned it over. It is on record that two men on one occasion in 1640 preached before the House of Commons for seven hours! Short's Restoration sermon would have occupied two hours in delivery. Perhaps much of the overmastering attraction of sermons in those days lay in the fact that they were so topical in character, that they dealt with subjects with which men's minds and thoughts were filled. In the Town Hall of Lyme Regis is a list of the books which belonged to Richard Burridge, a well-to-do merchant of the town. The list is dated 1748, and the 378 books in it are divided simply into Divinity and History, *i.e.*, works religious and non-religious. The secular works beat the others in number, but only by four. Those interminable volumes of sermons which once graced every library in the eighteenth and early nineteenth centuries are the hardened lava which had poured in a molten state from the volcanic pulpits of earlier times. The habit has become stereotyped into the two regular Sunday sermons of our own day.

On October 26th, 1662, Pepys has this entry in his Diary, 'To church and there saw for the first time Mr. Mills (his rector) in a surplice; but it seemed absurd for him to pull it over his ears in the reading-pew, after he had done, before all the Church, to go up to the pulpit to preach without it.' What seemed absurd to Pepys became habitual in the Church of England for two hundred years. Dr. Hodges never preached in a surplice. The silhouette of him, here reproduced, shows him preaching, not in a surplice, but in a black gown. The fierceness of the fight which raged around this harmless linen ephod is amazing. Elizabeth had retained it in her Act of Uniformity, but the extreme men of the early Reformation assailed it furiously, and at times of popular excitement the 'fanatics' would burst into a church and pull the parson's surplice off his shoulders. We may well believe that during the Commonwealth the surplice was not worn even for reading the service, much less in the pulpit, except by stealth. Edmund Calamy, grandfather to the historian of the Nonconformists and a Nonconformist himself after 1662, was reported to have preached before Charles II. in a surplice in 1660. This report reached the ears of Pepys, but it was false; and so the controversy went on. It ended, as so many others have ended, in a compromise, whereby the service was taken in a surplice, but a black gown was to be worn in the pulpit, and this compromise lasted (in country parishes at any rate) till late on into the nineteenth century. The High Church movement of the first half of the nineteenth century killed the black gown and carried the day in favour of the surplice for all purposes. Do we not remember the delightful scene in *The Newcomes*, when the Rev. Charles Honeyman first wears a surplice in the pulpit of his proprietary chapel in Mayfair? Did not the whole family of the Hobson Newcomes (worth at least £25 a year to the incumbent) walk straight out of the place? Can we forget Doyle's delightful drawing of Maria Hobson and all the little Hobsons issuing from their pew and Papa Hobson bringing up the rear? But the Newcomes were of the Clapham sect and strictly Evangelical, and between the Evangelicals and the apostles of the High Church movement, there was no love. Thus the battle of the sects still raged around this banner of the surplice, as it had done centuries before. Are the ashes of all such controversies yet extinct?

Protestantism in Elizabeth's reign grew very Calvinistic, especially in the country parishes. Puritanism would have brought the Church of England still closer to the Calvinistic model of which the black gown is the emblem. The Thirty-nine Articles, as printed in the Prayer-book, have the date of 1562 attached to them. Elizabeth had then been four years on the throne, and these Articles have much Calvinism embedded in them, the influence of which has lasted almost into our own time. Not so long ago, social thought and conduct in England were much governed by Calvinism. That well-meant and once much-read book, the *Fairchild Family* (1818–47) is permeated with Calvinism, and the generation reared under its influences was by no means contemptible: but to-day the book, if read at all, attracts only by its vein of unintended humour. Was the Geneva black gown in our pulpits the last outward and visible sign of any connection between Calvinism and the Church of England? Did the substitution of the surplice for the Geneva gown break this connection in appearance altogether?

Any worshipper in Lyme Regis Church is surrounded by memories of Lyme's great days. The leading citizens of the stirring past have left mementoes of themselves all round him. Beside him may be the William Dare pillar which commemorates the completion of the church. Behind him may be the gallery of John Hassard, 'seven times Mayor,' whose family became involved in the troubles over Geare's suspension. In front of him may be the pulpit of Richard Harvey, an ecclesiastical storm-centre in its time; or close at hand the monument of the Ellesdons, who had the living of Lyme Regis in their gift, from the first years of Elizabeth to the first years of Charles II. These were sober, hard-working, God-fearing, and not yet King-hating men. They may have been a little narrow-minded, but they lived in days when information was scarce and communication difficult; and, whatever opinions they may have held, they held such conscientiously and were prepared to die for them. It would have been pleasant to see these burghers of Lyme Regis file slowly in the parish church Sunday after Sunday (and not once only) with their domestics and apprentices. They have played their part and have gone their way. Their exact type it would be impossible to find to-day, but they had some of the best characteristics of Englishmen, and even to-day these characteristics are not wholly lost.

## VIII.

## NATIVES AND NOTABILITIES.

LYME REGIS has produced some notable men and women. Some still more notable men and women have either been connected with it officially or have made it their abode for shorter or longer periods. A few in both categories deserve to be recorded. The first two must be taken together – one of them a celebrated Member of Parliament for Lyme, and the other a native. They are Sir Francis Walsingham, who was Member for Lyme from 1563 to 1567, and Arthur Gregory. Sir Francis, of course, was Elizabeth's well-known Foreign Minister, whom Elizabeth left to die in poverty. Arthur Gregory, except for one peculiar and in some respects not very reputable talent, would have been quite overlooked by fame. This peculiar talent has left his name on record, and even found him a place in the 'Dorcetshire' section of Fuller's *Worthies of England*, a book published in 1662. Fuller's words about Gregory are as follows: 'Arthur Gregory, of Lyme . . . had the admirable talent of Forcing the Seal of a Letter, yet so invisibly that it still appeared a virgin to the exactest beholder. Secretary Walsingham made great use of him.' Walsingham died in 1590, and Gregory after 1622. The exact year when either of them was born is not known, nor is the year of Gregory's death known. It may, however, be assumed that Gregory was the younger man, and that they became acquainted with one another at Lyme.

In 1569 Walsingham was chief organizer of the English Government's secret service in London. It was after 1573, and from then till his death, that he was Elizabeth's Foreign Minister. Gregory may well have served Walsingham throughout the whole twenty-one years, because when the former retired to his native town some years after Walsingham's death, he had a 'pension paid unto him for his good service out of the Exchequer.' Walsingham's title to fame as a great Minister rests largely on the extraordinary aptitude which he showed for countering the plots of foreign powers, or of those in the pay of foreign powers. In the words of an anonymous author of the seventeenth century, 'he had a key to unlock the Pope's cabinet and, as if master of some invisible whispering place, all the secrets of Christian princes met at his closet.' Walsingham in fact had many secret keys which fitted the private cabinets of other people and one of the most important of the whole bunch was Arthur Gregory.

It must, in fact, be admitted that Foreign Ministers and Ambassadors or their agents had some odd jobs to do in those days. The Digby of Sherborne, who, as Earl of Bristol, was James I.'s Ambassador to Spain, boasted that every single paper of the Spanish King's private cabinet came into his possession and, not only so, but that he was able to set his own private mark on each of them. Sir George Downing, too, our resident at the Hague (1657–60) told Pepys that 'he had so good spies that he had had the keys taken out of De Witt's pocket when he was a-bed, and his closet opened and papers brought to him and left in his hands for an hour and carried back and laid in the place again and keys put into his pocket again.' In those days a knowledge of the plots of foreign powers might at any time hang a rebel or behead a queen. The Babington Conspiracy (1586), which Gregory helped to unravel while living under the same roof as Mary, Queen of Scots, brought that unhappy lady to the block, and a prominent member of the Conspiracy was Chideock Titchbourne. He belonged to the well-known Catholic family of Hampshire, and his name of Chideock brings him very near to the neighbourhood of Lyme. The Chideocks were Catholics like the Titchbournes, but the last male of the Chideock family was killed (1449) in the Wars of the Roses, and was buried at Christchurch, Hants. Thus the services of Arthur Gregory, though they were of the secretive, burrowing, or underhand order, should not be underrated or misjudged. An excessive and rather foolish uproar was raised in 1844 when it became known that Sir James Graham, Peel's Home Secretary, had been opening Mazzini's letters; but it must be remembered that Italian revolutionaries, busy with the task of freeing Italy from the tyranny of Austria, were at that time much to the taste of the British nation. English Governments, however, have always claimed, and will always continue to claim, the right of inspecting the correspondence of foreigners resident in the country whose doings are suspect and likely to bring the country into trouble. Other nations have always done likewise to their foreign residents, and will continue to do likewise. Nor were the missives that Gregory had to handle a mere matter of an envelope to be ungummed. There were seals to be detached and replaced as though 'virgin,' and there were ciphers to be decoded, or invisible ink made plain. However Gregory's talents may be regarded, he was a good servant to the State, and earned his pension.

Gregory was a married man with a family, and certainly not rich. He wrote to Walsingham in 1586 asking to be encouraged on this account by an increase in salary 'to serve such secret turns' as he was engaged in, and the letter concludes with an interesting postscript. Gregory was revealing to Walsingham a new process of invisible writing, whereby what had been written in alum could be disclosed by rubbing the document with coal-dust. A blank space is at the bottom of Gregory's letter on which some words had been written by him in alum and these same words had been rubbed by Walsingham with coal-dust Nearly 350 years after the event the faint tracing of the alum writing can still be seen, but time, which has spared the bulk of Gregory's letter, has made the postscript almost 'invisible' in every sense of the word. What reply Gregory received to this letter is not known.

After Walsingham's death in 1590, Gregory continued to serve his successor Robert Cecil, first Earl of Salisbury, and he was doing so as late as 1608. Under Cecil he seems to have been occupied with still queerer jobs than those he performed under Walsingham. At any rate he writes on one occasion of the great difficulty he has had in copying a certain Earl's signature from a passport and engraving that signature on to 'metal.' Can this possibly refer to a fabrication of false evidence in a state prosecution against some unfortunate political prisoner? Nor were these the sole limits of Gregory's activities, because among Cecil's papers of 1597 there is a memorandum as follows: 'Arthur Gregory hath a device to make a ship go alone for a mile or two which striking on any other ship shall take fire and burn both and so to burn a whole fleet.' Was Arthur trying to anticipate the modern torpedo? In 1605 Gregory deciphered one of the letters intercepted in connection with the Gunpowder Plot, and some time after 1608 he came back to Lyme Regis with his pension. At Lyme he was appointed later on a 'searcher of the customs,' a job for which his special aptitudes, as well as his previous experience with Walsingham, must have fully qualified him. In 1619 he became Mayor. His mayoralty was conspicuous for the use, perhaps for the first time, of Portland stone in the construction of the Cobb. It may, in fact, be Gregory who first started the system of floating large blocks of stone into their proper place by means of empty casks which was so graphically described by Lord Guildford sixty years later. He retained his position as 'searcher of the customs' during his mayoralty, but received an indemnity to secure him in case any one should bring an action against him for holding the two offices simultaneously. No more about him is known except that in August, 1622, he was fined 6*s.* 8*d.* at Lyme Regis for speaking disrespectfully of another Mayor, his successor.

George Somers, son of John Somers, of Lyme Regis, was born in 1554. As befitted a native of the town, he took to the sea early, and became one of the buccaneering Elizabethan sea-dogs. Fuller says of him that he 'was a Lamb on the Land, so patient that few could anger him, and (as if entering a ship he had assumed a new nature) a Lion at Sea, so passionate that few could please him.' Of the youth of George Somers little is known, but, as a man, he took part in various expeditions to the Spanish Main, the American Continent, and the West India Islands. In 1597 he was associated with Ralegh in his expedition to the Azores. In 1602 he represented Lyme Regis in the House of Commons; in 1603 he was knighted by James I., then just come to the throne; and in 1604 he was elected Mayor of Lyme. But more important matters soon called him elsewhere. Various

SIR GEORGE SOMERS

attempts had been made since 1584 to start England's new settlement of Virginia with colonists. Somers now became one of the Founders of the South Virginia Company, with the Earl of Southampton (Shakespeare's patron) and others, and took the naval command in 1609 of an expedition to establish a fresh lot of settlers in the colony. Sir George Somers' flag-ship was the *Seaventure*, of 300 tons, and the fleet set sail in the middle of May. The ships kept fairly well together until the end of July, when a hurricane arose, which drove the *Seaventure* far apart from the others. With the rest of the small fleet, which reached Virginia in safety, we are not concerned, but the *Seaventure* sprang a leak, there were nine feet of water in the hold, and the men were all utterly spent for want of rest. The ship seemed doomed, when something like a series of miracles occurred.

The Bermudas were not far off. Modern research has fixed on the neighbourhood of these islands as the place where all eels breed, but the Elizabethan mariner regarded them with a far less prosaic eye. The shore of the Bermudas (Shakespeare's 'still-vext Bermoothes') is surrounded by a living reef of coral which is highly dangerous in a rough sea; but apart from this, a mariner of the sixteenth century would as soon have gone to hell itself as have gone to the Bermudas. The Islands were the abode of 'divils' and evil spirits, though, as the sequel showed, there were good spirits there as well. Sir George Somers, who is often spoken of as the 'discoverer' of the Bermudas, only discovered them in the sense that Faust, perhaps, 'discovered' Mephistopheles—that is to say, involuntarily. The islands, indeed, were called not only the Bermudas, but also the Somers Islands, for many years after Sir George had been wrecked upon them; but, as a matter of fact, they had first been located about one hundred years before by a Spaniard, Juan Bermudez, who gave his name to them. The *Seaventure*, with all that she contained, might now have well been given up for lost. It was a case either of shipwreck or the 'Ile of Divils.' But marvel followed upon marvel, and to these shipwrecked Englishmen the Bermudas proved not even to be purgatory: they were rather a paradise. The *Seaventure*, in one last desperate effort at salvation, was driven straight towards the Islands in the direction of what seemed to be a small sandy bay. But three leagues off she struck upon a rock, over which she rubbed, and then on to another, and from there straight between two rocks, where—she was smashed to bits? Not in the least—she stuck fast, 'lieing upright as if she had bin on the stocks.' The wind immediately fell, and the sea became calm. Every one disembarked without difficulty, and came to land. The goods, too, were unshipped, and the whole was done 'without the losse of anythinge, save the shyp only.' Nor did the wonders cease here. The question of food arose, and the fish of the islands 'even offered themselves to their hands.' 'Birdes and fowles' were so tame that they 'wearied the catcher with being caught.' Wild pigs, too, almost allowed themselves to be killed, huts were built easily of 'palmitoe leaves,' fresh water was found a few inches below the ground, and so on and so on.

The writer of the contemporary ***Historye of the Bermudaes*** accounts for these pleasant experiences in a very simple fashion. It was because the crew of the *Seaventure* were Englishmen. If they had been French or Spanish, their lot would have been very different. 'This place,' he says, 'hath alwayes bin very adverse to the approaches of the Spaniards, whence it is in an anger by them styled the Ilande of Divills.' The writer also records that one, Henry Maye, 'was ill-welcomed hither by the roks.' Maye, though an Englishman, unfortunately for himself came in a French bottom. The Bermudas knew of this, and wrecked his ship. It thus became quite clear that only Englishmen coming in English bottoms would be welcome. Shakespeare founded the story in his play of the *Tempest* on these adventures of Sir George Somers. He, of course, accounted for everything in another fashion. It was the magic wand of Prospero and the influence of Prospero's attendant, Ariel, that worked these miracles. Caliban, the Spirit of Evil, is kept under until, being made drunk by two of the crew, he conspires with them to murder Prospero, but fails. The *Tempest* was Shakespeare's farewell to the stage, to his art, almost to life itself. Visitors to Lyme Regis who spend much time and some money every day on the Illustrated Daily This and the Illustrated Daily That (dated, say, Thursday, but printed not too late on the previous afternoon), might do worse than spend a very small sum in buying a copy of Shakespeare's *Tempest*, and a little time in reading it.

Sir George Somers and his companions remained on the Islands ten months. Many of the ship's crew were so pleased with the place that they had no wish to leave it, and a few in the end never left it at all. But Somers and his fellow-officers had their work to do in Virginia, and were of a different mind. They refitted one of the ship's boats, and 'certaine to the number of fourteen of their most resolute men adventured to make a voiage' to the mainland. These men set out on their six-hundred-mile journey, but were never heard of again. The

Admiral and his men then got to work once more, and made two small pinnaces out of the cedar which grew on the Islands. These boats were successfully launched, and in them Virginia was reached at last in May, 1610. Before leaving the Bermudas, Somers had taken possession of the Islands in the name of King James I. He eventually died there of a 'surfeit of eating of a pig,' the islands being so celebrated at that time for a breed of wild swine that the local coinage, called hog-money, bore the design of a pig stamped on one side of it, that of a ship on the other. The Elizabethans were great trenchermen, and Sir George was no exception. Somers' heart was buried in the Bermudas. What happened to the rest of his body must be told in the contemporary historian's words: 'As for the rest of his corps, it was carried into England secretly, put up into a cedar chest, and so putt aboard the shyp, for otherwise it had not bin possible to have wonne the superstitious marriners to the receipt of it within bord, who (as all knowe) hold the portage of dead bodyes extremely prodigiously ominous.' Somers at the time of his death owned Berne Farm (struck by lightning and burned down during the big storm of July 18th, 1926), on the road between Bellair and Whitchurch Canonicorum. His body was therefore buried in the church of Whitchurch, beneath the old chantry there and under the present vestry. A brass tablet placed on the south wall of the chancel in 1908 records this fact. Somers is, perhaps, the most distinguished citizen that Lyme Regis has produced. The sense of bathos, therefore, is great when one has to record that in 1618 Winifred Somers, widow (and the name of Somers' wife was Winifred) was fined at Lyme for selling 'beer less than measure, contrary to the statute.'

Two brothers, Ignatius and Sylvester Jourdain, natives of Lyme Regis, who sought their fortunes elsewhere than in their native town, now claim our attention. Ignatius was born in 1561 and, when very young, was apprenticed to a merchant at Exeter. In the course of his work he found himself at Guernsey and there, according to his biographer, he was 're-born.' The only possible meaning of this is that, having previously been frivolous with the frivolity of youth, he came under some influence which 'converted' him. Certain it is that for the rest of his life of nearly eighty years he was sufficiently sober-minded to please the most exacting standard of that age of growing Puritanism. Thus he was first employed by some merchant who sent him to Guernsey on business and nothing is known of his rise to fortune. But he came to be Mayor and M.P. for Exeter after having arrived in that town, as he himself said, 'without a groat in his pocket.' Undoubtedly he was one of the most prominent, if not the most prominent, citizen of that town from 1620 to his death in 1640, in fact his biographer calls him 'the wonder and Phœnix of his age.'

His manner of life was Spartan in the extreme. He rose between 2 and 3 a.m. and spent till 6 a.m. at his devotions. His favourite reading was Foxe's *Book of Martyrs*. A copy of this celebrated antidote to Popery was once shown on the reading-stand now at the west end of Lyme Regis Church. It seems to have been pulled to pieces by the constant fingering of boys, who were probably attracted by the many plates of burnings at Smithfield and elsewhere. This was over 100 years ago. Ignatius was a great lover of sermons and, if ever in his old age he felt drowsy at sermon-time, he stood up and shook himself. There was nothing of the Laodicean about Ignatius

Jourdain. On one occasion, when on the road back from London to Exeter, he refused to stay at the house of an acquaintance without a guarantee (1) that there should be no swearing, (2) that on Sunday there should be one morning and one afternoon sermon.

But his Christianity did not limit itself to outward observances. He gave freely to the poor, and in 1626, the great plague year at Exeter, he went fearlessly in and out among those that were stricken and relieved them everywhere out of his own pocket. Once in 1639, the last year of his life, he came into collision with the Star Chamber, and was asked if he was not afraid of the Lord Keeper. His reply was, 'the Lord is my Keeper. I shall not be afraid.' The fact was that during the reading of the King's proclamation in Exeter Cathedral, about the disorders which had arisen in Scotland when Laud tried to enforce the use there of the Book of Common Prayer, Ignatius remained seated all the time and with a hat on. He was no nonconformist himself, though he did not persecute nonconformists, but was opposed to the policy of Charles I, and had the pluck to show what his sentiments were. One final anecdote must not be omitted: Ignatius, after becoming M.P. for Exeter, went to London to 'clear his election.' A political opponent at Exeter (who was also a parson), hoping that the election would not be 'cleared and that Ignatius would be sent back to Exeter as a 'returned empty,' prepared a sermon against his coming and chose for his text Psalm cxiv. 5. This verse is as follows: 'What ailest thee, thou Jordan, that thou wast driven back? The election was cleared and the sermon not delivered. Ignatius left a legacy after death 'to the poor of Lyme, where he was born: and to the poor of Guernsey, where he was re-born.'

The path which Sylvester Jourdain followed was a different one, but of his early life no more is known than was the case with his brother Ignatius. One fact only emerges from the mist. In 1598 Sylvester for some contumacy was ordered to stop in the Guild Hall for five hours. He left the room before time was up and was dismissed his freedom. But in 1609 he put Lyme Regis behind him, attached himself to Sir George Somers, and was wrecked on the Bermudas. With Somers he reached Virginia in 1610 and later on returned to London. But the Bermudas still attracted him, and in 1612 he made another journey there which, it is interesting to note, took just two-and-a-half months. Beyond this nothing is known of Sylvester's life nor when he died, but it may be safely averred that, if during these voyages he heard fewer sermons than was good for him, he heard enough and to spare of the strong language which was so offensive to the ears of his brother, Ignatius. In spite of these drawbacks the life of Sylvester was not a wasted one. He left behind him two booklets, one called, *A plaine description of the Bermudas*, and the other called, *Newes from the Bermudas*, in which the experiences of his two voyages are told. All the wonders of the anonymous *Historye* are retold and with a child-like joy. The meat of the hogs is of a 'more sweet and pleasant a taste than mutton in England'; the fish are as 'daintie as Salmon or rather better,' and, above all, 'the weather is better than in England and more temperate.' For one moment he is ungallant. 'There is a bird like the English crow, which, though they talk in the Bermuda language, yet their tongues shall walk as fast as any English woman's, so that it would fret a man to hear them.' Fortunately these crows are very good meat, 'fat and as white flesh as a chicken.'

Lastly, on his return to the islands he reports of some men, rough characters, who had been left behind there, that you would 'not hear an oath proceed out of their mouths.' This he attributes to the effect of the climate. Travel, alas! is no longer the romantic novelty that it was. In some cases, it has almost become an organized bore and 'travellers' tales,' which were once a byword for humorous exaggeration, are out of date. There are still a few spots on the earth's surface about which little is known; but any traveller who ventures to explore one of these and is bold enough to write a book of his experiences, does so in the full knowledge that, if he sets down aught than the strict truth, some other man may follow in his wake a few weeks later and produce a rival book in which a different version will be given. The golden age for exploration was the fifteenth and sixteenth centuries. That age can never return. Not only was little then known of the world and all its marvels, but the world itself was younger. Travellers started on their voyage prepared to see many actual wonders and to imagine the rest. It is in this atmosphere that such books as the *Historye* and the *Plaine Description* of the Bermudas came to be written by eager and child-like explorers for a credulous, enthusiastic and imaginative public. Among such traveller-authors Sylvester Jourdain of Lyme Regis takes a high place.

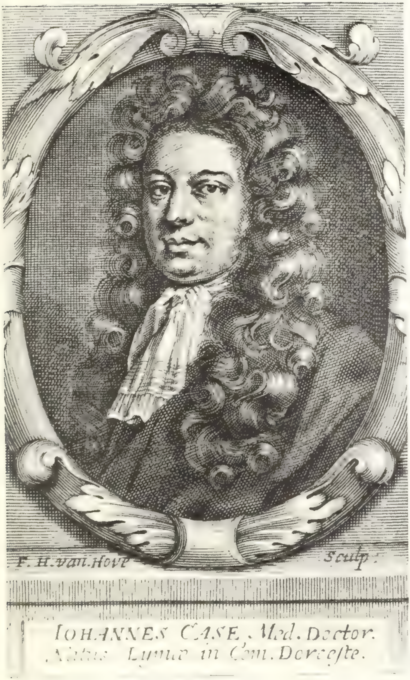
Sir Edmund Prideaux and his son must be not passed over. Though not natives of Lyme they were closely connected with its fortunes. Sir Edmund, the father, was M.P. for Lyme during nineteen years and Recorder for the Borough in 1655. He sat throughout the Long Parliament (1640–53) and was still M.P. for the Borough when he died in 1659. His first colleague in the representation was the Richard Rose already mentioned on page 18. His last was Henry Henley, the Lord of the Manor, whose family to some extent controlled elections in the borough before the arrival of the Fanes. Sir Edmund was a Chancery Lawyer by profession and possibly a Republican in politics. At any rate he rose to be Cromwell's Attorney-General and earned his knighthood; but, before this, he had been appointed Master of the Posts by the House of Commons, and it is noteworthy that a matter which still interests us from time to time was then discussed by the Committee of Both Kingdoms, for in August, 1644, 'Mr. Prideaux was desired to settle a post from London to Lyme for better maintaining intelligence with the western parts.' The position was a lucrative one, because, although Prideaux paid all the charges of the service (which he greatly improved) and a rental of £5,000 a year to the House of Commons, he is said to have made £15,000 a year for himself. His contract lasted till 1653 and before his death he had become the owner of Ford Abbey, in which we find Edmund Prideaux, the son, later on.

In 1682, at some ceremony in connection with a redemption of English captives who had been enslaved by Mahometans (possibly Sallee corsairs), the younger Prideaux was reported to have said it was better to 'live in slavery under the Turks than in England under Popery.' That indefatigable Lyme Regis loyalist, Gregory Alford, was on his track at once and wrote an account of the incident to London. In this letter Alford calls Prideaux 'the son of Oliver's Attorney-General' and 'the little Parliament man for Taunton' (for which place Prideaux then sat), and adds that his house was 'formerly an Abbey and in it is a chapel, wherein preaches a Nonconformist. It is the receptacle of all the Fanatics.' Nothing followed on this occasion, but three years later, after the Monmouth affair, Prideaux was arrested and put in the Tower. He endured some months of imprisonment and was then handed over to Jeffreys, and £15,000 is said to have been paid to the judge before the prisoner was released. The sole evidence against Prideaux was this: some of Monmouth's troops had called at Ford Abbey for horses, and, while there, had drunk the Duke's health. Prideaux himself seems to have kept perfectly quiet, but eventually he had to pay for what must be one of the dearest drinks on record.

John Case, who flourished from the last part of the seventeenth to the beginning of the eighteenth century, was a native of Lyme Regis, and a successful medical man according to the standard of those times. Happily for ourselves that standard has been considerably raised in the last two hundred years. Doctors nowadays may not advertise, but Case, in order to attract the passer-by, wrote a miserable distich over his door in London, which ran—

'Within this place
Lives Doctor Case.'

Addison quizzed him for this in a *Tatler*, dated October 21st, 1710, but added that Case had made more money by these two lines than Dryden by all his works. Under such circumstances a man can afford to be quizzed even by Addison, and Case no doubt profited accordingly. A story told by Granger, the anecdotist and print-collector of the eighteenth century who added 'grangerize' to the English language, is the best possible testimonial to Case's success as a practitioner. He was having a merry evening with a still better-known physician, John Radcliffe, the founder of the Radcliffe Library at Oxford. On this festive occasion in question Radcliffe proposed a toast: 'Here, brother


F. H. van Hove Sculp:
IOHANNES CASE. Med. Doctor.
Natus Lymae in Com. Dorceſte.

DR. JOHN CASE.

Case, to all the fools, your patients.' To which Case replied, 'Let me have all the fools, you are welcome to the rest of the practice. A medical man in Case's time was part quack, part astrologer, and part vendor of drugs. The quack, in one walk of life or another, we still have with us. He will never die, and who can say that we have even yet got astrology out of our blood? Men are still 'jovial' or 'saturnine' or 'mercurial.' We still 'consider' whether such or such a course may or may not be 'disastrous,' and we still 'thank our stars' when it turns out to be successful. Case himself, as already stated, wrote a book on astrology called the *Angelical Guide*, in which he reaches many remarkable conclusions. One of these is, 'Thus Adam was created in that pleasant place, Paradise, about the year before Christ 4002 on April 24th at 12 o'clock or midnight'! He also deals with another event which interests people of Lyme more closely. In estimating the influence of a comet on human life he writes, 'We may take an example of this present time when effects of a comet is (*sic*) fresh in mind. I saw myself with many others a strange comet but two days before the Duke of Monmouth was taken in the West.' Our astrology of to-day is mostly of the ceremonial or verbal order, and we should hardly rely on it to cure a cold or fever. The vending of drugs is different. It is more rampant now than it was in Case's day, because 200 years ago so many households concocted their own drugs and nostrums, and swallowed bushels or gallons of them too. So far, indeed, as pill-making goes, Case was not behind the times, but before them; not a reactionary, but a pioneer. He sold pills in a box which had these words wrapped round them:

'Here's fourteen pills for thirteen pence—
Enough in any man's conscience.'

Whether the pence were enough for the pills or the pills for the pence is not made clear, but have we not here the germ of the familiar phrase, 'Honestly worth a guinea a box'?

Lyme Regis tradition likes to think that Daniel Defoe joined Monmouth at Lyme itself; but there is no evidence of this. He seems to have taken part in the rising somewhere, and may have been at Sedgemoor, but happily escaped both from Kirke's 'Lambs' and from Jeffreys. He was a Londoner by birth and a Nonconformist. As for his business, he is variously spoken of as a hose-factor, which means a middleman between the maker and the retailer of woollen goods, and as a wool merchant. Either of these occupations would have brought him down West and political sympathies might have attracted him to the Monmouth rising. As a business-man Defoe was not successful and both want and partisanship may have stimulated him to become the most voluminous pamphleteer in the English language. His highly satirical *Shortest way with the Dissenters* brought him into the pillory in 1703, but his ordeal was a popular triumph. The crowd covered the pillory with flowers and drank the culprit's health. Soon after this, Harley, still an ardent Whig, became Secretary of State. Defoe was released from prison and Harley sent him a sum of money, having a mind to employ him on a job of his own. Harley, as a politician, is of small interest. As a collector of manuscripts his fame endures. As for Defoe, in our own time of course, he would have been a leader among journalists and Harley was early in appreciating the value of such men in politics. The same idea has received a more than sufficient extension in these latter days, when the association of press and politics seems to breed excessive opportunities for intrigue. To Harley intrigue was as the breath of his nostrils, and he was probably playing for his own hand when, in 1705, he sent Defoe on a secret electoral tour through England with a mission to report, of course from the Whig point of view, on the state of opinion in the constituencies. It is in connection with this report that Defoe actually came to Lyme, whatever he may have done twenty years earlier. The report itself is great fun. Of Reading, Defoe says 'they are all well here,' *i.e.*, they are all good Whigs. Dorchester is 'a good-for-nothing town,' *i.e.*, they are all bad Tories. Honiton, 'a terrible election mob here.' Dartmouth is 'a bubbled (worthless) town.' At Exeter Defoe arranges a plan how So-and-so 'may be thrown out at the next election.' His verdict on Lyme is a happy one—'a town entirely united and all the churchmen very moderate and well affected.' The meaning of this is that Lyme was either Low Church or Nonconformist and therefore a supporter of the Whig interest, as was in fact the case during the era of the Henley family. Lyme Regis had sown its political wild oats in 1644 and 1685. The bloodless revolution of 1832, when the supremacy of the Fane family was brought to an end, was a mere spasm as compared with Lyme's struggles in the seventeenth century. Defoe's picture is one of calm after storm. Defoe himself never came back to Lyme. He did not start writing novels and tales till ten years later, when he was passed fifty. He was already nearly sixty when *Robinson Crusoe* appeared. He died in 1731.

Peter King, son of a grocer at Exeter, rose to be Lord Chancellor under the first two Georges from 1725 to 1733. He was a Whig with Presbyterian antecedents and became Recorder of Lyme in 1707. He deserves a word of thanks from all who have to search among old documents, because he was the author of an Act of Parliament which substituted English for Latin as the language for writs and other similar legal instruments. He or his family had one stroke of luck at the end of his life. In 1733 paralysis compelled him to give up the Chancellorship, and he was offered an annuity of £4,000 a year or a lump sum of £20,000. He chose the latter and died nine months afterwards.

Unnumbered children during the last 180 years have had good cause to bless the name of Thomas Coram, sea-captain, philanthropist, and native of Lyme Regis. The date of his birth is uncertain, but was probably 1668. He was of humble origin, son of a Lyme Regis skipper, and the John Coram who appears on a Borough Rating List for 1670 may have been his father. Of his early life little is known except that he traded with Virginia and lived for some time in the American colonies, while they still formed part of the British Empire. His experience of colonial life and his practical ability were utilised later on, after his return to England, because he was consulted on and took a prominent part in the colonisation and settlement both of Georgia and Nova Scotia. But the work of his life was the institution of the Foundling Hospital. About 1720 he was engaged in England in the work of supplying stores to the British Navy. He seems to have prospered, but his business led him to frequent some of the worst districts on the shores of the Thames below London Bridge. The unwanted child of the unmarried mother was often painfully before him, either dead or dying in the streets, or as the mere flotsam and jetsam of London life. It was then that he conceived his fine idea of creating an institution to receive these human waifs and strays. The idea was carried out, but its accomplishment ruined him.

THOMAS CORAM.

For nearly twenty years Thomas Coram laboured at his scheme and encountered much obstruction, apathy, and even ridicule; but at last he obtained a Royal Charter, and sufficient funds were subscribed to make a beginning. At first a house was taken in Hatton Garden for the reception of foundlings, but soon after an estate was bought in Lamb's Conduit Fields. The fields thus bought were then green pastures in real earnest, but are now bounded on East and West by two London squares, and on the South by Guildford Street, and the Governors have just sold for £1,650,000 a site which cost Thomas Coram £6,500, 180 years ago. There the Foundling Hospital was opened in 1745. Hogarth was one of the original Governors, and it was possibly owing to his influence that exhibitions (a complete novelty in those days) of the works of celebrated artists were held at the Hospital, which thus became the forerunner of the Royal Academy as an exhibiting body and of all who have held picture shows ever since. Handel soon became a munificent benefactor. By conducting annual performances of the *Messiah* in the chapel of the Hospital he contributed many thousands of pounds to its funds, and the original score of the oratorio is now one of the Hospital's greatest treasures. But Coram was becoming an old man. Owing to some difference of opinion with his colleagues he had been ousted from the Council and was also in financial difficulties. A subscription was raised to assist him and an annuity purchased in 1749. In October of the same year the freedom of the Borough of Lyme Regis was conferred on him by a unanimous vote of the Corporation. The letter in which Coram acknowledges this compliment can be seen in the Lyme Museum. The simple language of the letter, the big schoolboy hand and the bad spelling are all noticeable. The Mr. Smith, from whose house the letter was written, being Rector of All Hallows-on-the-Wall, had occasionally acted as Chaplain to the Foundling Hospital. He was at this time giving a home to Coram in the days of his adversity. Two years later Coram died, and was buried in a vault beneath the chapel of the Hospital. His best epitaph is in his own words: 'I have not wasted the little wealth of which I was formerly possessed in self-indulgence or vain expenses, and am not ashamed to confess that in this my old age I am poor.' His portrait at the Foundling by Hogarth radiates benignity—sturdy benignity. It is a magnificent work of art and one feels as well that it is something better even than this. One feels that it is Coram himself, the man as he was when living. At Lyme Regis his name survives in Coram Court and Coram Tower. Coram's chief crime was that he never revisited his native place.

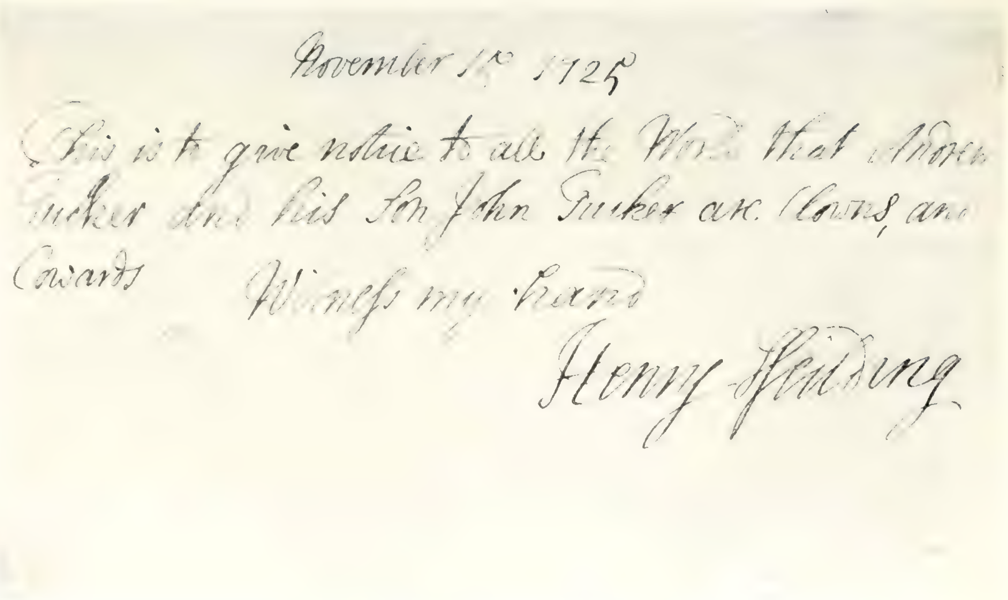
The Lyme Regis family of Gundry produced an inconspicuous judge of the High Court in Sir Nathaniel Gundry (1701-54). Perhaps the manner of his death is more noticeable than anything he did when living. While holding the Assizes at Launceston in 1754 he contracted gaol-fever, that terror of judges in days when all prisons bred pestilence. He died the same year at Musbury, where he owned Maidenhayne, close to Ashe House, the home of the Churchills. There is a memorial tablet to him in Musbury Church.

Harry Fielding, the novelist, was a scapegrace. Every one knows that, and he escaped from grace very early in life. He was the contemporary of the elder Pitt at Eton and his visits to the 'birchen altar' (see *Tom Jones*, Book 13, chapter 1) were frequent. Thousands of other boys have been there too, and have profited exceedingly therefrom. But Fielding did penance at the same altar in after life more frequently than most other men. His earliest escapade after leaving school took place at Lyme Regis, and what drew him there was the beauty of the rich heiress, Sarah Andrew. Fielding's home was not far off and between him and Sarah there was some very remote cousinship; but there was also love. Sarah seems to have been the great-granddaughter of Solomon Andrew I., the wealthy Lyme merchant who died in 1684, and was followed by three other Solomon Andrews between 1684 and 1714. In 1725 Sarah's near relatives were all dead and she was living in Lyme Regis at Tudor House, built in 1601 and facing Long Entry, under the guardianship of her uncle, Andrew Tucker, for whose eldest son she was destined. Fielding, then between eighteen and nineteen years old. strong and handsome, came to Lyme with a valet, one Joseph Lewis, and with the firm intention of abducting Sarah Andrew.

He was hanging about the place for some weeks in 1725 before he made his actual attempt at abduction, because his name is mentioned in some proceedings for assault in September. On one Sunday morning, however, in November, as the Tucker party was going to church, the grand attack was delivered. But Sarah was closely guarded and Fielding was beaten off. The sequel took place before the Mayor of Lyme (John Bowditch) on November 14th, 1725, when Andrew Tucker appeared and declared that he went in 'fear of his life or of some bodily hurt' from Henry Fielding and his servant. Of the defendants only Lewis appeared and he and his master were bound over to keep the peace. Fielding left Lyme on the following day, but before doing so wrote out on a half-sheet of paper the announcement here reproduced. This document, which shows signs of a wafer at each corner, was probably posted in some prominent place in Lyme. It was Fielding's Parthian shot at the Tucker family. The original half-sheet of paper, recently found among Lyme's archives, is now in the town museum. And so the romance ended so far as Fielding was concerned, and a short time later, when he had 'commenced author,' he was guilty of the lines—

> 'What, wilt thou wear the marriage chain
> While one whole halter doth remain?'

He made amends for this ungallant sentiment afterwards by marrying twice and by creating two attractive heroines in Sophia Western and Amelia Booth. The romance ended in November, 1725, not only for Fielding, but for the Tucker family as well. The heiress was sent off post-haste into Devon, where lived her co-guardian, one Ambrose Rhodes. In this household, too, there was an eldest son who, sad to say, got the better of the Tucker youth and carried off the plum two or three years later. All things considered, Sarah was probably far happier as Mrs. Rhodes than she would have been as Mrs. Fielding. Fielding died, comparatively young and completely broken, at Lisbon in 1754. Sarah survived him for nearly thirty years and a tablet to her memory may still be seen in Heavitree Church, Exeter. Gibbon, the historian, some years after the novelist's death, paid Fielding what is surely the most magnificent compliment ever offered by one literary man to another. He said, 'The romance of *Tom Jones*, that exquisite picture of humour and manners, will outlive the palace of the Escurial and the Imperial Eagle of Austria.' The prophecy is nearly 150 years old. One half of it came true in 1918.



November ye 1725

This is to give notice to all the World that Andrew
Tucker and his Son John Tucker are Clowns and
Cowards
Witness my hand
Henry Fielding

FIELDING'S LAST WORD.

The next notabilities in point of date form a quintette, and must be taken together. They are all distinguished visitors, not natives — being Thomas Hollis, William Hayley, the Earl of Chatham, Chatham's eldest son John (afterwards the second Earl), and his second son William (afterwards the great Prime Minister). Of Hollis and Hayley most people know nothing and few people anything. Of two of the last three of these visitors most people know something and many people a good deal.

Thomas Hollis was known as 'the Republican,' but his republicanism was more theoretic or artistic (he was fond of designs with daggers and caps of liberty) than practical. He strongly admired our fellow-countrymen in the American colonies, and was their whole-hearted supporter in the struggle that was impending between them and the Mother Country, but died in 1774, just before actual fighting began. From this it may be gathered that he was an ardent Whig in politics. 'A vile Whig, Sir,' Johnson might have called him, and this perhaps is why the great Tory of Tories speaks of him in Boswell as a 'dull, poor creature.' Chatham's opinion of Hollis was something very different, but, as we all know, the stream of opinion is never very clear as soon as politics begin to flow into it. Hollis' method of life was an unusual one for a man of his position in the eighteenth century, but we of the twentieth century might possibly consider his system more sensible than that of his contemporaries. He was a man of means, and could afford to do as he liked. Not that his personal habits were expensive (they were very much the reverse), but that his position in the world was sufficiently assured to enable him to make himself independent of the opinion of other people. Is there greater happiness than that? Hollis, among other 'eccentricities,' preferred vegetables to meat. He preferred tea or water to wines or spirits, and, though he can hardly have beaten Johnson's record of twenty-four consecutive cups of tea, his mere liking for tea should have softened all their political differences. Hollis, in fact, abstained even from simple luxuries. He was an early riser and very fond of exercise, being a contrast to his contemporaries in both respects. Lastly, he hated the boredom of entertainments, and he disliked London and liked Lyme. Is there not in all this much that we can applaud?

The fact that Hollis seldom went to any place of worship led to his being spoken of as an atheist. Johnson doubted this, and other people have done the same. When some one, shortly after Hollis' death, had suggested that he was an atheist, Johnson said: 'I don't know that. He might perhaps have been one if he had had time to ripen' (smiling). 'He might have *exuberated* into an atheist.' As a matter of fact, whatever his views may have been on public worship, Hollis was a man of great piety and practical piety. He went about doing good all his life and helping poorer people who needed help, quite regardless of the religious denomination to which they belonged. The testimony of Augustus Toplady on this point is perhaps conclusive. Toplady, the great Calvinist, is known to all as the author of the hymn 'Rock of Ages,' and to some for his unedifying controversies with John Wesley. From 1768 to his death in 1778 Toplady was Vicar of Broadhembury, near Honiton. He knew Lyme Regis and Lyme Regis people well, and this is his verdict on Hollis: 'He lived for the benefit of others, and may be classed with the most public-spirited worthies that ever lived.' Hollis was the owner of a property at Corscombe, near

Beaminster, and this led him to spend much time at Lyme Regis for a few years from 1770 onwards. At Lyme Regis he was also the owner of the 'Three Cups,' where he lived in rooms specially assigned to him, and made himself respected and liked by every one in the town. How he bought the site of the Assembly Rooms and presented it to the town has been already told. In 1773 he also bought some old houses at the extreme end of Middle Row which blocked up the bottom of Broad Street and presented them to the town for demolition. In the same way he bought and pulled down some old cottages on the north side of Pound Street. Last, but not least, among the good things which he did was the help he gave to Hutchins in producing the History of Dorset. Hutchins refers to Hollis as 'the generous encourager of his work.'

Chatham and Hollis were old friends, though Hollis had disliked the great man's acceptance of a peerage in 1766. It was Hollis who first introduced Chatham to Lyme and they passed a few days together at the 'Three Cups' in October, 1772. The visit of the Pitt family to Lyme in the following year was probably then settled. In November, 1772, Hollis went to Burton Pynsent, where he saw the boys act in some plays, and after leaving Burton Pynsent, Hollis sent Chatham a present of game and a barrel of mead 'brewed these thirty years.' Early in 1773 Chatham was consulting very closely with Hollis as to the profitable management of the Burton Pynsent estate. All this shows the intimacy between the two men before the visit of the Pitt family in the summer of 1773. *Apropos* to the subject of this visit, Hollis wrote to friends: 'Chatham thinks the air (of Lyme Regis) the purest he ever breathed and the situation the most delightful and stately.' 'Stately' is very

Chathamesque. In the same letter Hollis insinuated that 'the people of Lyme Regis might make his Lordship pay for these advantages by urging his interest with Parliament for the restoration and amplification of Lyme Cob (*sic*), a matter of the highest consequence to the welfare of the town.' Hollis died suddenly on January 1st, 1774, while walking in a field on his property at Corscombe, as he was on the point of returning to Lyme. 'I believe the weather is going to change; I am exceedingly giddy,' he said to a workman, and fell down dead.

There seems to be a conspiracy among those who speak of William Hayley to describe him as 'the Poet.' 'The Poet Hayley' is a constant designation, as though there were any other Hayley from whom he had to be distinguished, or as though his poetry had left an enduring mark. Hayley wrote poetry, it is true. He also wrote prose, biographies; which Scott dismissed as 'exaggerated daubing,' and perhaps his biographies, as those of another writer, did really 'add a new terror to death.' Hayley, the poet, Byron salutes in this wise :—

'Behold !—Ye tarts, one moment spare the text—
Hayley's last work and worst—until his next.'

Hayley was offered the post of Poet Laureate in 1790, after the death of Thomas Warton. The offer was declined, but whether because our poet thought himself too good for the position or too bad, is not known. Hayley, in fact, never succeeded in climbing very far up the slopes of Parnassus, but he once became momentarily the 'work-basket poet' beloved of young ladies. His poem on this occasion—*The Triumphs of Temper*—went through fourteen editions. Macaulay, it will be remembered, complained of the same thing in the case of one of Robert Montgomery's poems. But in Montgomery's case the offence was not so rank. *The Omnipresence of the Deity* ran to eleven editions only.

*The Triumphs of Temper* is in six cantos of rhymed couplets, amounting in all to some three or four thousand lines. A mock-heroic poem, it challenges competition with the most perfect of its class, Pope's *Rape of the Lock.* In quantity Hayley beats Pope by many thousand lines, but in nothing else. It is said that the two first pages of *The Triumphs of Temper* were all that Johnson could stand, and he was an omnivorous reader. Any one, therefore, who can read the poem through and preserve his equanimity, exemplifies in his own person the qualities which the poem was written to celebrate.

Southey, who still appears in anthologies, and whose poetry is sometimes (at school) still learnt by heart, said of Hayley that everything was good about him *except* his poetry. This seems a hard saying as from one poet to another, but is really a high compliment to Hayley's character. In spite of his bad poetry, Hayley was a good fellow and did at least two good things in his life. One was that he came to Lyme Regis in the summer of 1773, and the other was that he was instrumental about twenty years later in getting a pension for a man who really was a poet, William Cowper. The Prime Minister, who made this grant in 1794, was William Pitt, the boy of fourteen whom Hayley, a young man of twenty-seven, now met for the first time at Lyme Regis. Hayley did not know the Pitts before this meeting in 1773, and he seems never to have been acquainted with Chatham at all. He had secured a 'neat lodging in Broad Street, opposite to the Great House, on the site where the premises of the Midland Bank now stand; he came for the sea-bathing, and he remained some months. In the Great House were the Pitt boys with Mr. Wilson, their tutor. Captain Hood, afterwards Lord Bridport, was also at Lyme Regis. He was a member of that West Country family which has had many distinguished representatives in the British Navy, and was related to Lady Chatham. He was also a friend of Hayley, and it was through him that the latter came to know the two Pitt boys.

Hayley speaks of William Pitt as 'a wonderful boy of fourteen who eclipsed his brother in conversation.' Hayley had a favourite horse which William admired very much, and he and the boys rode together a great deal. William showed him 'several romantic spots in the vicinity of Lyme, where the shock of an earthquake in some preceding centuries was supposed to have produced a wild and beautiful singularity of appearance in the face of nature.' This probably refers to the Whitlands landslip of 1765, though an 'earthquake' had no more to do with it than had a 'volcano' to do with the 'burning cliff' between Lyme and Charmouth which gave a display from January to June, 1908. There is hardly a century in which at some point or other along the cliffs of Dorset this manifestation of 'burning cliffs' fails to appear and often more than once, but the word 'volcano' was the invention of sensational journalists of the twentieth century. The word 'earthquake' was due to Hayley's ignorance. Hayley regretted that 'his own poetical reserve had prevented his imparting to the wonderful youth the epic poem he had begun on the liberty of their country.' Perhaps it was just as well. If Hayley had started on his epic poem, William Pitt (whose long premiership was notable for the small encourage-ment given to literature and the arts) might never have spoken to him again, and Cowper would have lost his pension. After all, the son of Chatham, and the deadly foe of Napoleon, was hardly the man whose enthusiasm for the liberty of his country stood in need of any inspiration whatever.

It must not be supposed that Chatham came to Lyme Regis for the sea-bathing on his own account. It is difficult to imagine the Great Commoner performing such an operation even to the accompaniment of George the Third's band of music. It was not for himself, but for the health of his second and favourite son, William, that visits to such places as Weymouth and Lyme Regis were made. William Pitt's health was bad through life. It was particularly feeble when he was a child, and continued feeble till he went up to Cambridge as an undergraduate at the early age of fourteen, just after the visit to Lyme Regis. The age at which undergraduates went into residence in Pitt's time was anything from seventeen to nineteen years. Pitt's very early start at Cambridge was due to his extreme precocity. Lord Rosebery mentions it as on record that Pitt, owing to his bad health, was accompanied to Cambridge by a nurse. It may be noted, too, in passing, that Roberts records a tradition of the place where William Pitt 'used to manœuvre at his favourite game of marbles,' that is in the porch of the Great House. Now Pitt at fourteen years was as old as most men at twenty-five. Tradition and 'the oldest inhabitant' are both hard taskmasters, and yet the picture evoked in this case is one very hard to visualise. The Bar was to be William's profession (so far as any talk of a profession was possible at such a time), but Chatham's aspiration was that his second son should occupy, as before many years had passed he did in real fact occupy, the highest position in the State. So early as August, 1766, when the 'Great Commoner' had just become the Earl of Chatham, Mr. Wilson had written to Lady Chatham from Weymouth the following remark that young William had dropped: 'He was glad that he was not the eldest son, but that he should serve his country in the House of Commons like papa.' The boy was then seven! But from 1782 he sat on the front Government bench in the House of Commons, 'cocking his nose in the face of Europe,' year by year. Of the oldest son, John, who became the second Earl, less is heard at Lyme Regis and less is known. His profession was to be the Army. When at Lyme in 1772, Chatham had made the acquaintance of a veteran officer, a certain Captain Kennedy, and Kennedy now undertook to instruct John Pitt in the art of fortification and in military matters generally. A year or two on, when the boy had entered the Army, Chatham refused to allow him to fight the Americans; but, so soon as France had entered into the fray, every objection of the father was removed.

John Pitt, the second earl, was known as the 'late Lord Chatham,' because of his incurable indolence. He rose generally about noon. As a respectable mediocrity he was in great favour at Court, which was hardly the case with his father or brother. William Pitt, according to the delightful phrase in the *Farington Diary*, 'tolerated the Royal Family with more disrespect than any other person!' John Pitt was more normal, and perhaps Royalty did not notice in him 'that damned long obstinate upper lip' which was so repugnant where other members of his family were concerned. In 1808, owing to Court favour, the second earl was nearly appointed to the Peninsular Command instead of Sir Arthur Wellesley. Happily, this disaster was averted, but unhappily, and as some compensation for his disappointment, his Lordship was placed at the head of the Walcheren expedition in 1809. This was one of the many efforts made by England to get at her then great enemy on the continent of Europe. The lure in this case was Antwerp, just as the lure in the Gallipoli expedition of 1915 was Constantinople. Both enterprises failed. At Walcheren Lord Chatham directed the military, Sir Richard Strachan the naval operations. Possibly the Earl's fondness for his bed was too strong for him, but each commander blamed the other for not doing something. This mutual indecision was enshrined in the following verse:—

'Lord Chatham with his sabre drawn
Stood waiting for Sir Richard Strachan;
Sir Richard, eager to be at 'em,
Stood waiting for the Earl of Chatham.'

When Chatham came to Lyme Regis in 1773 he was no longer a Minister of the Crown, nor had any prospect of being so again. His first and glorious Ministry had ended in 1761; his second had died miserably in 1767. For some time Chatham had been suffering from a complication of disorders, at the bottom of which were gout and advancing years. From the latter, at any rate, there was no escape, not even at Lyme Regis. The letters written to Lady Chatham from Lyme in June and July, 1773, about the boys, show the great man in a most amiable light and are delightful reading. To most of us the elder Pitt is known as one cast in the heroic mould, who not only occupies, but also fills, a foremost place on the stage of great events. At Lyme Regis we see another and more domestic side of him, and the picture presented is a very attractive one. The elderly and invalid statesman accompanies the boys on all their excursions.

Thomas Hollis, the old acquaintance of Chatham, is often with them. The father, to his joy, often observes the 'philosopher' or the 'counsellor,' as he nicknames the precocious William, in earnest conversation with Hollis. The age of the 'philosopher' is fourteen, that of Hollis is fifty-three. Hollis is a great showman of Lyme Regis and organizes their outings; but a few extracts from the letters themselves must be given.

Chatham arrived at Lyme Regis on Sunday, June 6th, 1773, thereby breaking what was regarded almost as an article of religion in the next generation, and even for a generation or two beyond that. William Wilberforce for instance, the friend of Chatham's son, would have strongly objected to the great Earl's laxity of conduct. It is, in fact, on record that Wilberforce persuaded Spencer Perceval, the Prime Minister of 1809, to alter the first day of the Parliamentary Session of that year from a Monday to a Friday, because of the large amount of Sunday travel which the former day would have caused. Again, in 1814, the date of the story of *Persuasion*, 'Sunday travelling' was levelled as a serious reproach against that shady Elliot cousin, William Walter. Later on, in 1857, as readers of *Barchester Towers* will remember, Mrs. Proudie and the Rev. Obadiah Slope are found to be strongly against the 'Sabbath train,' and in more modern times, Disraeli was rebuked by the incumbent of Hughenden for travelling on a Sunday. The influencing fact is that, between 1773 and 1809, Wesleyanism outside the Church of England had given birth to Evangelicalism within the pale, and Evangelicalism had a very long innings. Only thirty years ago the present writer remembers seeing in a cottage in North Devon, a pictorial representation of the Broad and Narrow Way. The chart of the Broad Way begins pleasantly enough, but dangers thicken and horrors abound as you proceed along it. At the very end of the road, just before you are about to topple over into the Bottomless Pit, a very primitive locomotive crosses your path, and it is labelled 'Sunday train.' Below and beyond it are the flames and smoke of hell. What would the writer of this sermon have thought of the Sunday motor and the Sunday char-a-banc? But the year is 1773, and even in the early nineteenth century much might have been conceded to an invalid and illustrious statesman like the Earl of Chatham. Thus the newly arrived visitor reached Lyme Regis on a certain Sunday. He may have come from Bath, a place with which his ailments had made him only too familiar, but more probably had been staying at Burton Pynsent, the property near Langport in Somerset which had been given to him by an enthusiastic admirer in 1766. Dinner was late, at four o'clock, on the afternoon of his arrival because the boys were at church—'Beef of Old England, not at an Old England hour,' Chatham calls it. The same evening he writes to Lady Chatham, 'The dear boys look charmingly. . . . The sea continues kind to our race, Pitt (*i.e.*, John, the elder boy) and William striving who shall by good looks carry the vogue among the ladies of our Vauxhall.' Vauxhall in the eighteenth century was a sort of London-super-Mare for boat-races and other aquatic amusements. Excursions are discussed and 'The "Philosopher" (William) is, as he ought, for visiting first the greatest wonder in nature, a petrifying spring at Whitlands.' William's ardour led them rather far in the Whitlands excursion, and as all Lyme people know, the walking there is none of the easiest. Next day, Chatham is reminded of his gout. 'Legs mend,' he says, 'but slowly. I suspect *time* may have had some share in my lameness, 'hough gout is to bear the blame.' The diagnosis, unhappily, was correct. Then Hollis comes upon the scene. 'Mr. Hollis came to us on Wednesday, and contrived to show me more beauties in the course of yesterday than I could have discovered without him in a twelvemonth. Amidst all the beauties of nature his own mind holds by far the most prominent place. He is the happiest of beings by dispensing continually happiness to others.'

Mr. Hollis remarks on 'the Counsellor's firm accent,' and says to Chatham, 'You see how distinct and clear his ideas are.' Chatham drives, while Hollis and William walk by the side of the carriage. 'Great part of our tour yesterday in the coach, these two friends of liberty and virtue were *tête-à-tête*, by walking up and down the steep hills while I remained in the carriage. In this kind of converse not only the constitution of the State, but the universal frame of nature was, I dare say, thoroughly discussed.' The reason why Lady Chatham could not come to Lyme was one regretted by every member of the party, but is to us a source of extreme congratulation. If she had come, we should have been without these letters. The 'Great House' was not sufficiently great for all the party. 'Our house is clean,' writes Chatham to Lady Chatham, 'and not inconvenient, but wants just another half to hold us all together. Your separation from the Lyme party is frequently regretted, and every piece of good road or moderate mountain mentioned with reference to your little chaise.' Hollis suddenly leaves the party, to return no doubt to Corscombe. Chatham, 'but for our loved boys,' would feel the want of his company very much.

These letters, of course, have the occasional intrusion of others on more serious topics written to political associates, and

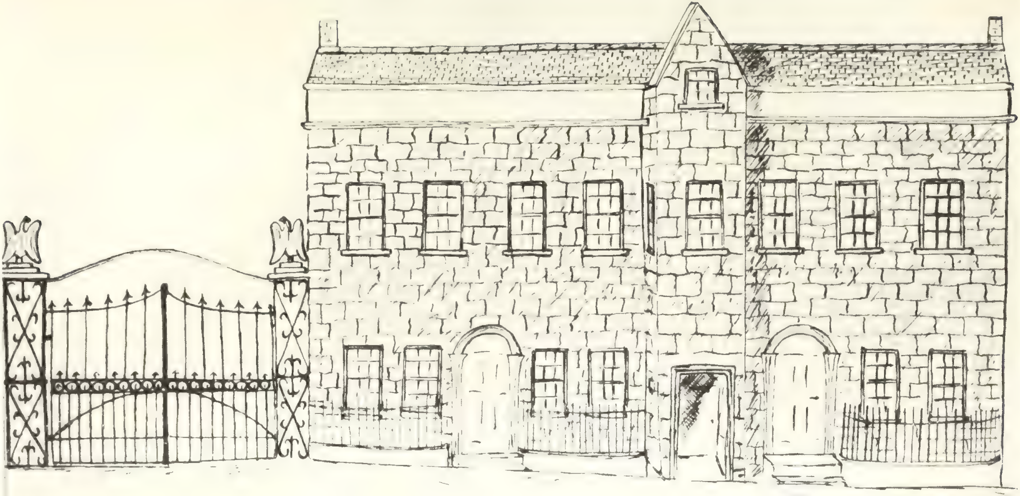
MARY RUSSELL MITFORD.

Chatham's mind from now is evidently being turned in other directions than Lyme Regis. 'How long,' he says, 'I can follow the camp for Pitt or be commodious to the ladies for William is to be seen.' The picture of the great Chatham being 'commodious' to the ladies of Lyme Regis for the sake of William is a very joyous one, but the Lyme holiday came to an end on September 28th. Altogether these letters are one of the pleasantest and most distinguished interludes in the history of the social life of Lyme.

Twenty-three years later there was another notable occupant of the Great House for twelve months. This was Mary Russell Mitford, who lived there with her father and mother as a girl of nine years old in 1796–7. The spendthrift Dr. Mitford, who was wasting in cards and other extravagances the fortune which he had received with his wife, had come to Lyme in the double hope of making a good start in his profession and of spending less money on himself. It was not Lyme's fault that neither hope was realised. Even Mary Mitford, who is generally so uncritical where the backslidings of her father are concerned, remarked in later years that, 'as commonly happens to people whose fortunes are declining,' the house her father took at Lyme was 'far more splendid than anything we had ever inhabited; indeed, the best in the town.' Dr. Mitford was always disposed to cut as good a figure as possible wherever he went and so long as there was a shot in the locker, but his own contributions to the family locker amounted to just nothing at all. In spite of this he seems to have entertained a good deal, and at one time sixteen to eighteen guests are spoken of as being in the house for a ball at the Assembly Rooms.

All these things were taking place in 1796 or 1797; but the

Great House has been encroached upon, hemmed in, and sadly altered since Mary Mitford's time. Writing in 1838, she described it as a 'picturesque old house built round a quadrangle.' This description she amplified in her reminiscences of 1851. She says there that the house was 'built of the beautiful grey stone of the Isle of Portland,' and that it had a great extent of frontage terminating by large gates with spread eagles. She adds that a stone porch with benches on each side projected from the centre of the house. She also speaks of lofty rooms, noble oak staircases, a marble hall and long corridors and galleries. In her description of the gardens behind, which sloped abruptly down to the Lyme, mention is made of a grotto overarching a cool, sparkling spring, which, of course, was the Lepers' Well, and it may be noted that the deep ruined bridge, of which the two ends still exist at the point where the river is bent round by the hill of Broad Street, provided an exit from the garden on to the Lynch. The Great House has been a good deal hacked about internally and altered externally since Miss Mitford's time, but, even when this has been said, her description must be to some extent discounted. She lived only one year in the house and was then a girl of nine. When she first began to write about the house, she was already a woman of over fifty, and her *Recollections* of 1851 were published when she was sixty-four. For this reason, in all probability, the 'beautiful grey stone of the Isle of Portland' was the local blue lias and nothing more. Doubts too may be expressed as to the noble oak staircases and the marble halls. The 'large gates with spread eagles' which terminated the front of the house, were simply the entrance to the stables (the site of the Pitt House Hotel) which any passer-by can easily realise for himself to-day, though the



THE GREAT HOUSE.

spread eagles themselves have flown away. The Great House, in fact, occupied Nos. 45, 46, 47 and 48 Broad Street. In the centre, opposite to No. 46, a small stone porch, not removed till 1913, projected on to the pavement, so that the footway was very narrow at this point. No. 45 has had an extra storey added to it and the height of the other houses is about the same. Internally the houses have been altered beyond recognition and nothing but a detailed plan of each could show how the one has been dovetailed into or encroached upon by the other.

And so Dr. Mitford found himself at Lyme Regis. Even if he secured no patients, he seems to have begun with a serious effort to retrench. Mary says that her father was accustomed to take her 'with him under the cliffs—he, hammer in hand, examining those rocks so full of fossil remains, I collecting shells and sea-weed on the sands.' With a filial affection that no misconduct on his part was ever able to damp, she speaks of him also in 1838, which was four years before his death, as having had at Lyme Regis 'a fancy for all points of natural observation,' and adds that he might have been called a 'geologist, zoologist, ornithologist, and so forth.' More impartial observers, however, have seen very little of any 'ology' at all in Dr. Mitford's pursuits, for his one real passion seems to have been cards and the gaming-table. A visit by the Doctor to London results in the loss of more money and a fresh domestic upheaval. One by one all the guests at the Great House leave, all movable goods are packed up for a sale, and Mary Mitford and her mother creep out of Lyme Regis for ever in a hack-chaise. Dr. Mitford had probably left beforehand and more comfortably.

The next abode of the family is in dingy lodgings on the south side of Westminster Bridge. Then follows the miracle of the lottery ticket on Mary Mitford's tenth birthday. As Becky Sharp in *Vanity Fair* made use of Georgy Osborne (aged eleven) to place her last gold piece on the tables and won a little pile of money, so that incorrigible gambler, Dr. Mitford, took his daughter to a lottery office, told her to choose a ticket, and drew the prize. It happened in this way. Among the tickets available was one numbered 2224. There was some obstacle to the purchase of this particular ticket, and others were offered; but Mary Mitford had pinned her faith to 2224 because the total of its figures made up her age. The ticket was bought, and a short time afterwards Dr. Mitford, perhaps unfortunately for himself, won £20,000. Once more the family blazed forth in splendour: once more eclipse followed before long and for the same reason, but this time there were no more winning lottery tickets. If the Doctor was kept from actual ruin in after-life, it was by the income from his daughter's pen. The wolf of bankruptcy was always near the door but never gained an entrance though there was continual poverty within. The history of Mary Mitford's struggles and successes belongs rather to the district of Reading than to Lyme Regis, but a remarkable change in one of her literary opinions attracts attention. In 1811 she writes with dislike of Hayley's 'smooth, oily pages fit only to be skipped,' and wonders that he was ever 'elevated to the high seat of poesy'; but in 1842 William Hayley was a 'most learned, eloquent, and gentlemanly writer.' Now, 1842 was the year of Dr. Mitford's death. Can it be that Mary Mitford then re-read the *Triumphs of Temper* and thought of her own life with her father? If so, no syllable of actual discontent ever passed her lips; but as a high, not to say illustrious, example of the triumphs of temper, she would have been a far more suitable heroine than that book-made and artificial young person whom Hayley calls Serena, and might have inspired a better poem. Miss Mitford regretted to the last that she had never been able to make the acquaintance of Mary Anning.

Before Tennyson decided on the Isle of Wight for his home, he had some thoughts of fixing his camp at St. Mary's, Trinity Hill, between Axminster and Lyme Regis. At Lyme he had a great friend and frequent travelling companion in Francis Turner Palgrave, a poet himself, but chiefly known as the compiler of the *Golden Treasury of Songs and Lyrics.* Palgrave's home was the Little Park Cottage, noted on the plan of 1841 and one of the older Lyme Regis houses. In 1867 Palgrave was living in lodgings near the Cobb, but in 1871 he bought Little Park, and from 1872 till his death in 1897 lived there continually. Our chief concern, however, is neither with Tennyson nor Palgrave, but with a fellow-author whom both of them greatly admired. In August, 1867, Tennyson was at Bridport. One morning he walked across the hills to Lyme Regis, burst in on Palgrave, who was then in lodgings near the Cobb, and without further ceremony said, 'Take me to the Cobb and show me the steps from which Louisa Musgrove fell.' Tennyson himself stayed for a little time at Lyme, taking rooms at the 'Three Cups.' As regards 'Louisa Musgrove,' no resident at Lyme needs to be told who she was, but others may be less enlightened. These latter may be relieved to hear that the accident which happened to Louisa Musgrove befell no real person, no person who had any existence outside the brain of Jane Austen. But the fall of that too eager and 'rapturous' young lady on the

Cobb changed the whole course of events in Jane's last novel, *Persuasion*, and brought about a happy issue.

In 1804* Jane Austen spent some weeks at Lyme Regis. Her father had given up his Hampshire living, and the whole family was settled at Bath. This jaunt, therefore, from Bath to Lyme was in the nature of a summer outing. Jane was still quite unknown to fame. She had already written three of her six novels, but had published nothing. Even when she did reach the stage of publication during her lifetime, her name was never on the title-page of any book, and the two posthumous novels, *Northanger Abbey* and *Persuasion*, were simply said to be by the 'Author of *Pride and Prejudice*.'

Jane Austen's reputation even after her death in 1817 was of slow growth, but, now that her genius is fully recognised, her compensation for previous neglect is all the more full. She numbers among her admirers some of the best judges of literature, whether fellow-authors or critics, that England has produced. Scott, Macaulay, and Tennyson were once held to be big names in our literature; and Scott at the beginning, Macaulay in the middle, and Tennyson at the end of the nineteenth century, were the devoted worshippers of Jane Austen. The range of her characters may be small, but each character is perfect in itself. She deals with only one section of society, but that section of society she knew in every detail. These are at once her limitations and her perfections. Even her dull people are interesting. Her fools and bores are perfect, because they are always true to themselves. They always say and do, not what an undiscerning reader might predict, but what is in perfect keeping with their nature as fools and bores. Her

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* See Appendix IV.

JANE AUSTEN.

characters, in fact, are always true to themselves and to life. This is so much the case that a distinguished critic of the nineteenth century wrote: 'The conservation of character is complete. . . . . In this kind of genius she is without a rival, unless we look for one in the very highest name of our literature.' This is not the first time that the name of Jane Austen has been whispered in conjunction with that of Shakespeare.

It is, therefore, as an inconspicuous young woman of twenty-eight that Jane Austen came into Lyme Regis down 'the principal street almost hurrying into the water' for a few weeks in the summer of 1804. The house occupied by the family can still be seen among those which cluster round the Cobb at the west end of the Walk, though why it is called 'Wings' no man knows. The house itself is now being hemmed round by excrescences, but in the group of small buildings opposite to Bay Cottage it is conspicuous for being more out of the straight than the rest. It still has 'two ground floors' (a characteristic of many Lyme Regis houses built on sloping ground), and has probably not changed much since Jane Austen's day. The houses opposite were a good deal knocked about by the gale of 1824, but in one of them, say Bay Cottage, Jane Austen put the Harville family when she wrote *Persuasion* in 1816. Captain Harville had done what many people do at Lyme before they settle: he had taken his house on the Cobb for six months only. He was attracted by the 'grandeur of the country and the retirement of Lyme in the winter.' Moreover, 'his taste, his health and his fortune all directed him to a residence unexpensive and by the sea.' The Austens went out a good deal among the quiet society at Lyme, and Jane always kept her eyes open at the Assembly Rooms or elsewhere. Fortunately her sister Cassandra was not one of the family party. Cassandra was Jane's most frequent correspondent, and was then at Weymouth. It is thus that we have the only letter known to be in existence of those which Jane wrote from Lyme. A portion of this letter, dated 'Lyme, Friday, Sept. 14,' follows.

'I continue quite well; in proof of which I have bathed again this morning. It was absolutely necessary that I should have the little fever and indisposition which I had: it has been all the fashion this week in Lyme. We are quite settled in our lodgings by this time, as you may suppose, and everything goes on in the usual order. The servants behave very well, and make no difficulties, though certainly nothing can exceed the inconvenience of the offices except the general dirtiness of the house and furniture, and all its inhabitants. . . . The ball last night was pleasant but not full for Thursday. My father staid contentedly till half-past nine (we went a little after eight) and then walked home with James and a lanthorn, though I believe the lanthorn was not lit as the moon was up. . . . My mother and I staid about an hour later. . . . Had I chosen to stay longer (I) might have danced . . . with a new odd-looking man who had been eyeing me for some time, and at last, without any introduction, asked me if I meant to dance again. I think he must be Irish by his ease and because I imagine him to belong to the Hon$^{bl.}$ B.'s, who are son and son's wife of an Irish Viscount, bold, queer-looking people, just fit to be quality at Lyme. I called yesterday morning . . . on Miss A. and was introduced to her father and mother. Like other young ladies she is considerably genteeler than her parents. Mrs. A. sat darning a pair of stockings the whole of my visit. But do not mention this at home lest a warning should act as an example. We afterwards walked together for an hour on the Cobb.'

A somewhat pointless criticism of Jane Austen was made during the gruesome years of the recent great war. This criticism is that in all her novels, written when the French revolutionary wars, or the wars against Napoleon, were in full swing, there is no reference to these great events. Strictly speaking the fact is not true. One sentence in Chapter XVIII. of *Persuasion* might alone fix the date of the novel by its reference to the war. Other apposite references exist in other novels, but these are not dragged in irrelevantly; such was not Jane's way. They are woven into the texture of the story. But even if she had not alluded to the war at all, it is surely a sufficient answer to this criticism to ask, 'Why should she?'

Jane Austen knew her own business better than those who complain of her method. Neither battles nor sieges were her affair. Moreover, in her time war seemed part of the natural order of things, and unworthy of special notice. The war drum was seldom silent in Europe and people had as yet scarcely begun to ask themselves in the words of Southey's ballad, 'But what good came of it at last?' Fighting, too, was chiefly confined to professional armies—'mercenaries,' as the humorous Germans used to call them. War had not yet become an affair of whole nations and whole continents; and, since the Civil Wars, England had hardly known any actual fighting on her own shores. With the march of great events, therefore, Jane Austen had no concern. Her subject was the comedy of manners and of domestic life. There lay her genius and in the delineation of character. The Prince Regent had not many redeeming qualities, but one of the few was an admiration, a lop-sided and uncritical admiration, for the works of Jane Austen. The proposal which he made to her through the librarian at Carlton House shows how undiscerning was his taste for her work, how little he understood her character or the scope of her art. The date was the spring of 1816, and Princess Charlotte (but for whose death in 1817 no Victoria would ever have been born) was soon to marry Prince Leopold, one of the 'lucky Coburgs' and afterwards the first King of the Belgians. The Carlton House proposal was no less a one than this, that the creator of Miss Bates, Mrs. Norris, and Lizzie Bennet should write a historical romance illustrative of the august House of Coburg! Jane would be led into no such uncharted sea as this. The invitation was firmly but respectfully declined. If the Prince was disappointed, he had ample compensation. In the spring of 1816, *Emma* was dedicated to him by his 'dutiful and obedient humble servant, the Author.' Let us hope that he appreciated the honour at its full value.

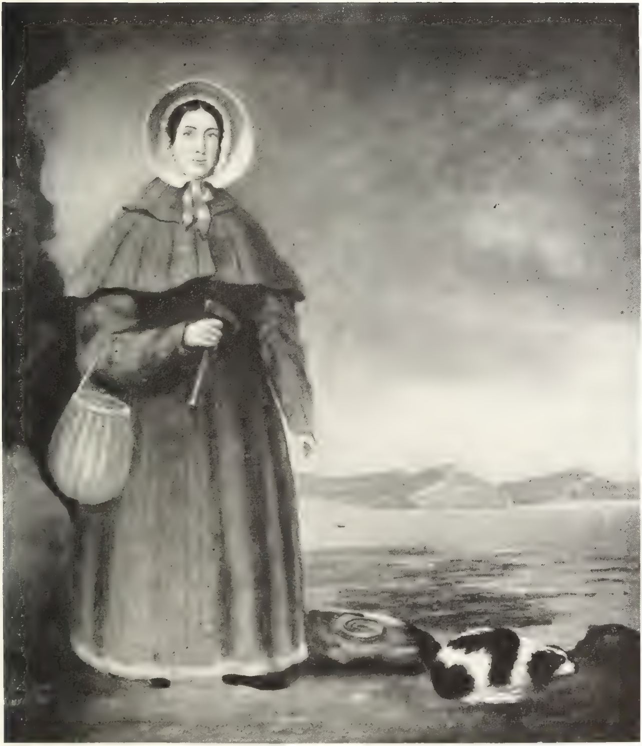
*Persuasion*, the novel of Lyme Regis, is redolent of the sea and sailors. No one could have been more enthusiastic than Jane Austen was about her sailor brothers, and this enthusiasm finds expression over and over again through the words of Jane Austen's characters. But this is not why we read the book. We read it for that insufferable snob and dandy, the pompous Sir Walter Elliot; the querulous and snobbish Mary Musgrove (*née* Elliot); and William Walter Elliot, the enigmatic and rather dubious cousin who was not snobbish enough to acknowledge the other Elliots, but in whose furtive existence there were probably worse traits than the one vice openly imputed to him of 'Sunday travelling.' Sweet Anne Elliot had no snobbishness at all, and the depth of her tenderness ('sensibility' it was called in those days) is worthy of Jane Austen at her best. When the tangled skein of love is finally unravelled and Anne's engagement to Wentworth is renewed, we feel that poetic justice has been done. It is these people and the scenes at Lyme and Bath which attract us. It is not given to every one to see Lyme Regis, but Jane Austen's novels are always on sale. The army of her admirers increases every year, and it may safely be asserted that more people know the Cobb from the pages of *Persuasion* than from Monmouth's landing near it or from the Royalist attack on it in the Civil War.

The Princess Victoria was a visitor for a brief hour at Lyme Regis in 1833, when she was fourteen. She came with her mother, the Duchess of Kent, to the town and embarked there for Plymouth. The Duchess was engaged on one of those progresses through the country which used to make William IV. so furious, especially when, as the companion of her daughter, she was received anywhere with a royal salute. This royal salute was always the signal for a fresh outburst on William's part whenever he heard of one being given. The Duchess was not popular with William, or indeed with any of the royal brothers, and an appalling scene at Windsor between her and the King, which took place before a number of other people, has been recorded by Greville. At the end of it the Duchess ordered her carriage and the Princess Victoria burst into tears. Into the grounds of this family discord we need not inquire. The only point of interest to Englishmen is this, that though the Duchess may have brought her daughter up rather strictly, she brought her up very well. The Princess was then heiress-presumptive to the throne and the presumption that she would succeed was as strong as possible. The Duchess thought that the Princess should be seeing something of the country over which she was to reign, and most people will agree with her. An extended tour in the South of England was taken in July and August, 1833. The Princess and her mother in the course of this tour crossed from Portsmouth to Weymouth on July 29th. They spent two nights with Lord Ilchester at his seat at Melbury, between Dorchester and Yeovil, and from there they came on to Lyme to rejoin their yacht, the *Emerald*, being due to inspect the dockyard at Plymouth early in August. The Princess and her mother seem never to have slept on this yacht, nor often to have sailed in her. She was generally accompanied by some steam-packet from the Navy, and taken in tow from place to place. This system of travel, though it may have ensured that the Princess was punctual to her appointments, must have sadly diminished the pleasure of the trip.

On Tuesday, July 31st, 1833, the steam-packet H.M.S. *Messenger* (752 tons) towed the yacht *Emerald* from Weymouth to Lyme, to await the arrival of the Princess there. The steam service from Dover to Calais had only been established for about twelve years, and steamers were still something of a novelty in 1833. Many people were consequently allowed to visit the *Messenger* from among the crowds on the Walk and Cobb. Two days later, when the Princess was expected, still larger crowds flocked into the town from the country-side and the whole of Lyme was gaily decorated. The Royal party came from Melbury to Lyme *viâ* Beaminster, Bridport and Charmouth, and then down what is called the Crewkerne Road in the inset of the plan of 1841, *i.e.*, Timber Hill. The new 'bellows' cutting was, therefore, and perhaps wisely, avoided. The escort consisted of the Earl of Ilchester's Yeomanry and a party of gentlemen on horseback who had gone out to meet the royalties In Cockmoil Square, pleasant recess or harbour of refuge from Bridge Street, a large group of people, including many ladies, had assembled and here there was a brief halt, while presentations were made to the accompaniment of peals from the church bells. The Royal party then drove at a slow pace along the sands to the Cobb, 'where all the people were soon assembled together in one dense mass.' Some wanted to take the horses from the carriage, 'but the nature of the road (*i.e.*, the beach, with its rocks, groins and other obstructions) rendering this inconvenient (the offer) was declined.' As soon as the Royal carriage had cleared the sands and mounted on to the western causeway of the Cobb, the usual address from the Mayor (John Hussey, also last recorder of Lyme), who 'advanced through a double file of coastguardsmen,' followed. The Princess and her mother were then conducted by the Mayor to the place of embarkation—the Crab Head of the Cobb. This was the old Crab Head in which additions were made from 1841 to 1842 (when the name of Victoria Pier first started), and again in 1850. From a floating stage the Royalties stepped into a barge and were then taken on board the *Emerald*. The Royal carriages were also shipped on board in the same way. Meanwhile every boat in the harbour was filled with people at one shilling a head. At 3 p.m. the vessels got under weigh, the *Messenger* towing the *Emerald* 'with incredible swiftness.' People remained 'in undiminished numbers on the promenade and sea-walls' gazing so long as there was anything to gaze at, and such was the only visit that Victoria ever paid to Lyme.

*The Dorchester and Sherborne Journal* of August 29th, 1800, relates that there was some sort of travelling circus performing at Lyme Regis on Tuesday, August 19th, in the Rack Field (where Corporation Buildings now stand) when a thunderstorm occurred. The account goes on to say that a woman and two children, who had taken refuge under some elms, were killed and 'another child, which the woman had in her arms, was struck senseless, but hopes are entertained of its recovery. The woman was about fifty-six years old, the two children about thirteen, and the child in arms about one year old.' The official report of the inquest held at Lyme on the day after the storm (for Lyme had a Coroner to itself in those times) can be seen in the Town Museum. The inquest is of interest to the town because the child in arms was Mary Anning. It is related of her that 'she had been a dull child before, but after this accident she became lively and intelligent.' Another account written in 1842 of this occasion says, 'the child showing some signs of life, she was put into warm water and revived.' Perhaps it was the warm water which did it, or the story of budding intelligence after the accident may be one of the legends which tend to gather round the early years of those distinguished in after life.

Mary Anning, the most modest of women, became the great 'lion' of Lyme Regis in the first half of the nineteenth century. There was then an outburst of geological enthusiasm in England under the lead of Buckland, Conybeare and de la Beche, and Lyme came once more into universal notice from a fresh point of view. Mary was the daughter of Richard Anning (who died of consumption in 1810), a carpenter and vendor of the geological specimens for which Lyme is famous, and was born there in 1799. Towards the end of her life she was known as '*the* fossil-woman' and was regarded by all with equal affection and



MARY ANNING.

respect. It was probably her father's sale of natural specimens which led Mary Anning to carry her interest in geology to much greater lengths than he did, so that by her discovery of the ichthyosaurus in 1811, she became known to all the scientific world. The fossilised bones of this monster were first seen by Mary Anning projecting from a portion of the cliff which forms the bay between Lyme Regis and Charmouth. She traced out the position and full length of the fossil herself with a hammer and then hired assistants to dig it out from the rock in which it was embedded. The whole fossil was only pieced together after many years of work. It is thirty feet long and now in the Natural History Museum at South Kensington. Mary Anning was still only a girl, but she followed up this exploit by discovering the first specimens of other unknown and as yet unnamed primeval monsters. It was she who found the fossils, it was the distinguished geologists mentioned above who christened them. Quite without scientific knowledge herself, she was of great assistance to and much consulted by the most eminent men of science. She became in fact the famous handmaid of science and the central worker of an eminent body of local geologists.

Even distinguished non-scientific visitors came to her small house, which was in Bridge Street before 1826 and in Broad Street after that date. Among these was the young Prince of Orange who was over in England both in 1813 and 1814. He was courting the Princess Charlotte, but that wayward, peppery and headstrong young woman—victim of her parents' quarrels—refused him, and he may have come down to Lyme Regis in 1814 to console himself. His visit to the town was made incognito. Thirty years later the King of Saxony paid her a visit when over in England in 1844. Dr. Carus, the King's medical attendant, wrote an account of the King's tour. He or the King when at Lyme bought an Ichthyosaurus six feet long, with the large slab of blackish clay in which it was imbedded, and considered £15, the price demanded, as very moderate. 'I was anxious,' continues the Doctor, 'to write down the address, and the woman who kept the shop—for it was a woman who had devoted herself to this scientific pursuit—with a firm hand wrote her name "Mary Annins" in my pocket-book and added, as she returned the book into my hands, "I am well known throughout the whole of Europe."' Mary Anning's reputation was due to her great patience in discovering the fossils and her great skill in piecing them together when discovered. She died in 1847 and was buried in the churchyard on the North side. The inscription on her tombstone—almost undecipherable two years ago—has, by the happy interposition of some admirers, just been repointed. Anning House, where she died, can still be seen in Broad Street.

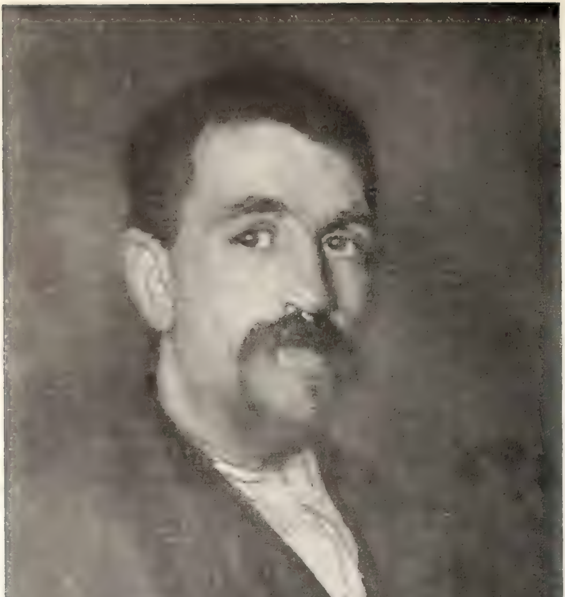
According to the Lyme Regis Parish Register, 'George, son of Mrs. Roberts, was privately baptized on January 12th, 1804'. This was George Roberts, the historian of Lyme, who died at Dover on May 27th, 1860. His was a life of many activities, but its main interest was to store up and place on record every memorable fact connected with his native place. The manuscript of the diary of the siege of Lyme, from which quotations have already been given, had been handed over to him as a boy of ten to copy by Captain Thomas Follett, the man who fought a duel with one of the Fanes in 1782, as already mentioned. This awakened his interest in the place of his birth and that interest lasted till his death. His health was never good, but that did not deter him from 'pumping,' even while still a boy, the older inhabitants of the town for their reminiscences of the past. In this way he must have become acquainted with several who knew Lyme Regis when the town, left high and dry by the commercial revolution of the eighteenth century, was beginning its career as a seaside resort. By profession he was a schoolmaster, keeping his school at the Monmouth House, opposite to Dunster's at the top of Broad Street (see plan), and from here his boys were always marched out to their walks very strictly two by two. In a prospectus of his school published in 1844, he states that he will receive a 'limited number of Young Gentlemen for education in the Classics and Mathematics,' and that his terms are from 35 to 40 guineas, 'including every charge, separate bed, books, tea, etc.' The mouth of a modern parent may well water at these figures.

Among Roberts' pupils were the late Canon Liddon, whose parents lived at Colyton, and Mr. B. J. M. Donne, who, as a youth of eighteen, was to paint the portrait of Mary Anning shown opposite page 230. Canon Liddon and Mr. Donne were therefore contemporaries at the school. The Canon was born in 1829 and died in 1890. Mr. Donne, who was born in 1831, first came to Lyme in 1841 and is still alive. One of the ambitions of Roberts was to be Mayor of Lyme. He was so twice, viz., in 1848 and 1854, but his business as a schoolmaster suffered. His school was sold in 1856 and Roberts retired to Dover, where he died in 1860.

Literature and antiquities were Roberts' chief hobbies, and these pursuits were ancillary to his profession. His first book on Lyme Regis was published in 1823 and dedicated to John

Fane, tenth Earl of Westmorland. This tenth Earl, as already related, had first made himself known to the citizens of Lyme Regis in 1782. In 1790 he was appointed Lord-Lieutenant of Ireland by William Pitt, but recalled (also by Pitt) in 1795. He was in the Cabinet of 1809–12. It pleased him at times, to the intense disgust of his colleague, the Marquis Wellesley (an Exquisite, if ever there was one) to place his feet on the table at meetings of the Cabinet Council. 'When the noble lord resumes a more seemly attitude, I will go on with my remarks,' Wellesley used to say. The conduct of this Lord Westmorland at Cabinet Meetings is typical of the way in which the Fane family treated the people of Lyme Regis. For some years this Earl was Recorder of Lyme. Roberts' book of 1823, dedicated to this Earl, was published by subscription. Among the subscribers were Sir Ambrose Hardinge Giffard, Chief Justice of Ceylon, whose wife came from Lyme. Sir Ambrose, born in 1771, was uncle to the late Lord Halsbury (1823–1921) an ex-Lord Chancellor, so that uncle and nephew between them covered a period of 150 years. Other subscribers were Miss Mary Anning and Mr. John Drayton, the latter taking three copies.

Roberts' second book on Lyme came out in 1834, and, influenced by the recent Reform Act of 1832, he called it the *History of the Borough of Lyme Regis and Charmouth*, Charmouth being separately but briefly dealt with in the book. The dedication of the book was to two members of the Poulett family who had been his pupils. His next literary venture was a Life of the Duke of Monmouth, which was published in two volumes in 1844. This work was dedicated to the 'Natives and Inhabitants of the Six Western Counties of



WHISTLER'S "MASTER SMITH OF LYME REGIS."

England' that were the scene of the Monmouth rebellion. Roberts' last book was the *Social History of the Southern Counties*, which appeared in 1856, and was dedicated to Lord Macaulay, who had by that time published the first four volumes of his *History of England*. The town of Lyme Regis has had more distinguished sons, but never one more devoted to its memory than George Roberts.

James Abbott McNeill Whistler was as great in art as he was queer in temperament and character. Of Irish descent, born in the U.S.A. of American parents, French in his artistic upbringings, and English by residence, he was an amalgam of diverse influences: influences which showed themselves in his many eccentricities. In reading any life of Whistler one is reminded irresistibly of certain passages in *Martin Chuzzlewit*, and a generation which has bought many editions of the *Gentle Art of making Enemies*, may well give five minutes to Dickens' caricature of the Yankees of eighty years ago. In the following passages Hannibal Chollop is Whistler and Mark Tapley is John Bull, or any other member of the dull British public :—

'We must be cracked up, Sir,' retorted Chollop, in a tone of menace . . . . 'We are a model to the airth, and must be jist cracked up, I tell you.'

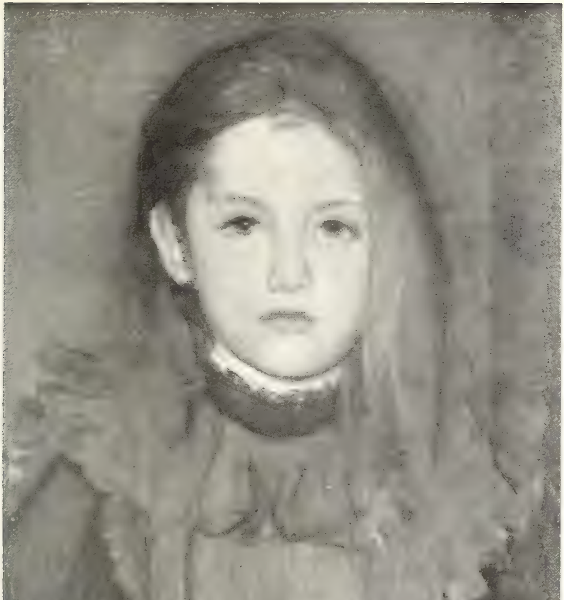
'What, I speak too free, do I ?' cried Mark.

'I have drawed upon a man and fired upon a man for less,' said Chollop, frowning. 'I have knowed strong men obleeged to make themselves uncommon skase for less. I have knowed men lynched for less, and beaten into punkin'-sarse for less. . . . We are the intellect and virtue of the airth, the cream of human nature and the flower of moral force. Our backs is easy ris.

We must be cracked up, or they rises and we snarls. We shows our teeth, I tell you, fierce. You had better crack us up, you had!' This was Whistler's attitude through life. Those who did not crack him up were the 'enemies,' with them the quarrel was undying, and the result of Whistler's eccentricities has survived his death.

Never was there man of whom it is more true that 'even in our ashes live their wonted fires.' To change the metaphor, even now occasional cyclones circle round his name, but this visit to Lyme Regis in 1895 was enlivened by no quarrel. He came there fresh from the preposterous Eden lawsuit at Paris, stayed at the Lion Hotel, and produced two of his finest pictures, the 'Master Smith of Lyme Regis' and the 'Little Rose of Lyme Regis.' Both are now in the Boston Museum of Fine Arts, U.S.A. Whistler's studio was at the end of a passage half-way up Broad Street on the north-east side. In his smithy close to the Great House was the Master-Smith. Samuel Govier is older than he used to be and has recently resigned his position as Master-Smith, but is still with us. The Little Rose, daughter of the late G. J. Rendall, who was Mayor in 1905, has become a big rose, has been transplanted to Exeter, and has now a little rose of her own. Whistler was in his sixty-second year when he came to Lyme and died eight years afterwards. All lovers of Lyme must regret that, great master of etching as he was, he did not etch the beautiful view of the town, its roofs and house-tops, as seen from the Cobb. It may be noted that the 'Little Rose of Lyme Regis' was the name of a well-known vessel of the port of Lyme in the seventeenth century.

A few celebrities, none of them natives, who had a passing connection with Lyme may be briefly summarised. Sir Nicholas



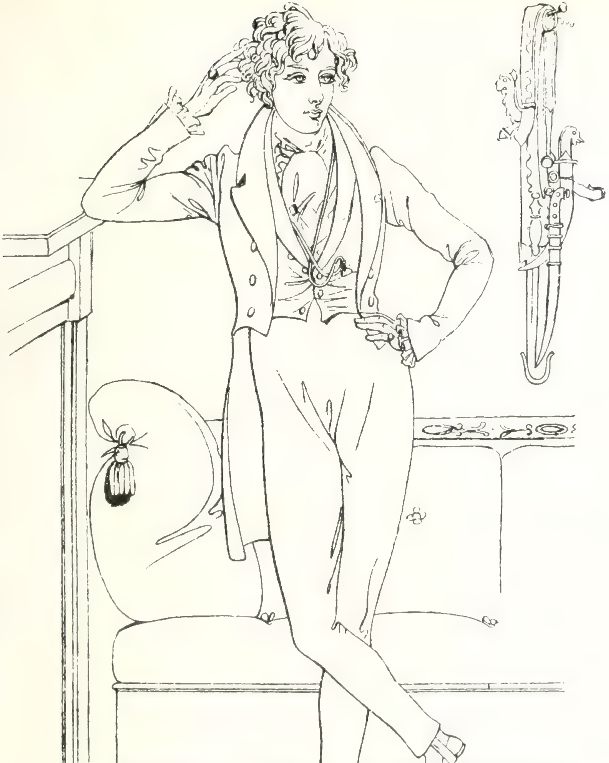
WHISTLER'S "LITTLE ROSE OF LYME REGIS."

Throckmorton, a notable Elizabethan, was M.P. for Lyme for a few months in 1558. Perhaps he never came near the place. Bessie Throckmorton, his daughter, whose intrigue with Raleigh caused such an uproar at Court in 1592, probably knew Lyme better than her father did. Charles II., as already related, came to Charmouth for a few anxious hours in 1651, but in 1671 he actually landed at Lyme. In July, 1671, he was with the fleet at Plymouth, the Navy being the only public service in which he took even a spasmodic interest. He cruised about for several days, and in one of Thorold's letters from Lyme to London we have the following account: 'Thursday, (July) 20th, the King with the fleet attending him from Plymouth, sailed along this bay, some time near the shore, eastwards, but the wind being strong N.E. and E. could could not get about Portland, but next morning tacked to the Westward again. While he passed this place, most of the inhabitants made to the shore to be spectators when our great guns were fired from the shore and cliff, and Captain (Gregory) Alford in a small bark made out in hopes to get aboard, but the wind veering E. and S.E. he was disappointed.' As one of the Ellesdons once wrote of Gregory Alford to London, his zeal always outran his discretion. What an inveterate pro-Stuart Gregory was! Did he hope to get knighted by Charles II. on the quarter-deck? And why could he not wait like other people? Charles actually landed at Lyme on this occasion owing to an increase in the east wind and stress of weather, and Gregory saw the Royal face at close quarters. But he was not knighted. Charles rode up Charmouth Hill, taking probably the old Roman Road past the Golf Links, and the guns of Lyme went off once more as he did so. He then paid a visit to Charmouth. Among the

Mayoral expenses for this year are some for much drink consumed on this occasion, and included in them is eighteen shillings for a 'barrel of strong beer when Captain Alford went forth to meet the King' – and had to come back. Lyme of the King has only been visited twice by the reigning monarch of England: once by Edward I. in 1297 and the second time by Charles II. in 1671.

From Charles II. to Benjamin Disraeli is a big jump in point of time, but there are affinities between the two men. Pluck, persistence, and absence of cant are common to both of them, and both had much caustic humour, so that it may be doubted whether, as Minister of Charles II., Disraeli would have found any use for the flattery which proved so effective with his Royal Mistress. Disraeli came to Lyme Regis for his health in June, 1828. Where he stayed or what he did here alike are unknown. He would have been late for the primroses, and primroses are, after all, but a posthumous accessory to his name and fame. He was then twenty-four and had recently startled London with *Vivian Grey*, but had not begun his political career. The year 1828, in fact, is spoken of as a blank in his existence, and there was no local chronicler to record his doings at Lyme. The twenty-four years which separated Jane Austen from Benjamin Disraeli at Lyme must ever remain a matter for deep regret. What would one not give to be able to read the inimitable satirist on the inimitable 'sarcast' (see *The New English Dictionary*)? If he had appeared at the Assembly Rooms in the attitude in which Maclise has drawn him, would Jane have described him as a 'new odd-looking man,' and as 'just fit to be quality at Lyme'?

Three of the sons of Queen Victoria visited Lyme Regis at



Alfred Croquis delt.

B Disraeli

BENJAMIN DISRAELI.

different times. The first to do so was the Prince of Wales, who afterwards reigned as Edward VII. He came to Lyme in 1856, but stayed for one night only. His parents had decided that it would be a good thing for him to take a walking tour through Dorset and Devon in the strictest incognito and provided the incognito could be maintained. The Prince was then fourteen, he was accompanied by his tutor and one of the Queen's grooms-in-waiting, and a start was made towards the end of September. On the way from Dorchester to Lyme the secret of the incognito was gradually oozing out, so much so that when the party reached Lyme on the evening of September 29th, there was hardly any incognito left at all. The Prince and his companions went to the 'Lion'—not yet Royal, but to become so from this day forward; the Mayor of Lyme committed a great *faux pas* by calling to leave his card on the incognito Prince, and the Prince took an early stroll on the Walk to the Cobb on the morning of the 30th. That same day brought the walking tour to an end. The incognito had worn so thin, that the Prince was ordered back to Osborne to resume his studies. Prince Alfred, Queen Victoria's second son, known as the Duke of Edinburgh from 1866 to 1893 and as the Duke of Saxe-Coburg and Gotha from 1893 till his death in 1900, visited Lyme twice. His first visit was in July, 1858, when he was a boy of thirteen. He arrived by sea, came late in the evening, stayed less than half-an-hour, bought fossils and left. He came a second time in April, 1881. On this occasion his visit was formal and official. He had to inspect the coastguard station, and all hospitality was declined. Prince Arthur, Queen Victoria's third son, now Duke of Connaught, came to Lyme in May, 1862. He was just twelve years old. He was described by the Press as being 'an interesting little fellow.' He, too, came by sea; and he, too, bought fossils. He then drove to see the Rousdon Landslip, and after that he left. Mary Anning had, of course, been dead many years before the two young princes came to Lyme. They would have bought their fossils at the fossil shop, once Dollin's, which used to be at the south-west corner of the old Buddle Bridge. There is a tradition that Mary Anning once occupied these premises. This cannot be confirmed, but what is more certain is that Mary Anning's stock of fossils was taken over by Dollin's after her death.

One 'visitor' to Lyme must be mentioned in conclusion, although he is one who never came there. This is Cosmo the third of Tuscany, the last but one of the Medici family to sit upon the throne. Many books, in which Stukeley's '*Itinerarium*,' those of Roberts, and the two editions of Hutchins published after 1774 must be included, state that he landed at Lyme when visiting England in 1669, and some even improve on this by saying that he died there. He did neither. He never came closer to Lyme than Axminster, and he died fifty-four years later on in his own country. In 1669 Cosmo was only heir apparent, and he travelled for a reason which has made other men travel before and since, viz., that he could not get on with his wife. He landed in this country at Plymouth and travelled *via* Honiton and Axminster to London. He returned home from Harwich. He left an extremely interesting and well-illustrated record of his visit to this country. There is a full-page view of Axminster, but none, alas! of Lyme. A 'prospect' of the town and Cobb as they were in 1669 would have been of unique interest to-day.

# IX.

# THE PLAN OF 1841.

On page 195 of Roberts' book of 1834 occur these words: 'An elderly gentleman has described the existence of an old plan of the town, which was in tatters many years ago. That plan was perhaps the last and was destroyed.' These are the most lamentable words that Roberts ever wrote. His 'elderly gentleman' of 1834 must have remembered the beginnings of Lyme Regis as a sea-side place, and if the plan was then 'old' it might have carried us back to the times when Lyme thought of nothing but commerce and manufacture. However, this priceless document has never been recovered. We can only shed a tear and pass on to the Plan of 1841. This Plan is only eighty-six years old, but it has often been alluded to in the previous pages. In 1841 the population of Lyme Regis was 2756, and the town had been a watering-place for about seventy years. Some old names of streets and places still lingered there, which to-day have vanished, as well as some associations with the industrial Lyme of 200 years ago. A comparison of the town of to-day with the town as it was in 1841 is therefore full of interest.

To begin with the north-west corner of the plan, High Cliff is an early nineteenth century house, and the land on which it was built was bought in 1811. When the author of the 1815 edition of the *Guide to all the Watering Places* said that at Lyme to be a 'person of consideration you must live high up,' he was probably thinking of High Cliff. In the last hundred years some at Lyme have become more 'considerable' still. High Cliff Lodge, now Little Cliff, is the contemporary and colleague of High Cliff, but was let separately from 1829. John Stein, at High Cliff Lodge in 1841, once owned and lived at High Cliff as well. As owner, too, of the shipbuilding yard in 1832 he freed the road first known as Coade's Road from all tolls and handed it over to the town. For many years afterwards it was known as the New Road and is now the Cobb Road. Stein was High Sheriff for Dorset in 1837. Captain Boteler at Gates Hill Cottage (now Holme Cleve) held the three-year appointment as head of the coastguards at Lyme from 1827 to 1830, and his jurisdiction extended from Branscombe to Abbotsbury. He married and settled down at Lyme, where he was a well-known figure for many years afterwards. Boteler and Stein and Farnall (already mentioned) all married sisters of the name of Bellingham, a family of Irish Catholics. Their mother lived for many years at High Cliff Lodge.

Keble Cottage was built in the late eighteen-sixties and occupied part of the site of the old Pound. Its name brings Lyme's Cottage Hospital to mind. This Hospital started on very humble lines at Providence Place, Sherborne Lane in the eighteen-seventies. In November 1886 a move was made to Keble Cottage, and at the end of 1897 a second move was made to larger but very unattractive premises opposite the Church. This present year sees the Cottage Hospital in its fourth home. Thanks to the generosity of Lyme's 1926/7 Mayor, the ideal site has at last been found and a fresh start made under conditions which rob ill-health and disease of half their ugliness and terror. The Pound, which gave its name to Pound Street and Pound Road (once Pound

Lane and Prebendary Lane) was a very old institution. The position of it was shifted a little when the new through road of 1758 was made, but, apart from that, it had occupied the same site for centuries. There were Stocks as well as a Pound there, so that occasionally in past times defaulting beasts and defaulting humans may have been on view together. There was another Pound at Colway Gate, where also was a Turnpike. An official of the Corporation known as the Hayward looked after the Pound, and here we have another trade or profession from the long list of those which have given names to English families. It may be noted that in the Town Hall a set of Stocks is preserved containing accommodation for no less than four pairs of legs. Before very long bathing machines will have followed Pounds and the Stocks into the land of dreams. For some of us who still read *Pickwick*, the Pound is indelibly connected with the name of the immortal Captain Boldwig. The captain was a man who would stand no nonsense. His 'wife's sister had married a marquis.' Consequently, everything about him was 'very high, and mighty and great.' When, therefore, he found Mr. Pickwick on his grounds, and still under the influence of cold punch, he ordered him to be carted in a wheelbarrow not 'to the devil,' as he had first suggested, but to the Pound.

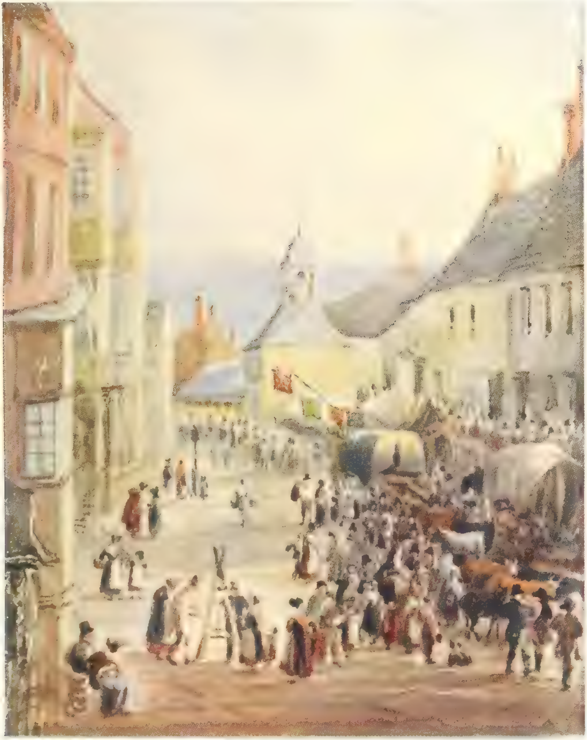
Dr. Hodges, who began his long pastorate in furnished lodgings, was at Portland Cottage (now Portland Lodge) in 1841. But in 1851 the foundation stone of a new Vicarage (now Coram Court) was laid. The site was prebendal ground and was given by one of the Fanes, a Prebendary of Salisbury Cathedral. Belmont Cottage on part of the site was pulled down. Here Dr. Hodges lived until his death in 1880 and his two successors in the vicariate lived there as well, but in 1888 the house ceased to be the Vicarage and became St. Michael's College. The Reverend Edward Peek, who later on owned and lived at Poulett House, had started this school in a small way at Pyne House, Broad Street, but in 1888 he bought the old vicarage and transferred the school there. He also built, what is now called Coram Tower, as a house for the masters of St. Michael's College. The school was to be one primarily for the sons of the clergy, but Mr. Peek died suddenly on December 31st, 1898, leaving the institution without endowment, so that the project came to an end twelve months later. During the years when St. Michael's College flourished two questions were uppermost in the minds of the people of Lyme Regis. One question was that of a railway to the town, the other question was that of the electric light. The Rev. A. R. Sharpe, who was Headmaster of the College for the whole period of its life, had an amusing article on both questions in the first number of the *Grove*. It was headed ' Why should not Lyme have the Electric Light ? ' and the writer hoped that the light would have precedence over ' that never-to-be-ended and much-debated question whether we are to have a railway at Lyme or not.' The hope was not realised. The Railway won by six years. It was the new owner of St. Michael's College and the Masters' house after 1899 who first called them Coram Court and Coram Tower.

At the corner of Cobb Road and Pound Street stands a house which figured for many years on the rent roll of the borough as ' Bunter's Castle.' It was built on town property in 1774 by one Simon Bunter of Axminster. About ten years later it passed into the hands of the Coades. This Lyme Regis family of merchants had started in 1769 a manufactory for a certain patent stone, which was of much repute at the end of the eighteenth century. The business was carried on at Lambeth, and those interested in such matters will find on old maps of London a terrace of houses called 'Coades' Row' at the north end of Lambeth Palace Road. The new building of the London County Council occupies part of the site and Coades' factory was not far off. The stone was extensively used in London, and Horace Walpole employed it for his Gothic constructions at Strawberry Hill. Belmont, late Bunter's Castle, is faced with it to this day, and these facings carry the Coades' crest of a coot. The name of Belmont seems to have been given to the house by Mrs. Fewtrell, the next owner after the Coades, who figures in the plan of 1841.

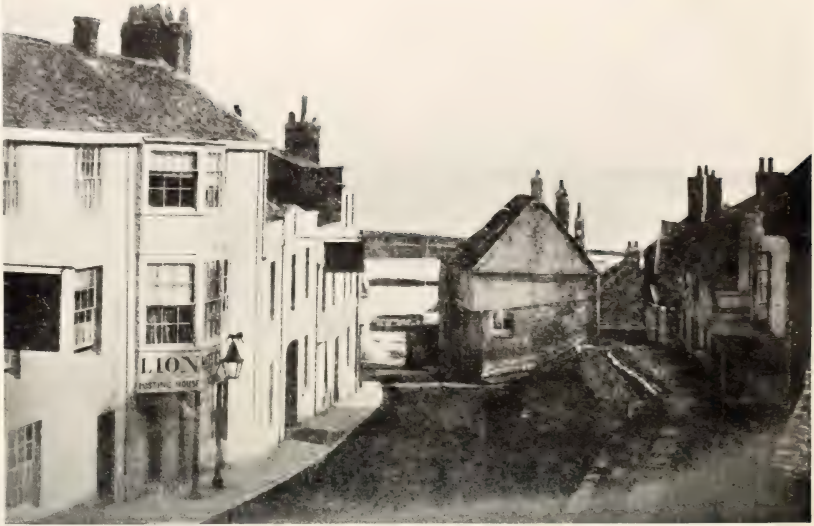
The most interesting of all the houses in Pound Street is the Lawn, which was once the tavern attached to the old Bowling Green, or occupies the site of it. The house had a licence in past times, and is constantly mentioned in old records. South Cliff was built on the old Bowling Green by Henry Franks Waring, Town Clerk 1836–48, and its date is 1842. It was he who gave its name to Lucy's Jetty in the Walk below South Cliff, from a boat of that name which he used to keep moored there. Stile Lane may be regarded as the primeval overland route between the Cobb and Lyme. Some of Monmouth's party made use of it to reach the town in 1685, but it was in existence long before that. Poulett House became the Alexandra Hotel with the twentieth century. A hundred years before it had been the dower house of the Poulett family. It was the Rev. Edward Peek who converted the stables of the house into the place of worship which is now the Peek Memorial Chapel.

The moment of leaving Pound Street (called also St. Nicholas' Street in old times) is the moment to comment on the name of St. Michael's Street given to it in the Plan of 1841. Roberts, writing in 1834, simply says that Pound Street had been 'improperly' named St. Michael's Street, and leaves it at that, vouchsafing no further explanation. Now, on referring to the drawing of the Cobb and Walk dated 1796, it will be seen that Pound Street was then called St. Michael's Street, and the Dorset Press even after 1860 so speaks of it still. It can only be about fifty years ago that this name fell into disuse and that the old name of Pound Street was revived, leaving the St. Michael's Hotel as a solitary reminder of the name which the street once held for a limited period. There must have been a Pound at Lyme from time immemorial, and Pound Street is on record as an early seventeenth century name. Probably the road and the name were in use long before that. In that way the lower end of Pound Street would have combined with Stile Lane as the thoroughfare between Lyme and Lyme Cobb.

Broad Street, which we now enter, was first called West Street, but the name was changing to Broad Street about the end of the seventeenth century. The end of Coombe Street where it passes into Bridge Street may be taken as the normal width of all Lyme streets in mediæval times, so that the name of Broad Street requires no further explanation. West Street or Broad Street, when it began to grow, must have started at both ends. At one end houses would have grown downwards from the top of Sherborne Lane, at the other end the houses would have grown upwards from the new Shambles instituted in 1598. The Shambles extended as high up as the present Post Office, and the separate street thus formed on the south side



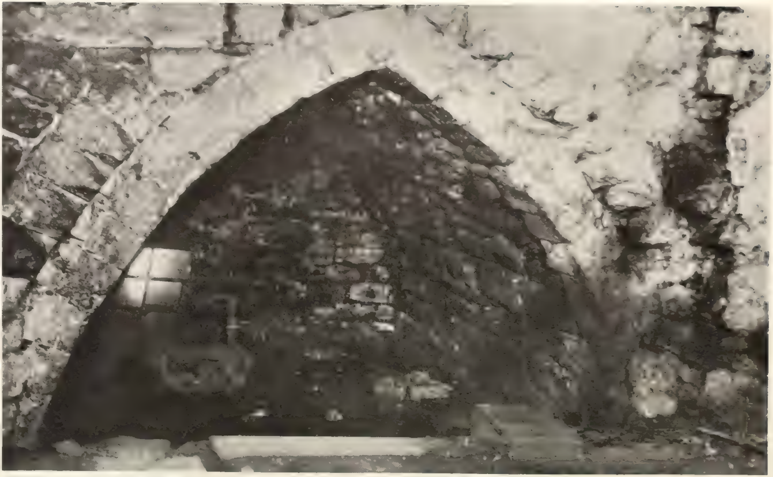
BROAD STREET BEFORE MAY, 1844.



THE LION HOTEL ABOUT 1850.

of Broad Street, from the Post Office to Bell Cliff, was known as Cornhill till the end of the eighteenth century. The Shambles, as will be seen in the picture reproduced, had a tower in which was both a bell and a clock. The bell was placed there in 1647 and the clock in 1709. In the nineteenth century the Shambles were felt to be a great nuisance and offence to the town, so that, when they were burnt down by the fire in 1844, they were not replaced. The old clock perished in this fire, but the old bell was saved, and can now be seen in the Museum. It may be noted that in 1657 it had been proposed to build a Cloth Hall for Lyme Regis on the site of the Shambles, but other interests were too strong and the project was never carried out. The nearest the Shambles ever got to Cloth was once when the room there under the Tower was let to a man for the making of Axminster carpets in 1759. West Street or Broad Street was filling up with houses from top to bottom on both sides between 1600 and 1700. It was not at first a street of shops as it is to-day, but a street of private dwellings, the names of many of which are still marked up. The Lion Hotel (access to which previously had been up the short alley marked in the Plan of 1841) is here shown with its frontage on to Broad Street for the first time after the fire of 1844. The private houses which had hitherto stood on the line of the road were then bought up and absorbed into the hotel. The water-course in this illustration is to be noted. Open water-courses similar to this flowed down Silver Street, Broad Street, and Church Street before 1850. Annoyances to the town's 'Pot-water' are a frequent cause of complaint all through the Borough's early history.

Temple House, at the bottom of Broad Street on the north-east side, was Lyme's Vicarage from 1887 to 1894 in the time of Canon Myers. After 1894 the present Vicarage took its place. It is not to this fact that Temple House owes its name, because it is one of the Lyme houses of past times, and may have been christened Temple House by Peter Templeman, a strong Churchman, who lived there in the first half of the nineteenth century. We now reach the open space below Middle Row. This must have been a crowded and dirty centre in Lyme's busiest days. The constant passage of goods through Cobb Gate in either direction, or in and out of the Cobham Warehouses, with crowds round Cornhill, the Shambles, Market Place, Three Cups, and Custom House on market days, would have made this point an attractive scene of bustle and movement or a repellent scene of dirt and disorder at certain times according to the humour of the onlooker. And the onlooker, while looking on, might also have seen some wrong-doer whipped up to the top of West Street and back again. When it is remembered, too, that before 1772 Middle Row extended into this small area, which also contained the stocks, pillory, and cucking-stool—all the old-time apparatus, in fact, for keeping people in order—there would not have been too much space for carrying on the ordinary business of the town. But these were the discomforts which always mingled with the picturesque of former days. It may be added that the Custom House near at hand was rebuilt about 1700. The date of the building which it replaced is not known. It was this rebuilt Custom House that was burnt down in the fire of 1844. The Lyme Custom House was then moved to the bottom of Cobb Road. The new building was ready for use in March, 1846, the Free Trade year; but, if the passage of Peel's Act in June of the same year could have been foreseen, it is quite possible



NORMAN ARCH AT THE BUDDLE BRIDGE.

that no new Custom House for Lyme would ever have been needed at all. At the bottom of Cobb Road, however, the Custom House remained, so long as Lyme had any use for such a thing, and the site of it is occupied by the house now known as Cobb Lodge, and another example of the fact that the town's chief article of commerce to-day is visitors.

The Buddle Bridge was not widened till 1913. It was then no more than seven feet eight inches broad at its narrowest part and on its southern side it was screened by buildings from the sea. One of the supporters of this bridge on its eastern side is an arch under the roadway. This is a Norman arch, of which an illustration is produced, and is one of the oldest pieces of masonry in the town. The centre arch of the bridge is of later date and belongs to the fourteenth century. A very interesting memorandum by Dr. Wyatt Wingrave on the priests' chamber, which was once at the south-west corner of the bridge, will be found in the *Proceedings of the Dorset Field Club* for 1922 (vol. 43), and is here reproduced in Appendix V. Some relics of this chamber are to be seen in the Museum.

We are now near the Town Hall, Cockmoil, and memorials of an older past than any that Broad Street has to show. Cockmoil, which is said to have started its inglorious career in 1583, is the old town lock-up. Through many loppings of the corner on which it stands, the area of Cockmoil has always grown smaller, but it was never a very commodious prison. Roberts makes two shots at its derivation. He opines that it is the place where you might 'toil and moil from cock-crow to sunset' or that it is a corruption of 'coquinaille,' which is not in Littré, but which he explains as meaning a 'pack of thieves.' These are 'sporting' derivations with a vengeance, and the New

English Dictionary would probably class them as 'pre-scientific.' But Dr. Johnson may be cited in defence of Roberts. The great lexicographer had a shot both at 'quandary' and 'curmudgeon.' He explained the one by 'qu'en dirai-je' and the other by 'cœur méchant.' Modern science, however, is inexorable, and declares that neither word has yet yielded up its secret. The same is true of 'Cockmoil.' Can the corner have been in past ages the locality for cock-fights?

We now enter Church Street. This Street is probably not quite so old as Coombe Street, but in the course of centuries has been a street of many names. The street as a whole or in parts has been called East Street, St. Michael's Street, Friday Street, Butter Market, and Church Street. Butter Market is on the plan of 1841, and did not definitely disappear by edict of the Borough Council till 1900. It was the last of the old names of Church Street or part of it, and was always confined to the southern end. As regards the other three old names, East Street was as natural a name as West Street was at first for Broad Street; Friday Street was due to religious associations; and St. Michael's Street was influenced by the Church.

Running east from Church Street, about opposite the point where Fielding tried to abduct Sarah Andrews, is Long Entry, which at one time extended much farther east than it does to-day. It was at the right-hand corner of Long Entry and Church Street that a curious scene took place in April, 1786, according to the *European Magazine* for that year. Just opposite the site of the Methodist Chapel a house had fallen down and a saw-pit had taken its place. The latter was now being filled up. George Kelway, a labourer engaged on this work, suddenly came on three small oak chests, one of which had already been burst open with his pick. From this box poured forth coin, chiefly of the reigns of Charles I. and II., and the other boxes were similarly filled. Kelway immediately proceeded to line his own pockets, which, from Kelway's point of view was well enough, but later on he handed over their contents to the safe custody of his landlord (of all people in the world), and then, having thus emptied his pockets (which was bad) began to broadcast the news (which was worse). In a short time the whole town was on the spot, regardless of any rights of the Crown or the Lord of the Manor over treasure trove, with every instrument that could dig, or any utensil that could hold, coin. The disturbance was so great that force became necessary for the restoration of order. The amount of the find was estimated as high as two thousand pounds and as low as five hundred. It is presumed to have been a hoard concealed during the Monmouth troubles. Some of the money was said to have been handed back, but Roberts hints at mortgages being mysteriously paid off by certain townsfolk shortly afterwards. This was probably the case, because an official statement says that only £129 16*s.* 10*d.* was recovered. Of this, £29 16*s.* 10*d.* was spent in prosecuting certain parties at Dorchester, and the balance of £100 was left to be used for the benefit of Kelway.

The street now called Monmouth Street was always known in old times as the 'street leading from the Church to the Town Mills,' a name almost as long as the street itself. It seems to have gradually acquired the name of Monmouth during the eighteenth century. We are now in Coombe Street. If we regard Sherborne Lane as belonging to Lyme Abbas, Coombe Street is the oldest street in Lyme Regis. It was, of course, simply the street running down the coombe, chine, or valley of the river to the sea. But even Coombe Street has not escaped from an alternative name, because for a great number of years the part of it between Gosling Bridge and the end of Monmouth Street was always known as Horse Street. Some buildings in Coombe Street have been already noted, and it may now be added that the old workhouse at Lyme (burnt down in 1844) used to occupy the site of the present Police Station and that Norman House was Lyme's first Post Office. The removal of this Post Office to Broad Street took place in 1853. In passing on to Gosling Bridge, you have on your left the riverside walk, the Lynch, said to have been so-called after a Lyme merchant of that name in the fourteenth century. A little above this point are Paradise and Jericho, names reminiscent of the strong Baptist connection which there was once at Lyme, and of the fact that close by Baptist immersions in the river were celebrated. Not far off is the building, now a laundry, where the last cloth factory expired in 1847. It was replaced for a time by a silk factory in 1854, but that too has disappeared. The round tower visible from Mill Green has nothing to do with any fortifications. Lyme never had a town wall or any defences on the landward side except the temporary trench works of the siege. This round tower was built about a hundred years ago to try a patent process for fulling cloth by steaming. On turning up Sherborne Lane, No. 34 on the left is noticeable as the tiny place of worship of the first Methodists in Lyme. The centenary Chapel in Church Street, which replaced it, dates from 1839, and it may be noted that John Wesley's great-grandfather, Bartholomew, was Rector of Charmouth when Charles II. was nearly caught there in 1651, and had some hand in trying to catch him. Sherborne Lane is no fancy name taken at hazard from Dorset. It commemorates the association in the year 774 of Lyme with the monks of Sherborne Abbey. Here stood Lyme Abbas, and here the monks boiled the sea-water of Lyme for salt. Sherborne Lane thus recalls the earliest known link between Lyme and any tangible history.

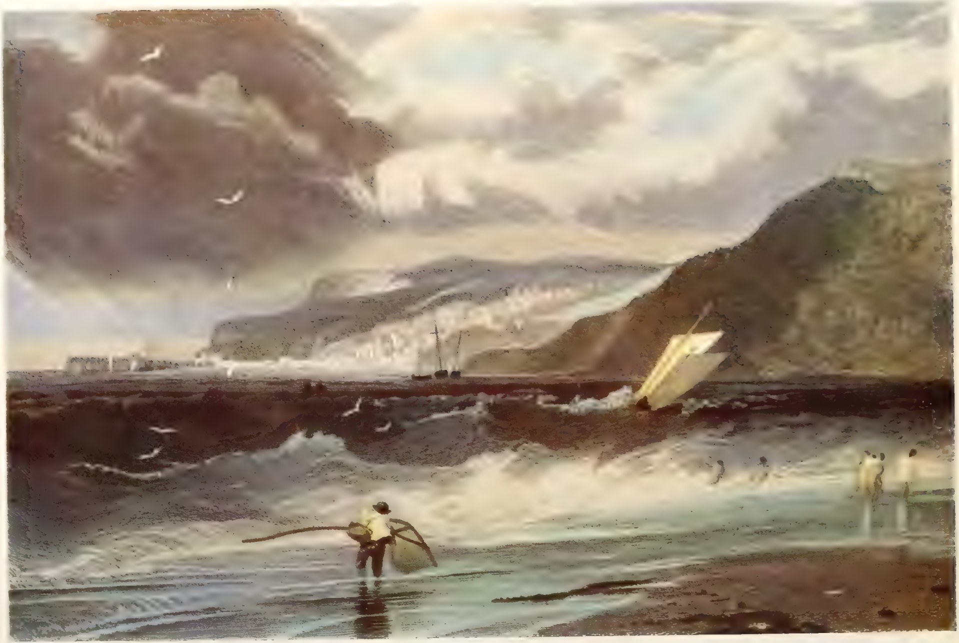
We pass now from Sherborne Lane into Silver Street. The Baptist Chapel (rebuilt in 1850) at the south-east corner of Silver Street probably started the growth of houses up it : this would have been at the end of the seventeenth century ; and on the other side there was a cluster of mean cottages at the point where Broad Street, Pound Street, and Silver Street meet. The villas on the south-west side of Silver Street were of later growth. One of the first was that originally called Holmesdale, now 'the Little Place,' which was built by Robert Holmes a little over a hundred years ago. Holmes was Mayor in 1846. Of Burley Villas mention has already been made, but at West Hill, the next house on this side, we must linger for a moment. Joseph Hayward built it, and Joseph Hayward became a very prominent citizen of Lyme Regis in the eighteen-forties. It was he who took upon himself the entire prosecution of the lawsuit known as 'the Queen *v.* Ames,' which was fought to establish the public right-of-way through Pinhay Cliffs.

Edward Levi Ames, the then owner of Pinhay, had built a wall in two places across this walk, which, as everybody knows, is one of the most beautiful in the neighbourhood of Lyme. The lawsuit lasted nearly three years between 1841 and 1843. Eventually, after a very stiff fight before many courts, the defendant caved in, and the pathway was opened to the public for ever. The action cost about £1000, nearly half of which Joseph Hayward paid out of his own pocket. The balance was paid by a public subscription. That the thanks of Lyme were voted to Joseph Hayward goes without saying, and all posterity should thank him too for this great public service. In carrying it out, Joseph Hayward was seconded by the indomitable energy of his well-known son, Abraham. Abraham Hayward, though then only a junior at the Bar, led the proceedings for his father in this action before the courts of law throughout.

For the forty or fifty years before his death in 1884 Abraham Hayward was a notability in literary, political, and social circles in London, but always fell short of real eminence. At the Bar he became a Q.C. in 1845 to the surprise of some people, but went no further in the legal profession. He contributed innumerable articles to the best magazines and did much other work with his pen, but can hardly be said to have left any enduring mark on literature. He was never in the House of Commons—perhaps he had no wish to be there—but he exerted much influence behind the scenes in politics on more than one occasion. He is even said to have had a hand in the formation of the Coalition Government in 1852. If this is so, he can hardly have contemplated his handiwork in after years with much satisfaction. He was the contemporary of Macaulay, whom he survived twenty-four years, and was bracketed with him at one time as the best-read man in London; but the compliment was perhaps rather heavily weighted in Hayward's favour. He tracked down and exposed the plagiarism of Disraeli in his speech in the House of Commons after the death of the Duke of Wellington in 1852. For the purpose of this speech Disraeli annexed a large part of an article written in 1829 by Thiers on a well-known Marshal of France. Unfortunately for the orator, who was then leader of the House of Commons, Thiers was in London at the time. Unfortunately, too, Hayward was intimate with Thiers, and seeing a good deal of him; hence the discovery and exposure.

Hayward's letters were published in 1886. Those to his family at Lyme deal principally with London and London life, but it is clear that at one time he had some vague idea of standing for the borough. In 1841, after William Pinney had become (till unseated on petition) M.P. for Lyme the third time, Hayward writes home: 'I have no doubt that I could have turned out Pinney with very little trouble, as I could have persuaded some of his friends to stand neuter; but, if a seat was offered me to-morrow, I would not take it.' In 1839 he mentioned that the Pinneys had invited him to dinner, but added, 'I keep the scales even; I dine at Lord Westmorland's to-day.' This Lord Westmorland was John Fane, the tenth Earl, already mentioned above. He did not die till 1841.

But we must pursue our way up Silver Street with the plan of 1841 before us. Next to West Hill is the Roman Catholic Chapel, built on what was once known as Godfrey's Orchard. The foundation stone of it was laid in 1835. On the east side smaller houses were then being converted into villas. Opposite the east end of Pound Road an old road-side inn, now the Red Cottage, has long been converted into a dwelling-house. This is one of the old houses of Lyme and possibly a survival of the first opening up of Silver Street in the days of William III. or Anne. This Silver Street or Road to Uplyme would, of course, have been that which goes down past Caddy's Corner and Little Park to join up with Haye Lane. The earlier road to Uplyme, before Silver Street came into being, would have been by Mill Green, Horn Bridge, Colway Lane and Haye Lane. Another house, probably of still more ancient date in parts than Red Cottage, is the one which occupies the corner of Silver Street and Clappentail Lane. It was formerly called Clappentail House and is now known as Colway Cottage. Built on a branch of the Roman road from Dorchester to Exeter, the original house may possibly have been of great antiquity. Between these two old houses is another more interesting than either, not on account of its antiquity (for it is by no means ancient as houses go) but because of its title. This is St. Andrew's, shown on the plan of 1841 as belonging to Captain Benett, R.N. Near this house was once a chapel dedicated to St. Andrew. The chapel seems to have no longer been standing there in 1610, or may then have been a ruin. It was, therefore, in all probability a mediæval shrine in connection with St. Andrew's Well, which was one of the earliest and best sources of Lyme's water supply. In consequence of this the point, where the old Silver Street from Little Park used to cut across Colway Lane, was known as St. Andrew's Cross. The other point close to it where three roads meet was known as the Three Legged Cross. This brings our survey of the Plan of 1841 to an end.



Drawn by J. M. W. Turner R.A.

Engraved by W. B. Cooke

LYME REGIS.

DORSETSHIRE

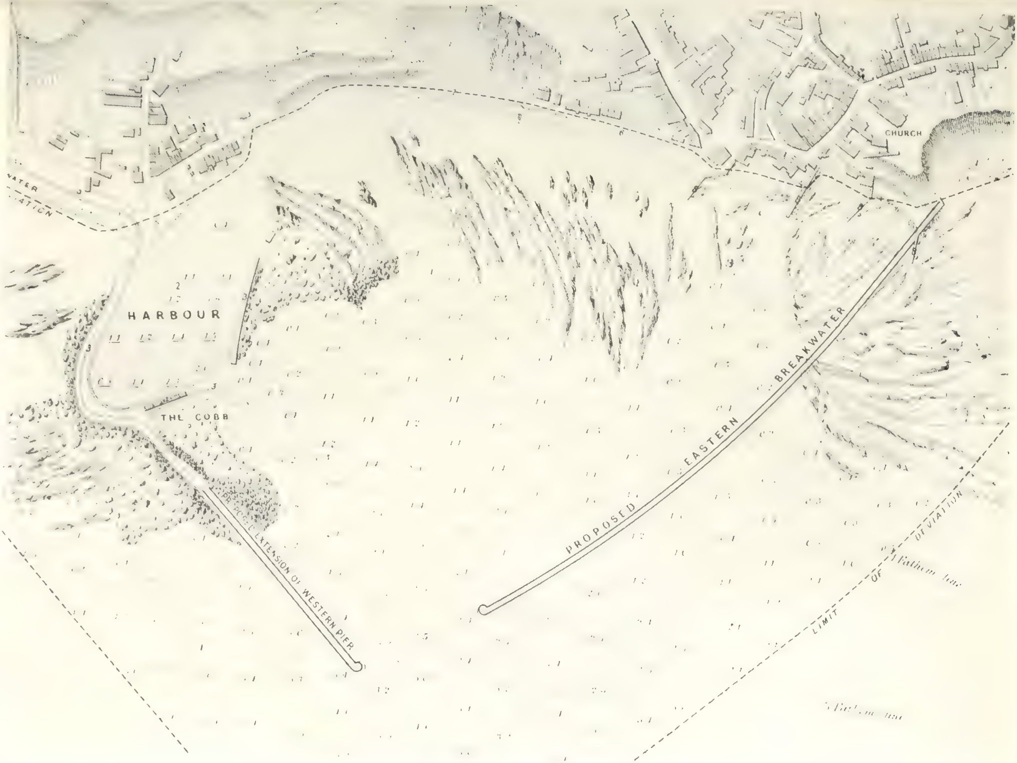
## X.

## UNCHANGING LYME.

A TRAVELLER coming towards Lyme Regis by sea six hundred years ago would have beheld the Cobb at one end, the Church at the other end, and the town in between. The framework of the picture is the same to-day. To ask, as between the Church and the Cobb, which is the older, is a piece of vain questioning. The answer to the question possibly may be 'neither,' and in any case two other questions must be asked, viz., 'which Church?' and 'which Cobb?' The Cobb has changed many times since it was first built. A constant sequence of the storms of English winters has taken good care of that, though Roberts' 'precarious coping' (presumably before 1824), against which the sea must have dashed with much effect, has given place to the glacis with which we are all familiar and over which the breakers spend much of their fury in mid-air. But the Cobb as an institution is older than the present Church, which is of the reign of Henry VII. and dates only from the end of the fifteenth century. Before the present Tudor Church, however, there was (as already stated) a late Norman Church, and the Cobb may be well coeval with, if it is not actually earlier than, that.

The Cobb would have looked very different from what it does to-day if a combined railway and port-enlargement scheme of 1874 had been carried out. For a great number of years past, long even before railways had been thought of, the need of some Harbour of Refuge in West Bay for fishing boats had been recognised. Lyme had often put in a claim to be selected, but nothing had been done. Though no railway came to Lyme till 1902, railway projects had been discussed in Lyme from time to time since 1845, but again nothing had ever been done. However, in 1874 some enterprising industrial magnates from the North of England conceived the idea of combining a railway to Lyme with a Cobb enlargement. This new Cobb would have been as in the drawing here reproduced. There was to be a breakwater running south from the north-east shore for one thousand feet. The entrance to the new harbour was to be three hundred feet wide, seventy-five acres in all were to be enclosed, and £50,000 were to be expended. The railway was to come from Axminster and was to be extended from Lyme on the east so as to connect with Bridport. Fortunately or unfortunately for Lyme, this project never got beyond the Private Bill Department.

But the most interesting question above all connected with the Cobb is this. Why was it ever built out in face of the open sea? Two hundred and fifty years ago Francis North, Lord Guildford, was on circuit in the West. He was the predecessor of Jeffreys, both as Chief Justice and on the Woolsack, but was universally popular and called 'Deliciæ Occidentis' (the darling of the West). Jeffreys was anything but that. Lord Guildford paid a visit to Lyme during his circuit in 1675, and received the Freedom of the Borough. He also found an obliging skipper to take him outside the Cobb for a sail on a fine day. His Lordship remarked that 'no river or land-lock had been provided by nature,' and further that 'of all places upon the coast of England, (Lyme) was least to be suspected of a good port.' Holinshed called the Cobb for the same reason a 'costly jetty,'


CHURCH
HARBOUR
THE COBB
PROPOSED EASTERN BREAKWATER
PROPOSED EXTENSION OF WESTERN PIER
LIMIT OF DEVIATION

THE DESIGN FOR AN ENLARGED COBB, 1874

and Holinshed published his *Chronicles of England* in 1577. Were it not for this evidence as to the exposed position of the Cobb, evidence carrying us back for three hundred and fifty years, one would have been tempted to imagine that the headland immediately west of the Cobb must have projected much further out to sea in the Cobb's early years, and that the bay between it and the Cobb had come to be worked out or enlarged in course of time, leaving the Cobb without any natural defence on its western side. Six or seven hundred years are a mere speck in geologic time, but they are a considerable period in the history of some Dorset cliffs, and the Cobb might conceivably have been started in its present position with natural defences which have since disappeared. Roberts in one of his books records the statement of an old woman who 'remembered, when an apprentice, milking her master's cows three fields further towards the south than the land now extends behind the Cobb.' He agrees that some exaggeration must be allowed for on the old woman's part, but adds that this must have brought the land 'nearly parallel to the pier-head at that time.' The period referred to by Roberts is just before 1755—say, the first half of the eighteenth century; but Stukeley's picture of the Cobb, which is dated 1723, hardly bears this out. On the whole, the testimony of history is too strong for us. The Cobb was clearly the expensive luxury of one of our early kings.

So the framework of Lyme does not alter, but, commerce apart, Lyme has been a great loser over the substitution of steam for sails. The modern liners and all other large steamships which pass Lyme do so twenty-five miles off, hurrying from Portland Bill to Start Point or *vice versa* and saving as much time and distance as possible in the process. An occasional war vessel may appear in the Bay for gun practice, a steamer or two or a few small yachts in summer, and some fishing smacks at any time, but this is all. Apart from the possible excitement of war vessels manœuvring, even fighting, close at hand in old days, consider what Lyme has lost in the picturesque alone by the triumph of steam over sails. For beauty there is no sight on earth equal to a fully-rigged sailing-vessel going before the wind. No more can Lyme see an Armada being driven up-channel by the English Navy; no more does a squadron of the fleet manœuvre close at hand with the King on board; no groups of vessels of uncertain nationality are sighted and reported to London as bearing in this direction or that; no longer is there the frequent chase after or from the privateers of Dunkirk or Ostend (the 'Dunkirkers' and 'Ostenders' so often mentioned in Thorold's letters) in the channel; never again will Lyme see such a fleet moored off the town as was there for several days during the siege; or the Grand Fleet from Spithead going with a light breeze up to Portland, as was the case in July, 1831.

All this Lyme has lost, but the setting of the town remains the same. Nor does the population materially change. In the last hundred and twenty years the number of inhabitants has never been less than 1400 or more than 2900. But, if the population changes little, the names of the 'private residents' change quickly. A local Directory of 1851 is in the town Museum, and seems to belong to an already remote past by giving the address of a sedan chairman in Bridge Street. But this Directory also gives a list of names under the heading of 'Gentry and Clergy' and not a single one of these names is in the town to-day. Names, however, disappear and reappear in the course of ages and there are others than these, connected with the locality in Stuart, Tudor or earlier times, which are, or were recently, in Lyme or the neighbourhood. Some of them have been mentioned in the previous pages; and, excluding the eighteenth century as too near to our own times, a list (not necessarily complete) of such early names would include the following:—Abbott, Bowditch, Bragg, Caddy, Case, Chapple, Foxwell, Gaitch, Hallett, Henley, Hodder, Irish, Larcombe, Love, Loveridge, Pinney, Spiller, Stoward, Templeman, Tidwell, Wiscombe, Woodroffe.

Thus Lyme has already a record of 160 years as a watering-place. Previously it had a record of 300 years as an industrial and trading centre, and that chapter is closed. The town has no motto. It might do worse than adopt

'FLORUIT—FLOREAT.

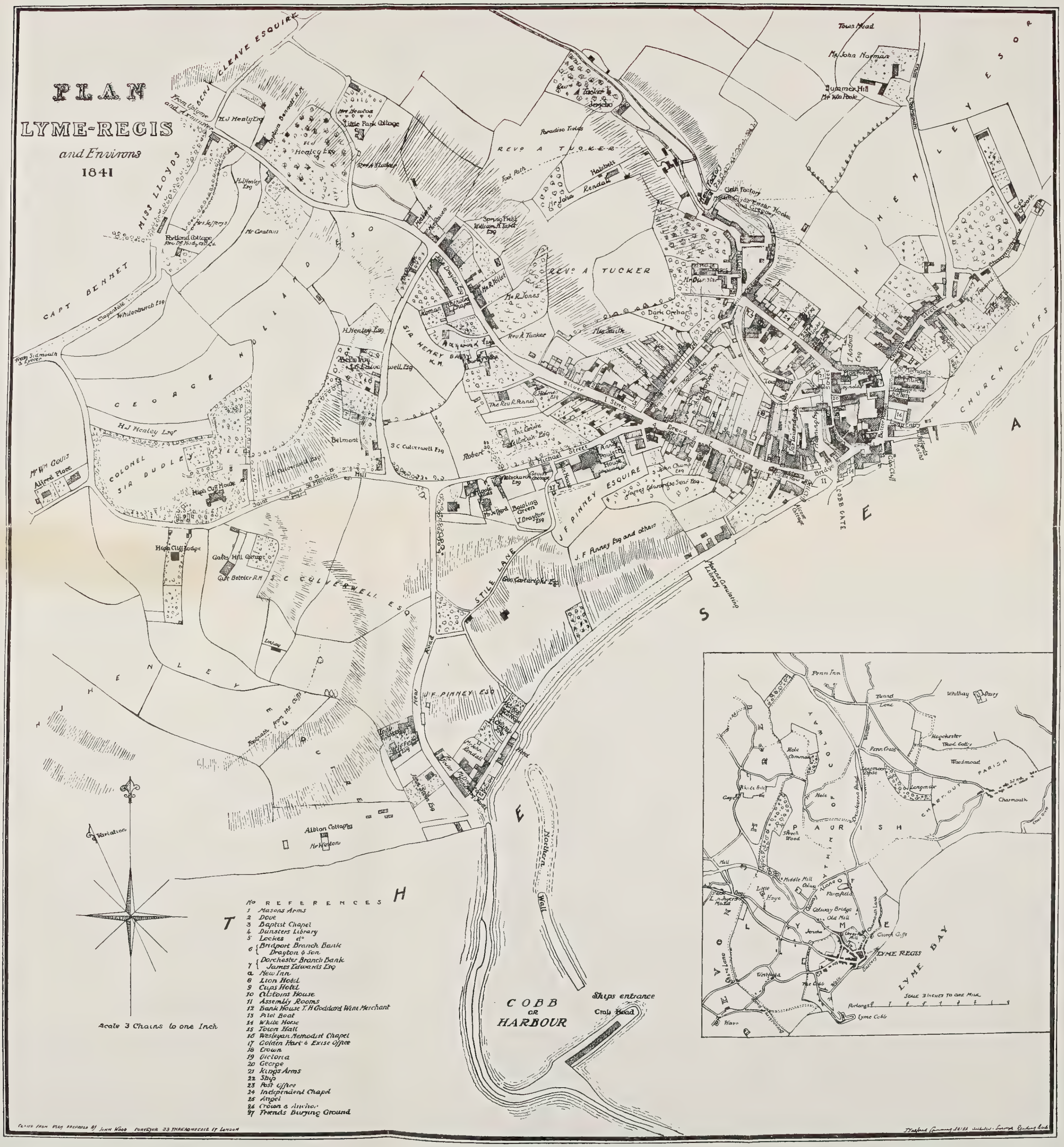
THE END.

## APPENDIX I.

*'Coleman Street Conclave visited; and that grand Impostor, the Schismatics' Cheater-in-Chief (who hath long slyly lurked therein) truly and duly discovered; containing a most palpable and plain display of Mr. John Goodwin's self-conviction (under his own handwriting) and of the notorious heresies, errors, malice, pride and hypocrisy, of this most huge Garagantua in falsely pretended piety, to the lamentable misleading of his too credulous soul-murdered proselytes of Coleman Street and elsewhere; collected principally out of his own big braggadocio, wave-like, swelling and swaggering writings, full-fraught with six-footed terms, and fleshlie rhetorical phrases, far more than solid and sacred truths, and may fitly serve (if it be the Lord's will), like Belshazzar's handwriting on the wall of his conscience, to strike terror and shame into his own soul and shameless face, and to undeceive his most miserably cheated and enchanted or bewitched followers.'*

* * *

The above is the *title only* of Vicars' attack of Goodwin and is a fine example of theological Billingsgate. Goodwin (Cromwell's chaplain) was in orders and kept a chapel in Coleman Street, London, and was as violent as Vicars. Strange to say, both men were Christians. Unfortunately, however, Vicars was a Presbyterian while Goodwin was an Independent. *Hinc illae lacrimae!*


PLAN
LYME-REGIS
and Environs
1841
CLEAVE ESQUIRE
MISS LLOYDS
CAPT BENNET
GEORGE HOLLAND ESQ
COLONEL SIR DUDLEY
H J Henley Esqr
Mr Wm Gollis
Alfred Place
High Cliff House
High Cliff Lodge
Gate Hill Cottage
S C CULVERWELL ESQ
H J HENLEY ESQ
Footpath from the Cliffs
Albion Cottage
SIR HENRY BAYLY K.H.
REVD A TUCKER
Paradise Fields
Foot Path
Mr John Rendall
Holebett
Jericho
Healcotes
Little Park Cottage
Spring Field William H Tabb Esq
Dark Orchard
Cloth Factory
MR JOHN NORMAN
Summer Hill
Town Mead
HENLEY ESQR
Church Cliffs
Silver Street
Broad Street
Bridge Street
Monmouth St
Butter Market
St Michaels Church
Bowling Green
J F PINNEY ESQUIRE
J. F. Anney Esq and others
Marine Circulating Library
STILE LANE
New Road
H F PINNEY ESQ
COBB GATE
Northern Wall
COBB OR HARBOUR
Ships entrance
Crab Head
T H E S E A
Variation
Scale 3 Chains to one Inch
No REFERENCES
1 Masons Arms
2 Dove
3 Baptist Chapel
4 Dunsters Library
5 Lockes do
6 Bridport Branch Bank Drayton & Son
7 Dorchester Branch Bank James Edwards Esq
a New Inn
8 Lion Hotel
9 Cups Hotel
10 Customs House
11 Assembly Rooms
12 Bank House T. H Goddard Wine Merchant
13 Pilot Boat
14 White Horse
15 Town Hall
16 Wesleyan Methodist Chapel
17 Golden Hart & Exise Office
18 Crown
19 Victoria
20 George
21 Kings Arms
22 Ship
23 Post Office
24 Independent Chapel
25 Angel
26 Crown & Anchor
27 Friends Burying Ground
Penn Inn
Tunnel Lane
Whithay Dairy
Hogchester
Penn Cross
Woodmead
Langmoor
Charmouth
CHARMOUTH PARISH
UPLYME PARISH
Hole Common
Hole
Crewkerne Road
Colway Lane
Middle Mill
Little Haye
Fairfield
Colway Bridge
Old Mill
Jericho
Church Cliffs
LYME REGIS
LYME BAY
DEVON
Westfield
The Cobb
Lyme Cobb
Ware
SCALE 3 INCHES TO ONE MILE
Furlongs
Copied from plan prepared by John Wood surveyor 33 Threadneedle St London
J Tatford Cumming ARIBA architect

# APPENDIX II.

Lyme Regis. Robert Jones Maior his account of disbursements in his journey to London to surrender the Charter and obtaining a new, with the grant of 100*l.* per annum for 21 years.

| | £ | *s.* | *d.* |
|---|---|---|---|
| In pris. October 1684. From Lyme to Sarum for himself his man and two horses . . . . . . | 0 | 14 | 10 |
| It. Paid for Capt. Alford his man and two horses one night and two days . . . . . . | 0 | 9 | 0 |
| It. For hire of two horses and a man to Sarum and return home with three horses wages and expenses . . | 1 | 12 | 6 |
| It. For expenses at Sarum 3 days and 2 nights . . | 1 | 18 | 1 |
| It. For coach hire from thence to London . . . | 1 | 10 | 0 |
| It. Paid at several stages to gratify coachmen . . . | 0 | 4 | 6 |
| It. Paid at Sarum coachman and ostlers to convey boxes portmanteaux &c. . . . . . . . | 0 | 1 | 6 |
| It. 2 days expenses for 4 men and 2 horses besides coach from Sarum to London . . . . . . | 1 | 13 | 2 |
| It. 2 horses passage at Staines bridge . . . . | 0 | 0 | 6 |
| It. Expended in bread beer firing &c. in 2 chambers morning and evening at the Blew Bore where we lodged two weeks . | 1 | 7 | 9 |
| It. Paid the carrier and porter by Cha. Sydenham for Capt. Alford's box and trunks . . . . . | 0 | 4 | 9 |
| It. 2 horses at ye Blew Bore 2 weeks provender and paid the ostler and tapster . . . . . . | 1 | 6 | 4 |
| It. Paid Benj. Bird his expenses at the Inn . . . | 0 | 5 | 0 |
| It. For coach from Sarum paid per Ch. Sydenham for ye Capt. himself to London and expenses up . . . . | 3 | 17 | 6 |
| It. Paid Dan. Shane for horses here to Sarum his wages and return home . . . . . . | 1 | 10 | 0 |

| | £ | s. | d. |
|---|---|---|---|
| It. Paid Mr. Graham and Mr. Burton Dr. (?) surrender petition and advice to proceed *5l. 7s. 6d.* in gold and *3l.* to his clerks and to his boy *6d.* in all | 8 | 8 | 0 |
| It. For Capt. Alford myself and 2 men first two weeks for dinners wine and other expenses | 2 | 15 | 0 |
| It. Fer coach hire and going by water in that time | 0 | 9 | 0 |
| It. D$^{d}$. Capt. Alford 5th Nov. at first coming to London with the surrender | 0 | 10 | 0 |
| It. For dinner 6th Nov. Mr. Loder Mr. Andr. and for wine after dinner expended that day | 0 | 10 | 0 |
| It. At supper the same day and wine at night | 0 | 7 | 0 |
| Nov. 7th. It. Delivered the Charter paid doorkeepers fee | 0 | 10 | 0 |
| It. Expended that night at the Rummer and paid coach hire to Mr. Loader his lodging | 0 | 14 | 6 |
| It. Expended ye 8th, 9th and 10th of November at several meetings at ye Red Cow Nagge Head and S. Dunstans | 0 | 6 | 8 |
| It. Paid to Capt. Alford 13 D$^{o}$. November ready money | 10 | 0 | 0 |
| It. Repaid to Mr. Marmaduke Alford by Capt. order laid out formerly to pay fees at Secret Office | 23 | 4 | 6 |
| It. Paid Capt. Alford 24th December to pay Mr. Lambrook when Mr. Andr$^{u}$ went out of London | 60 | 16 | 0 |
| It. Paid Capt. Alford which he paid Mr. Squibb and the doorkeepers of ye Treasury Chambers in all | 1 | 10 | 0 |
| It. Paid Auditor done for registering ye Charter 4 skins at 20*s.* per skin and for expedition | 4 | 2 | 6 |
| It. Paid Capt. Alford at his quarters at coming out of London four pounds | 4 | 0 | 0 |
| It. The like to Mr. Tyderleigh by Capt. order | 2 | 10 | 0 |
| It. I paid my own quarters for 11 weeks Chamber diet and lodging at 15*s.* per week | 8 | 5 | 0 |
| It. Paid laundress for washing and servants attendance | 0 | 11 | 6 |
| | £146 | 5 | 1 |

| | £ | s. | d. |
|---|---|---|---|
| It. Agreed for coach hire from London to Lyme 8*l.* and for oats and hay at Lyme and for giving the coachman and postillion 16*s.* is . . . . . . | 8 | 16 | 0 |
| It. Expended in our journey from London . . . | 3 | 17 | 0 |
| It. Five guineas bestowed on Mr. Mar<sup>m.</sup> Alford who assisted all the time of our being in London from day to day . . | 5 | 7 | 6 |
| It. For a piece of carprett to cover ye Charter . . | 0 | 1 | 6 |
| It. Discharge Char. Sydenhams lodging one half to his part comes to . . . . . . . | 0 | 16 | 6 |
| It. Allowed him abroad for breakfast evening draught and Sunday dinner at 2*s.* 6*d.* per week, nine weeks . . . | 1 | 2 | 6 |
| It. For port of letters received and sent copies of orders petitions to the Lords of Treasury Custom house clerks, &c. disbursed in all . . . . . . . | 1 | 8 | 10 |
| It. Paid for coach hire and going by water almost every day for 9 weeks at 3*s.* 6*d.* per week . . . . | 1 | 11 | 6 |
| It. Paid Cha. Sydenham his wages at 6*s.* per week being out of employ . . . . . . . | 4 | 2 | 0 |
| It. In several disbursements at often drinking and eating with Capt. Alford and one servant at the taverns and at cooks shops in St. Martins Lane . . . . . | 1 | 4 | 0 |
| It. In attendance on the Secretarys and at Mr. Windhams at Whitehall at Coffee houses and Chocolate &c. . . | 0 | 8 | 6 |
| It. Repaid Capt. Alford in money about ye first of January which he had laid out of his own money . . . | 1 | 11 | 0 |
| | 30 | 6 | 10 |
| On the first page . . | 146 | 5 | 1 |
| | £176 | 11 | 11 |

# APPENDIX III.

*[Reproduced by permission from an original in the ownership of Messrs. Radford of Lyme Regis, [illegible]]*

# LYME REGIS BOROUGH ELECTION,

## APRIL 30th, 1859.

CANDIDATES:

**JOHN WRIGHT TREEBY, Esquire,**
OF 121, WESTBOURNE TERRACE, HYDE PARK, LONDON.

**WILLIAM PINNEY, Esquire,**
OF SOMERTON, EARLEIGH.

# THE POLL OF THE ELECTORS
## AND THE ROTATION IN WHICH THEY VOTED.

## AT THE LYME BOOTH.

| Name, Occupation and Residence. | Treeby | Pinney |
|---|---|---|
| Hinton, Frederic (Mayor), wine merchant, Broad-st. | | 1 |
| Hodges, the Rev. Dr., the vicar, Pound-street ... | 1 | |
| Penny, Joseph, gentleman, Broad-street ... .. | 1 | |
| Mansfield, Joseph, timber merchant, Church-street | | 1 |
| Porter, William, fisherman, Cobb ... ... .. | | 1 |
| Dyke, Charles, tailor, Broad-street .. .. .. | 1 | |
| White, William, mail contarcter, Sherborne-lane... | | 1 |
| Hussey, William Hayter, capt. in the army, Fairfield | 1 | |
| Osborn, Henry, shipowner, Marine Parade ... | | 1 |
| Sansom, Thomas, shopkeeper, Butter-market ... | 1 | |
| Billing, Joseph P., the Rev., M.A., Silver-street... | 1 | |
| De Saumarez, Captain, R.N., Silver-street... ... | 1 | |
| Bourne, F. H., gentleman, Silver-street ... ... | | 1 |
| Moore, J. G. S., Lieut. R.N., Style House ... | 1 | |
| Wright, Wm. Bennett, constable, Broad-street ... | | 1 |
| Hoare, Elias, shoemaker, Marine Parade ... .. | | 1 |
| Freeman, Thomas, carpenter, Church-street ... | | 1 |
| Mansfield, William, cabinet-maker, Silver-street ... | | 1 |
| Channon, Daniel, Hinton's clerk, Horse-street ... | | 1 |
| Hingeston, George, solicitor, Clappentail ... ... | 1 | |
| Larcombe, William, shopkeeper, Fish-market ... | | 1 |
| Dixon, Richard, Messrs. Hutchinson's clerk, Pound-st. | | 1 |
| Rendall, William, carpenter, Butter-market ... | | 1 |
| Brown, Edward, ironmonger, Broad-street .. ... | | 1 |
| Littlejohns, Thomas, coal-haulier ... ... ... | 1 | |
| Webb, Thomas, baker, Bridge-street ... ... | 1 | |
| Young, William, dairyman, Church-street ... ... | 1 | |
| Brown, Charles, ironmonger, Broad-street... ... | | 1 |
| Stone, James, schoolmaster, Broad-street ... ... | 1 | |
| Bennett, C. Cowper, Capt. R.N., Colway Tithing | | 1 |
| Wheeler, James, blacksmith, Broad-street ... ... | 1 | |
| Tyne, Christopher, tinman, Church-street | 1 | |
| May, William, grocer, Bridge-street.. . ... | | 1 |
| Shore, George Nathaniel, Esq., Alfred-place House | 1 | |
| Gage, Thomas, innkeeper, Sherborne-lane ... | 1 | |
| Gush, Robert, innkeeper, Horse-street ... .. | 1 | |
| Hoare, Thomas, stonemason, Butter-market .. | | 1 |
| Harding, John, butcher, Bridge-street .. ... | 1 | |
| Moore, John, shoemaker, Coombe-street .. .. | | 1 |
| Ball, Charles, saddler, Pound-street... .. .. | | 1 |
| Cox, Joseph, jun., whitesmith, Charmouth-lane ... | | 1 |
| Govis, John, carpenter, Pound-street .. ... | | 1 |
| Radford, Robert, plasterer, Silver-street ... ... | | 1 |
| Tomblings, James, Golden Heart Inn, Church-st. | 1 | |
| Taylor, John, stonemason, Sherborne-lane .. | 1 | |
| Greenfield, Edward, servant, Cliffs ... ... ... | 1 | |
| Stevens, John, dyer, Broad-street ... ... ... | 1 | |
| Symes, Joseph, woolcomber, Horse-street ... ... | | 1 |
| Farnham, James, watchmaker, Broad-street ... | 1 | |
| Gratton, Edmund, yeoman, Middle Mill ... ... | 1 | |
| Holman, John, carpenter, Church-street ... ... | | 1 |
| Moore, William, fossiler, Bridge-street ... ... | 1 | |
| Clarke, Thomas, mariner, Marine Parade ... . | | 1 |
| Baker, John, shoemaker, Butter-market ... ... | 1 | |
| Cox, John, grocer, Bridge-street ... ... ... | 1 | |
| Lee, Edward Overton, Esquire, Broad-street ... | 1 | |
| Marder, Henry, surgeon, Broad-street ... ... | 1 | |
| Osborn, Samuel, builder, Marine Parade ... ... | | 1 |
| Laver, Richard B., draper, Broad-street ... ... | | 1 |
| Rugg, William, carpenter, Cobb ... .. ... | | 1 |
| Stevens, Samuel, mariner, Cobb ... ... ... | | 1 |
| Berry, John, sailmaker, Cobb .. ... ... | | 1 |
| Holmes, Robert, pilot, Cobb ... ... ... ... | | 1 |
| Horner, George, Red Lion Inn, Church-street ... | 1 | |
| Lavers, Albion, grocer, Broad-street .. .. | | 1 |
| Carey, John, M.D., Little Park Cottage . .. | | 1 |
| Colebard, Barnett, yeoman, Church-street | 1 | |
| Hallett, James, servant, Pound-lane .. . | | 1 |
| Nutman, Samuel, Cobb Hotel, Cobb . .. | | 1 |
| Bradford, Richard, yeoman, Pound-lane . .. | | 1 |
| Roberts, Thomas, huxter, Millgreen . . | | 1 |
| Follett, Robert, gardener, Silver-street .. | | 1 |
| Clarke, George, mariner, Marine Parade .. | 1 | |
| Mitchell, George W., wine merchant, Axminster | | 1 |
| Pidgeon, Robert, grocer and baker, Silver-street | | 1 |
| Wright, Jabez, shoemaker, Broad-street. . | | 1 |
| Hill, John, Esquire, Fairfield ... .. . | 1 | |
| Locke, George, haulier, Church-street ... ... | 1 | |
| French, William, carpenter, Millgreen ... .. | | 1 |
| Wheaton, John B., butcher, Silver-street ... ... | 1 | |
| White, George, coachman, Pound-street ... .. | | 1 |
| Boon, John, yeoman, Silver-street .. .. .. | 1 | |
| Whitehouse, Richard, Esquire, Silver-street .. | | 1 |
| England, Samuel, shipowner Marine Parade ... | | 1 |
| Searle, George, brewer, Broad-street ... ... | | 1 |
| Game, Thomas, yeoman, Uplyme ... ... ... | 1 | |
| Holmes, Robert, Esquire, J.P., Silver-street ... | 1 | |
| Hellier, George, haulier, Hatchett... ... ... | | 1 |
| Daniel, William Pomroy, Esquire, Pound-street | 1 | |
| Meaden, John W., estate agent, Cobb ... ... | 1 | |
| Harding, Nicholas, butcher, Musbury ... ... | 1 | |
| Ham, John, carpenter, Church-street ... .. | 1 | |
| Follett, Thomas Lisle, Esquire, Monmouth-street | | 1 |
| Whicker, James, haulier, Cobb ... ... ... | | 1 |
| Knight, John, carpenter, Butter-market ... ... | 1 | |
| Carter, Jas., custodian of cemetery, Cemetery lodge | 1 | |

| | | |
|---|---|---|
| Jerrard, Thomas, butcher, Broad-street |  | 1 |
| Neal, John, dairyman, Silver-street | 1 |  |
| Collins, William, stonemason, Church street |  | 1 |
| Wallis, William, miller, Silver-street |  | 1 |
| Langford, William, tailor, Monmouth-street |  | 1 |
| Harris, William, sweep, Church street | 1 |  |
| Legg, Thomas, dairyman, Silver-street | 1 |  |
| Pidgeon, Henry, grocer, Bridge-street | 1 |  |
| Booth, Philip, shoemaker, Silver-street |  | 1 |
| Norris, John, haulier, Silver-street | 1 |  |
| Walker, George, mariner, Marine Parade | 1 |  |
| Thorne, William, Red Lion Hotel, Broad-street | 1 |  |
| Hellier, Gabriel, Black Dog Inn, Uplyme | 1 |  |
| Mitchell, John, haulier, Horse-street | 1 |  |
| Batstone, John, innkeeper, Mill Green | 1 |  |
| Dunster, Daniel, printer, Broad-street |  | 1 |
| [illegible], George, gardener, Horse-street | 1 |  |
| [illegible], Robert, servant, Sherborne-lane | 1 |  |
| [illegible], [illegible], plasterer, Silver-street |  | 1 |
| [illegible], [illegible], Coombe-street |  | 1 |
| [illegible], [illegible], [illegible], Gasfield |  | 1 |
| [illegible], [illegible], baker, Cumberland Cottage |  | 1 |
| Cox, Thomas, [illegible], Horse-street | 1 |  |
| [illegible], George, [illegible], Bridge-street |  | 1 |
| [illegible], John, [illegible], Monmouth-street |  | 1 |
| [illegible], John, [illegible], Broad-street | 1 |  |
| Symes, Henry, [illegible], [illegible] | 1 |  |
| Reed, John, yeoman, [illegible] Ware | 1 |  |
| Peters, Henry, Lieut. R.N., Gatesfield Villa |  | 1 |

| | | |
|---|---|---|
| Preedy, James, man-cart driver, Sherborne-lane |  | 1 |
| Hingestone, William, surgeon, Pound-street | 1 |  |
| Lee, Henry Trotman, solicitor, Broad-street | 1 |  |
| Mansfield, Josiah, shoemaker, Butter-market | 1 |  |
| Symons, Charles, Esq., Springfield |  | 1 |
| Quick, William, cobbler, Sherborne-lane |  | 1 |
| Jerrard, John, jun., auctioneer, Horse-street |  | 1 |
| Baker, Edward, shoemaker, Broad-street | 1 |  |
| Moore, William, jun., organist, Butter-market | 1 |  |
| Palmer, Anthony, painter, Silver-street |  | 1 |
| Jones, Robert, gardener, Silver-street |  | 1 |
| Game, William, innkeeper, Uplyme | 1 |  |
| Lawton, Samuel, silk throwster, Millgreen |  | 1 |
| Lawton, Mary, silk throwster, Millgreen |  | 1 |
| Thornton, Edward, chemist, Broad-street |  | 1 |
| Henley, Henry, chemist, Broad-street | 1 |  |
| Fowler, Eli, shipowner, Cobb |  | 1 |
| Wayland, Abraham, dissenting minister, Sherborne-lane |  | 1 |
| Long, William, carpenter, Sherborne-lane |  | 1 |
| Fudge, Robert Cox, yeoman, Uplyme | 1 |  |
| Fowler, John, Mason's Arms Inn, Silver-street | 1 |  |
| Hood, John, butcher, Silver-street | 1 |  |
| Mayer, J. Wood, jun., chemist, Broad-street | 1 |  |
| Dully, James, plumber, Broad-street |  | 1 |
| Cartwright, George, Esquire, J.P., the Cliffs | 1 |  |
| Parrett, Thomas, blacksmith, George's Court |  | 1 |
| Snell, Charles, baker, Broad-street |  | 1 |
| Cox, John, whitesmith, Charmouth-lane |  | 1 |
| Bowring, John, tailor, Broad-street |  | 1 |
| Webb, William, dairyman, Church-street | 1 |  |

| | | |
|---|---|---|
| Hillman, Robert, solicitor, The Grove |  | 1 |
| Fudge, Richard, baker, Broad-street |  | 1 |
| Jefferd, Edmund, tailor, Butter-market |  | 1 |
| Budd, Charles, master mariner, Cobb |  | 1 |
| Hodder, Lionel, mariner, Cobb |  | 1 |
| Hodder, Robert, mariner, Cobb |  | 1 |
| Waring, H. Franks, solicitor, South Cliff |  | 1 |
| Moore, Samuel S., gardener, Charmouth-lane |  | 1 |
| Bartlett, John, carpenter, Sherborne-lane | 1 |  |
| Tucker, John, surgeon, Butter-market |  | 1 |
| Loveridge, James, gentleman, Sherborne-lane |  | 1 |

### POLLED AFTER FOUR O'CLOCK.

| | | |
|---|---|---|
| Miller, Thomas, the Cups Hotel, Broad-street |  | 1 |

### NEUTER.

Beard, Daniel, carpenter, Coombe-street.
Cleave, Benjamin, Esquire, Great Hay.
Coombes, Peter, carpenter, Silver-street.
Dimen, William, letter carrier (disqualified), Millgreen.
Manfield, William, parish clerk, Church-street.
Paul, Samuel, painter, Fish-market.
Radford, Robert, jun., upholsterer, Broad-street.
Richmond, James, superintendent of coast guard, Horse-street.
Risdon, Philip, Esq., Summer Hill.
Reed, George, schoolmaster, Broad-street.
Swatfield, Thomas, tailor, Broad-street.
Shadwell, John, servant, Axmouth.
Sellers, Richard, post-office (disqualified), Broad-street.

## AT THE CHARMOUTH BOOTH.

| Name, and Occupation. | Treeby | Pinney |
|---|---|---|
| Frean, George, flour miller |  | 1 |
| Frean, John Hawker, flour miller |  | 1 |
| S[illegible], J[illegible], Esquire | 1 |  |
| [illegible], C[illegible], Captain R.N. |  | 1 |
| Miller, Lawrence, yeoman | 1 |  |
| H[illegible], William, carpenter | 1 |  |
| [illegible], Wm. Newton, Captain R.N. | 1 |  |
| W[illegible], John, innkeeper | 1 |  |
| M[illegible], William, yeoman | 1 |  |
| H[illegible], Robert, fisherman | 1 |  |
| B[illegible], Robert, [illegible] | 1 |  |
| Dean, William Bowen, baker | 1 |  |
| G[illegible], Thomas, painter | 1 |  |
| Wilt, Robert, tailor |  | 1 |
| N[illegible], William, yeoman |  | 1 |
| Potter, William, shoemaker |  | 1 |
| Norris, Henry Edwards, surgeon | 1 |  |
| Hodges, J[illegible], butcher |  | 1 |
| Travers, Walter |  | 1 |
| Payne, George, innkeeper | 1 |  |
| Dunn, John, shopkeeper | 1 |  |
| G[illegible], John, innkeeper | 1 |  |
| C[illegible], James, stonemason |  | 1 |
| Chillcott, Edward, miller | 1 |  |
| C[illegible], John, baker |  | 1 |
| B[illegible], Jonas, draper | 1 |  |
| Va[illegible], William, gentleman | 1 |  |
| Smith, Frederic, dissenting minister |  | 1 |

| Name, and Occupation. | Treeby | Pinney |
|---|---|---|
| Clarence, George, commercial traveller |  | 1 |
| Stembridge, Job, dissenting minister |  | 1 |
| Barton, Edward, the Rev., the rector | 1 |  |
| Tucker, Andrew, solicitor | 1 |  |
| Beard, Daniel, schoolmaster | 1 |  |
| Hodges, Joseph, innkeeper | 1 |  |
| Symes, Joseph, surgeon |  | 1 |
| Norris, Henry, Esquire |  | 1 |
| Gordge, Diggory, parish clerk | 1 |  |
| Simpson, Benjamin, Lieut., R.N. | 1 |  |
| Saunders, George, Esquire |  | 1 |
| Smith, Edward, Star Inn |  | 1 |
| Cole, John, shopkeeper | 1 |  |
| Crabb, George, shopkeeper | 1 |  |
| Pryer, G. Draper, stonemason | 1 |  |
| Fry, Thomas, yeoman | 1 |  |
| Love, James, butcher | 1 |  |

### NEUTER.

Forward, Samuel, Capt. R.N., bedridden.
Harrison, James, Esquire, bedridden.
Holly, George, Coach and Horses Inn.
Lugg, Joseph, stonemason.
Lamb, Edward, shopkeeper.
Liddon, Matthew John, Lieut. R.N.
Powell, Charles, yeoman.
Moore, John, gardener—died on the morning of the poll.

## SUMMARY.

| | | |
|---|---|---|
| Polled at Lyme for J. W. Treeby, Esq. | 88 | |
| Do. at Charmouth for ditto | 27 | |
| | | —115 |
| Polled at Lyme for W. Pinney, Esq. | 97 | |
| Do. at Charmouth for ditto | 18 | |
| | | —115 |
| Polled after Four o'Clock | | 1 |
| Neuters at Lyme | | 11 |
| Do. at Charmouth | | 7 |
| Disqualified | | 2 |
| Dead | | 11 |
| Total on the Register | | 262 |

SPICER, PRINTER, "CHRONICLE OFFICE," DORCHESTER.

## APPENDIX IV.

THERE is some reason to suppose that the Austens (with Jane) were at Lyme Regis in the autumn of 1803. Jane's letters are a prime authority for the events of her life, but there are many gaps in them. This is partly due to the fact that Cassandra, Jane's sister and most frequent correspondent, was so seldom apart from her and partly to the fact that Cassandra destroyed many of the letters after Jane's death. The consequence is that events in Jane's life have frequently to be pieced together from allusions to them in letters written some years after the events themselves had occurred. Now Jane writing to Cassandra on October 7th, 1808, when she and the family were living at Southampton, describes a fire in that town as follows: 'The flames were considerable; they seemed about as near to us as those at Lyme, and to reach higher.' Can this be anything but a reference to the big fire at Lyme on November 5th, 1803? Another point in corroboration is this: The Rev. George Austen, Jane's father, gave up the living at Steventon in 1801, and went to live at Bath, where he died in January, 1805. The home at Bath was broken up soon after that. But in each year of the residence at Bath (except 1803) an autumn holiday is recorded. In 1801 the Austens went to Sidmouth, in 1802 to Dawlish and Teignmouth, and in 1804 to Lyme. 1803 stands alone as a year in which there is no mention of any visit to the seaside. Does not this point to the probability of a stay at Lyme in the autumn of 1803, when the big fire there made such an impression on Jane that she remembered it well five years arterwards?

# APPENDIX V.

*This paper, by Dr. Wyatt Wingrave of Lyme Regis, was read before the Dorset Natural History and Antiquarian Field Club on February 21st, 1922. It is printed in Vol. 43 of the Proceedings of the Club, and is here reproduced by permission of Dr. Wingrave and the Executive of the Club :—*

## PRIEST'S CHAMBER ON LYME REGIS BRIDGE.

By WYATT WINGRAVE M.D.

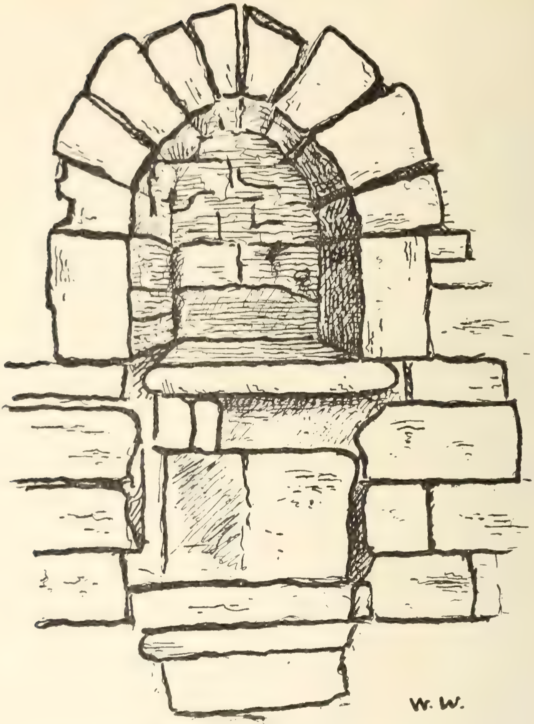
(*Read 21st February, 1922.*)

THE Buddle or Lym as it empties itself into the sea is crossed by a bridge of probably two arches which carries the main street to the Charmouth road. At this point it was so narrow that in 1913 its widening was effected by removing some dilapidated cottages on its Southern side. One of these cottages was built on the arch itself; two others, a fossil and a fish shop, on its abutments.

During the demolition the writer was privileged to discover, on the South-western side, indications of an ecclesiastical building. Through the Surveyor's courtesy these were carefully examined, measurements taken, rough sketches made, and portions of masonry with timber preserved.

On the seaward or South abutment of the Western arch was a chamber whose floor was about the level of the bridge crown, measuring 20 feet by 19½ feet. There were indications of a lower chamber, extending to river level; but the vertical extent was alone indicated by a sill or cornice of worked stone.

In the South wall was an arched recess suggestive of an aumbry, whose opening measured 27 inches vertically and horizontally. The stones were 11 in number, in rough ashlar, but with fairly close joints. The keystone was loose, and broke the true arc. In texture the arch stones were a coarse buff gritstone, similar to those forming the Eastern (unexposed) arch of the bridge. The *sill* was in one piece of Blue Lias. The *recess*, whose walls were



*Arched Recess (Aumbry) from Priest's Cell, Lyme Regis Bridge.*
*(Destroyed 1913.)*

composed of rough unworked fragments of Lias with wide joints, was 15 inches deep, and afforded no evidence of moulding for shelf, nor perforation for piscina, although there was a small gap behind the sill which suggested a drain.

A sketch was made at the time which shows the arch *in situ*.

On removing the plaster from the North wall of this chamber a substantial timber (oak) framework was exposed, with no corresponding aperture in the wall, to which it was securely fastened by mortar. It is worked only on one aspect, its wall side being rough. There is no evidence of distemper or colouring; and the wood, although decayed in parts, is sound where carved.

In the South wall, below the probable floor of the main chamber, was a square opening which was found to afford access to the 'kitchen midden,' full of rabbit, sheep, and ox bone fragments. This aperture was partly filled by Dutch bricks, many of which were found in the cottage walls.

*The Arched Recess* probably served as an aumbry, there being no reliable evidence of a drain. It was probably lined by plaster and wood, and furnished with a shelf and door.

*The Oak Framework* is difficult to account for. Its situation—if original—excludes the question of its being part of a reredos. Still, the chapel may not have been oriented.

With regard to period, the aumbry is strongly suggestive of twelfth or early thirteenth century, contemporary with the Eastern and older arch of the bridge. Further, the materials correspond.

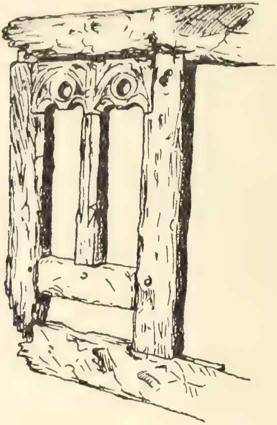
The wooden tracery belongs to a later period, probably late thirteenth or fourteenth century.

Thus this was probably a priest's cell or chamber, such as it is customary to find attached to early bridges, whose custodian, in addition to his religious duties, would collect the bridge tolls and salt-dues belonging to the Abbot of Sherborne.

For a long time no reference could be found which threw any light upon it, not even any local tradition. But last year, on examining some old wills, the writer found a distinct reference to it. In the Will of John Tudbold (1548), a wealthy merchant of Lyme, there is mentioned 'a Chamber in which our Lady's Priest sometime dwelled in' and 'I commit to the discretion of the Mayor for the time being and his Brethren to bestow it as they shall think best, for a Priest if they shall have any serving for our Lady's Service, or else to bestow it on two poor people.'

A codicil makes it even plainer:—

'One burgage with the appurtenances situate and lying within King's Lyme which I late bought of John Tilling, and also one house called the Customs House with a *Chamber on the same site and lying next to the Bridge of Lyme beforesaid.*'



*Wood Tracery from Priest's Cell, Lyme Regis.*

Thus we have a clear evidence of our Priest's Chamber, situated on the Bridge as private property, immediately following the Reformation, which clears up any doubt as to its early history.

The stones of the masonry were carefully numbered, and are now temporarily reconstructed in the Museum, with the wood tracery.

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